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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OF POLITICS, SCIENCE, ART AND LITERATURE



VOL. XXX

NOVEMBER, 1907—APRIL, 1908, INCLUSIVE

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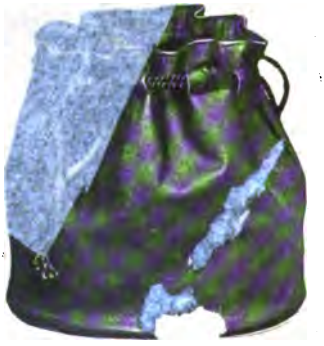
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THE CONVICT PRISONS OF VAN DIEMAN'S LAND (TASMANIA)

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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXX TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1907 No. 1

Convict Prisons of Van Dieman's Land

By H. S. SCOTT HARDEN

A description of the land of "The Gates of Hell," which is now regarded as a veritable Garden of Eden.

TWO hundred and fifty miles across the Bass Straits the Island of Tasmania, the smallest of the Australasian States, sleeps peacefully amidst the eucalyptus and tree ferns, whilst the waves of the Pacific wash her rugged and broken shores. Fair and fertile, with a perfect climate, the island possesses natural beauty, for the hot winds born in the interior of Australia are cooled by the sea ere they reach the land discovered by Tasman in 1642.

For more than two centuries the island was known as "Van Dieman's Land," after Anthony Van Dieman, Governor of Batavia, who commissioned Tasman to undertake a voyage with a view of making discoveries in the South Pacific. The people who settled later in this fair land objected to the name, owing to the country becoming associated with the idea of bondage and guilt, and it has been known as Tasmania for years. This article deals more with the old associations than the present state of affairs, for it is my object to describe the convict settlements as they were, and not the country as one finds it to-day. In 1830, prison ships, which gave each convict some sixteen inches of space per man in berths five feet long, made their way across the ocean to this desolate spot. The prisoners, many of whom were women and children sent out to penal servitude merely for stealing loaves of bread, were landed in batches at Hobart town and sent to the settlements up country.

In those dark days a British regiment was quartered on the island, and the deserted barracks mark the spot where the soldiers lived. There was a governor and a commandant, and a staff of officials, and Hobart town was just a small settlement of wooden houses nestling round the more substantial stone buildings—The entrance to the "Gates of Hell."

One has only to visit the remains of the prisons at Port Arthur and Macquaric Harbour to realise what the sufferings of the convicts must have been, and to hear the tales of the oldest residents who came to the island in the days of convict life there, is to understand what it meant to be transported to Van Dieman's land for life.

The coast navigation is as dangerous as

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HOBART, TASMANIA, SHOWING ITS ADMIRABLE LOCATION

that of the Mediterranean, and the west coast is marked with wrecks. The sunken rocks are named after the vessels they have destroyed. Here the soil is prolific in undergrowth. All around breathes desolation, and many a shipwrecked sailor or ironed convict, escaped from prison, has died in the swamps.

In 1840 the Government built barracks and prisons on the east and west coasts, and there the convicts lived, guarded by gaolers during the day and at night by bloodhounds, ready to track any who ventured to escape. Port Arthur lies at the head of Tasman's peninsula, on the east coast. It was the chief settlement in the island, and was approached through a narrow inlet. A stone jetty was erected and remains to-day, and there the convicts were landed. On the heights above the esplanade rose the grim front of the stone barracks, and beneath was the long range of prison buildings, the workshops and the commandant's house, while the church, now a ruin covered with ivy, stood facing the "Island of the Dead," so named because those who were taken there never returned. "Dead Island" was the resting place for those who died under the lashes of the "Cat" (the desperate characters, who were chained in dungeons), and of the children, who, to escape flogging, bound themselves together and threw themselves off the rocks.

The climate of Port Arthur, the cloudless skies, the exquisite blue of the sea and the soothing ripple of the waters, remind one of the surroundings near Monte Carlo. It was here that the convicts ended their days in misery. Here were men who are known to have murdered their companions—English labourers, thieves, robbers, highwaymen, victims of perjury, who were indiscriminately hurled amongst West-Indian blacks, Malays, soldiers for desertion, and pick-pockets. In its filth and despair, it was described as a veritable hell on earth. Not far from Port Arthur is the celebrated Eagle Hawk Neck, a strip of land which separates Tasman's Peninsula from the mainland. Here the bloodhounds watched for those who tried to escape. Some did evade the warders, but many were drowned attempting to swim to the mainland and a few only got free, to become desperate bushrangers. A story is told of nine men who escaped from Port Arthur. It is a horrible tale, but true. These men, with axes and knives, and a small bag of provisions, swam one night across the bay and followed the coast line, and striking inland, met the cruel, thick scrub and fruitless bush. One after the other died of hunger, and are supposed to have been eaten. At last two survivors faced each other. One must die. Both were murderers. They travelled on, each

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THE COMMANDANT'S HOUSE, WHICH STANDS IN THE GROVE NEAR THE SITE OF THE PRISONS

seeking the opportunity to kill the other. At last one, ravenous with famine and madly desperate, rushed at the other. A few days later a skipper, being in want of fresh water, landed with a boat's crew and found on the banks of the creek a blood-stained man clad in tattered yellow, branded with the Broad Arrow, with an axe and a bundle by his side. The madman opened his bag and, with a ghastly look, showed the contents. A few days later, at Hobart Town, he was recognised as the only survivor of the nine desperadoes.

It is little wonder that the name of Van Dieman's Land has disappeared from the Atlas. To-day Hobart is a town of 40,000 to 50,000 inhabitants. There are two houses of parliament and a cathedral, a magnificent government house, and a statue of Sir John Franklin, the first governor, in a well-kept square facing the town hall. There is a railway from one end of the island to the other, and several branches to the tin mines. In the spring all the large steamers from Sydney and Melbourne call at the docks for the famous Tasmania apples. Visitors flock to the island about Christmas time, when the hotels, such as they are, are full and the Australian squadron lies at anchor in the Derwent. Electric cars run from the centre of the town to the edge of Mount Wellington, which stands up like a sentinel guarding the beautiful place beneath. The gray crumbling ruins at Port Arthur and Macquaric Harbour are all that remain of the past, and the descendants of those liberated men never mention the word convict; it is forbidden in the island, which possesses such beauty, such health-giving properties, and produces such beautiful women (for Tasmania girls are noted for their beauty). The celebrated naturalist, Charles Darwin, visited the colony in the *Beagle*, on his voyage round the world. He said that Van Dieman's Land enjoys the great advantage of being free from a native population. There were only some two hundred aborigines then, in 1836, and the last died some twenty-five years ago.

The country, notwithstanding some vicissitudes, is in the main prosperous and suffers less from the "unemployed" difficulty than do its neighbours. As a rule, a provident, sober man can always obtain work at a remunerative rate, and the wealth of the country is on the whole evenly distributed. There is a splendid steamship service between Hobart and Melbourne and Sydney, and also Dunedin, and all the liners stop at Hobart, bound round the Cape to New Zealand.

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GOVERNMENT HOUSE, HOBART, TASMANIA

The numerous lakes and abundant rivers in Tasmania, with the wild and romantic scenery, attract the sportsman, for the pools are full of salmon and trout. Hundreds of fish, weighing from one to thirty pounds, have been captured during the last few seasons. A friend of mine recently caught fifty fish weighing an aggregate of 500 pounds.

The main roads in the island were all constructed by convicts, and are perfect for motors or cycles, and when the regular line of steamers between Canada and Australia, so much discussed at the recent Colonial Conference, is a *fait accompli*, visitors from the Dominion, whence convicts for Van Dieman's Land used to be shipped, will be able to see this beautiful land and the remains of the old convict settlements in the *Garden of Eden* that lies under the Southern Cross.

The Dream of Other Days

BY OWEN E. McGILLICUDDY

HOW oft, how oft, we know not why,
There comes unbid, with heart-born sigh—
With mystic yearning, fraught with tears—
From out the mist-enchanted years,
The vision of a vanished life
That for a moment meets the gaze
Beyond the realm of mortal strife—
A dream, a dream of other days.

A breath, a note, a whispered song,
Amid the world's discordant throng;
And lo! the soul in fond rejoice
Calls back to earth a once-loved voice;
A voice once heard—but where, ah, where,
Amid life's dark, forgotten ways?
Alas, it dies upon the air—
A dream, a dream of other days.

And now, as in a vision near,
There comes a form, an image clear;
A face, a dear remembered face;
A loving hand in love's embrace;
'Tis but the murmur of a stream,
A shadow in the twilight haze
That wakes within the heart a dream,
A dream, a dream of other days.

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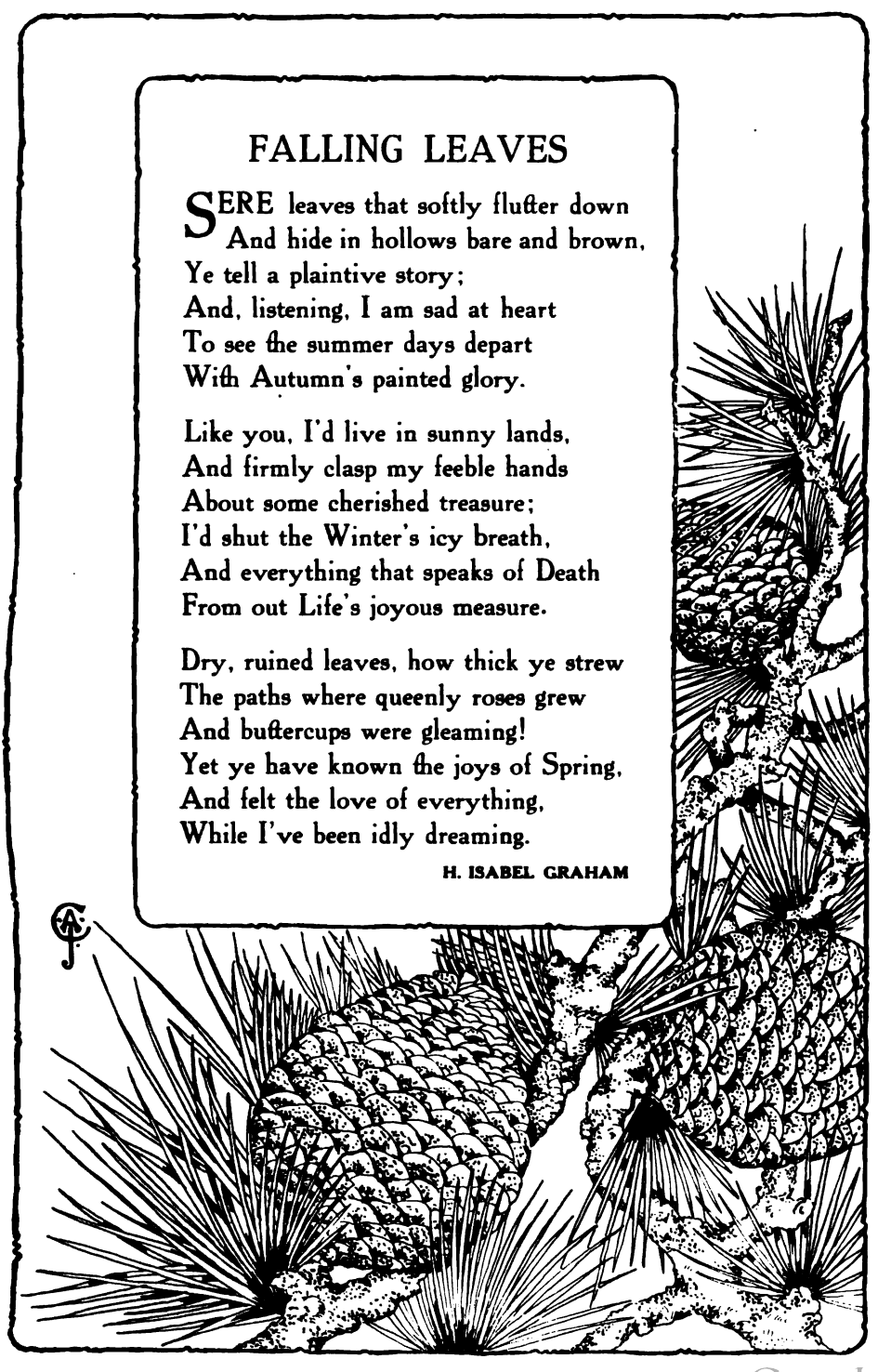
FALLING LEAVES

SERE leaves that softly flutter down
And hide in hollows bare and brown,
Ye tell a plaintive story;
And, listening, I am sad at heart
To see the summer days depart
With Autumn's painted glory.

Like you, I'd live in sunny lands,
And firmly clasp my feeble hands
About some cherished treasure;
I'd shut the Winter's icy breath,
And everything that speaks of Death
From out Life's joyous measure.

Dry, ruined leaves, how thick ye strew
The paths where queenly roses grew
And buttercups were gleaming!
Yet ye have known the joys of Spring,
And felt the love of everything,
While I've been idly dreaming.

H. ISABEL GRAHAM



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The Narrative of Col. Fanning

Introduction by A. W. SAVARY

Judge Savary contributes a sketch of Col. Fanning, and prepares the reader for the narrative that is to follow.

COLONEL DAVID FANNING, of North Carolina, was one of the most remarkable characters developed by the American Revolution. His own narrative of his sufferings, exploits, marvellous adventures and hairbreadth escapes during the war has for years past been an object of quest by writers and students of American and Colonial history, especially in the Maritime Provinces. It was not until quite lately that I succeeded in tracing and getting temporary possession of the manuscript, and to my surprise afterwards discovered that it had been printed—first at Richmond, Virginia, in 1861, "in the first year of the Independence of the Confederate States of America," in an edition of fifty copies "for private distribution only," with a preface signed "T.H.W." and an introduction by John H. Wheeler, author of a History of North Carolina, and that it was reprinted in New York in 1864 in an edition of 200. The fact of these publications is not generally known to American, and still less known to Canadian, readers of to-day. Neither the first copy nor the reprint is entire or quite faithful to the original, and both are out of print, and a complete and true copy will, I am sure, be valued both in Canada and the United States. Not only are the incidents related of thrilling interest, but the narrative is a self-vindication of one whom American writers of every grade have agreed in execrating as the very incarnation of wickedness and ferocity. It was not until about the middle of the last century that the American public awoke to the fact that there could have been any patriotism or public or private virtue in the breast of any one who espoused the loyal side in the American Revolution. It was the melancholy fate of a Loyalist to be written down a villain before the eyes of posterity; and it has been laborious and difficult to uncover and bring to light the real characters of many worthy men from under the vast load of obloquy with which American writers had overwhelmed them. As an American *littérateur* of note once remarked to me, Sabine's "American Loyalists" was a "revelation" to the American people, who had never before known that there could possibly be two sides to the question. "Here then rests a Tory, and you say, judge, that he was a good man," exclaimed Sabine himself in surprise, when the grave of the Rev. Roger Viets was pointed out to him in Digby. Sabine, no doubt, was as impartial as he dared be in view of the public to which he was catering, and he ventured to record and condemn many of the violent excesses of the Whigs, but often fails to connect cause and effect in relating the reprisals on the part of outraged Loyalists which those excesses naturally provoked, and he enters no extenuating plea for Fanning, while as to Moody, whose similar

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narrative in full the reader will find in the "History of Annapolis," and who was pursued in his own State by the same vindictive hatred that followed Fanning in his, he diffidently concludes that "evidence is wanting to show that he violated to a serious extent the rules of civilised warfare." Both these men desired to remain at peace, but like many and many another similarly inclined were driven into the war by the homicidal or predatory violence of their rebel neighbours. As the numerous town histories of New England show, it was the function of the "Committee of Correspondence and Safety," organised as a sort of Inquisition in every township, to visit every man in the township and compel him to sign or refuse to sign a pledge to support the Continental cause with his life and property. Any who declined from conscientious religious scruples, as a Quaker, might be excused, and such was the number who sought immunity under this plea that the Reverend Jacob Bailey* wrote that he expected that at the close of the war, if the result should be favourable to the British cause, the Society of Friends would be found to have very largely increased. Those, however, who refused on any other ground were subjected to treatment in contrast to which the modern boycott were mercy itself. The cases of Moody, Budd,† Fanning and Thomas Brown, are only examples of an immense number whose story never has been and now never can be told. Tarring and feathering a neutral, or a "Tory," and carrying him astride a fence-rail, was a favourite pastime of "patriots" all over the country. Besides, pending the achievement of their independence, the various State governments assumed the prerogatives of recognised nations in respect to the *crimen læsæ majestatis*, and tried and executed as rebels against the State those who refused to be rebels against their king. Men who were unwilling to join in subverting by force the government *de jure*, were thus held guilty and made pay the fatal penalty of treason against the usurped government *de facto*. Two instances unrecorded in history come readily to my mind as I write: A brother of the father of the Honourable James W. Johnstone, the eminent Nova Scotian statesman and jurist, a mere boy, was so put to death in Georgia,* and one Hutchinson, son of the second wife of the Rev. John Wiswall, loyalist Rector of Aylesford and Wilmot, N.S., was hanged by the rebels when attempting to visit his parents.† These two cases are not mentioned by Sabine, and his book abounds in such. "Proscribed and banished" is the sentence he continually records, and the banishment was usually on pain of death.‡ Impartial historians cannot but put down these deeds as "cold-blooded murder," to use the exact term applied to Fanning's acts in the preface before me.

Nor does Sabine deal much more justly with the memory of Col. Edward Fanning and Richard Lippincott, known in this country after the Revolution as most worthy and estimable as well as able men, and as late as 1879, on the occasion of the bi-centennial celebration of Rochester, Mass., one of the orators of the day branded with shame the memory of General Timothy Ruggles, a native of the town, whose talents and virtues would probably have made him President, perhaps the first President of the United States, as he had been of the first Congress of the disaffected colonies, if his conscience and judgment could have permitted him to espouse what proved to be the winning side. He fell, politically, in a lost, although an honourable and chivalrous, cause. But more recent American writers have been fairer than Sabine, and more courageous, and many of them are now treat-

*Manuscript letters of Rev. Jacob Bailey, Loyalist Rector of Annapolis. See "A Frontier Missionary." Boston: Ide & Dutton, 1853.

†History of Annapolis, p. 430.

*Recollections of a Georgia Loyalist, edited by Rev. A. W. H. Eaton, New York, 1901.

†MS. Letters of Rev. Jacob Bailey.

‡Three ladies of social distinction were attainted of high treason by the Legislature of New York, and banished on pain of death, the only instance where women were so treated in the history of the English people.

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ing the events of the American Revolution, and the characters and motives of its actors, in a judicial spirit. Doctor Hosmer, in his life of Governor Hutchinson, does full justice to his worthy and distinguished subject, but we are surprised that he justifies the expulsion of the Loyalists, not apprehending that the same spirit of chivalrous and religious fidelity that marked their dutiful allegiance to the old government would have been transferred to the new, once the terrible struggle in which they had fought and lost was over; and that the ability and patriotism of their leaders would have been of immense value in helping to overcome, instead of, as he suggests, promoting or accentuating the initial difficulties and troubles that unavoidably beset the new republic. Sydney George Fisher, with obvious propriety, entitles his most valuable book, which has been very recently published, "A *true* History of the American Revolution." He faithfully exposes and accounts for the suppression and distortions of the truth by the earlier writers, but entirely misunderstands the modern colonial policy of England, and traduces her conduct of the Boer war. A perusal of his book is absolutely necessary to a fair understanding of the facts of the revolutionary period.

In Fanning's original manuscript the chirography is excellent, but there is little or no punctuation, and the orthography and too free use of initial capitals is perhaps a little more irregular than was common in those days, and these errors are aggravated and a distorted punctuation introduced in the printed edition. In fact, there is reason to suspect that the Richmond editor tried to make Fanning appear a more illiterate man than he really was.* It is better, I think, that all these eccentricities should be rectified in the present reprint, as manuscripts of that period are usually so dealt with in these days. It is satisfactory to note that Mr. Wheeler declares that the narrative "from its minuteness of detail and accuracy of dates (which have been compared with reliable authorities) may be depended on as a truthful record," and quotes the testimony of the historian Bancroft to its "authenticity, fidelity and value." But the author of the preface starts with an error as to Fanning's birth-place, which he says was in Johnston County, North Carolina, whereas Fanning declares in his will that he was the son of David Fanning, and was born at Beech Swamp, in Amelia County, Virginia, where his father left a considerable estate of which he was "the rightful heir," and which he still hoped at that date (1825) that his family might recover, although he had evidently given up, as irretrievably lost, his former possessions in North Carolina. The hope of recovering his Virginia property, it is clear, led him to refuse* to allow his narrative to be published, lest it should weaken his claim in that regard. Other statements of the writer of the preface respecting Fanning's boyhood and physical idiosyncrasies, given as "principally traditionary," such as his being afflicted with "scald head," and unfit to sit at table with his fellows or to sleep in a bed, and designed to stigmatise him as a degraded character, belonging to the dregs of society, are evidently unreliable, and of doubtful good faith. He speaks of the "self-satisfaction" with which, after relating his "cold-blooded murder of his neighbours and fellow-citizens," he applies to himself at the close of his "Address to the Reader," the words of the Psalmist: "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." But this text is not in Fanning's handwriting, and was no doubt written there after his death by his widow or son. As to the alleged "cold-blooded murder" it will be seen that in every case Fanning specifically mentions the offence which the victim was condemned to expiate, always the cold-blooded murder by the victim himself, singly or with others,

*For instance: The word *pursue* and all its derivatives are always spelled correctly in the manuscript, and always *persue* in the printed copy, but I have changed *was* to *were* in many place .

*A letter from him, dated in 1822, printed in Mr. Wheeler's introduction, points to this conclusion.

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of one of Fanning's men or some other Loyalist. For instance, we find in his index: "Col. Lindley murdered and two men hanged for it." I will italicise this and several other instances in the narrative. I refer also to Fanning's account of the barbarous treatment by the insurgents of his companion, Thomas Brown, whose terrible reprisals on his persecutors are fully related by Sabine. Mr. Wheeler has not a word of condemnation for these atrocities; they do not shock him in the least; while the deeds of their avenger excite in him the most intense horror. He says in his copious and doubtless locally valuable biographical notes that Col. Balfour was "cruelly murdered" by Fanning, although he had read in the narrative that in a previous negotiation as to the terms of a proposed peace between the contending factions, Balfour had laid it down that there was "no resting place for a Tory's foot on the earth," showing that a cessation of hostilities could only be secured by Fanning's surrender and execution. The conflict, therefore, was renewed with more desperate and fatal fury, and seeing that certain death awaited him at Balfour's hands in the event of his capture, it is hardly to be wondered at that at their next encounter Fanning should try to get in the first shot, or should seek the first opportunity of slaying his intended slayer.

I conclude that Fanning has been grievously maligned by American writers, who have been unable to view his career with other than the jaundiced eyes of the partisan. If he had done just what he did in the American instead of the loyal cause, he would have been acclaimed as one of the bravest and best of their heroes. Mr. Wheeler says: "Had the daring, desperate temper of Fanning been elevated by education, chastened by religious influences, and directed in proper and patriotic channels, his name might have been associated with that of the Marions and Waynes of the eventful epoch in which he was notorious." To this I would say that if he had fought on the revolutionary instead of on the loyal side, Mr. Wheeler and every other American writer would have described him as a man whose "daring, desperate temper" was eminently "elevated by education," and "chastened by religious influences," as well as "directed in proper and patriotic channels," and truly illustrious among the Waynes and Marions of that eventful epoch. His enemies' reports of his character and conduct probably influenced the British government, by whom he was not treated with the same generosity as others who had done and suffered less. Mob violence and outrages on person and property began* with the insurgents; wrong begets wrong, and Fanning, resolute, daring and resourceful, fought his enemies with their own methods, the only methods available to him in a war that set family against family, and neighbour against neighbour, and was waged by small, irresponsible bands all through the Province, over which a reign of terror, appalling to contemplate, made wreck of the humane sentiments that cast a glamour over the operations of regular warfare between Christian nations. As each petty leader, fired with party rage or thirsting for revenge, gained a temporary advantage over his opponents,

Hope withering fled and mercy sighed farewell.

He was animated by a chivalrous loyalty to his lawful sovereign, and the idea of a "united Empire," at least as disinterested and quite as commendable as the similar sentiments which fired the breast of the most faithful soldier of the Union who fought in the great American Civil War, and he was patriotically devoted to the interests of his country as he saw them.

The author of the preface asserts that the people of the Southern States, "ere the actors in the old struggle had all passed away, were obliged to again draw

*It was not till after this paper was written that I found a complete confirmation of these conclusions in another fair and impartial American book recently published. Van Tyne, in his "Loyalists of the American Revolution," p. 184, says that the hanging of five Loyalist prisoners of war by the rebels, in North Carolina, led to reprisals which were continued in that region through the war, clearly referring to the events recorded by Fanning.

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the sword to protect their homes and firesides from an oppressor (the North), who attempted to impose on them burdens more odious than those they refused to bear from that nation to which they owed their existence as a people"; that the "mad efforts" of the North to subdue the South had "brought about the re-enacting of scenes such as disclosed by our veracious chronicler"; scenes, "at the recital of which decency revolts, and before the perpetrators of them even the Tories of the first revolutionary war might 'hide their diminished heads'." Americans of the present day will consider him as wrong in these extravagant pronouncements as we consider him in his estimate of Fanning.

Sabine, who, strange to say, knew nothing of this narrative, says that Fanning's correspondence (although where and how he got access to it is hard to conjecture, and he could have seen but little of it) affords "ample evidence" that he was "often involved in quarrels with his neighbours," which is scarcely compatible with the fact that he was chosen three times to represent them in the Provincial Parliament, in which he sat as member for Queens County from 1791 to January 27th, 1801. His will, however, dated at Digby, March 10th, 1825, four days before his death, shows him to have had at that time some difference with Elkanah Morton, the Judge of Probate, a widely known and esteemed* but somewhat punctilious and stern magistrate and official, for he expresses a wish that he should have nothing to do with the probating of the will, but that some other judge should deal with it.

A sad and most extraordinary episode put an untimely end to his career in the legislature, by calling for the vacation of his seat, he being the only member of a British colonial legislature ever so affected. A black woman of bad repute, known as Sall London, charged him with an offence for which at that day there was no alternative but the death penalty. To the astonishment of the public he was convicted on her unsupported evidence, but the judgment was promptly nullified by the Governor of the Province, who was convinced that he had been falsely accused and wrongly convicted, and did all he could in such a case by exercising the "royal prerogative" in his favour. After this he* removed to Digby, Nova Scotia, near which he lived on a farm at the base of the picturesque mountain that lifts its lofty head between the town and the strait on the old road to Point Prim Lighthouse. Here still nestles cosily the old farmhouse in which he restfully passed the declining years of his chequered life, and here lived his son, Ross Currie Carr Fanning, when the writer knew him from the early sixties of the last century till his death.

In New Brunswick his name is perpetuated in a stream known as Fanning's Brook, forming part of the boundary line between Kings and Queens Counties on the west side of the River St. John. On this stream he built a mill, part of the dam of which still exists, and the cellar of his house can be seen about half a mile distant.† In his will, besides the mention of his inheritance in Georgia, he spoke of the claim his family had on the generosity of the British Government, but although that Government granted a pension to Moody's widow, nothing was ever done for the widow or children of Fanning.

In the cemetery of Holy Trinity Church, Digby, is a stone with the following inscription:

In memory of
Col. David Fanning,
who departed this life
March 14th, 1825,
in the
seventieth year of his age.

Humane, affable, gentle and kind;
A plain, honest, open, moral mind;
He lived to die, in God he put his trust,
To rise triumphant with the just.

On another stone near by, evidently erected by himself, is the following epitaph, curious for its "minuteness of detail": In memory of David William, son of David and Sarah Fanning, who

*See History of Annapolis, page 426.

*Not in 1790, as Wilson in his History of Digby says, nor in 1799, as stated by Sabine.

†For the facts mentioned in the preceding paragraph the writer is indebted to Dr. Hannay, the able historian and archæologist of New Brunswick.

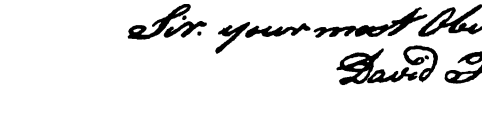
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died July 15, 1810, aged 16 years, 11 months, and 1 day, and 11 hours and 37 minutes.

He left a daughter, Ferebee, who married first Simeon Smalle, of Maine; second, Peter Hanselpiker of a New York Dutch Loyalist family, and left issue. His only surviving son, Ross C. C. Fanning, lived and died on the paternal homestead, where he conducted the farm and operated a carding mill. He it was who permitted Mr. Porter C. Bliss, on behalf of the Massachusetts Historical Society, to copy the manuscript, probably not long after his father's death. It is to be hoped he never saw the printed version with its "Introduction" and "Preface." He was a burly looking man with a somewhat austere aspect, and long a much respected and efficient Justice of the Peace. In the General Sessions of the Peace, which formerly regulated municipal affairs, he was recognised as a man of good judgment but of very determined will. He was born May 30, 1791, married Sarah Woodman of Digby, and died Sept. 8, 1871, leaving an estate of about $20,000 to be divided among five daughters. Mr. Wheeler states that Rev. E. W. Carruthers, D.D., in a work entitled "Incidents and Sketches of Character, Chiefly in the Old North State," 1854, has devoted more than 150 pages to the life and character of Fanning, and quotes Dr. Carruthers as saying that this son was a *Ruling Elder* in the Church. But he was a member of the Church of England until about ten years before he died, when he united himself to the Methodist Society, in neither of which Churches is there such an office as *Ruling Elder*.*

I propose to omit the "Address to the Reader" and the instructions to the printer at the end, and to insert all that was omitted by Mr. Wheeler, including the adventurous escape to Florida and the West Indies, and the proclamation of amnesty or "Act of Pardon and Oblivion of the State of North Carolina," the latter to show how limited and illiberal was its scope.

*The Rev. A. M. Hill, in a little book, "Chapters in the History of Digby," professes in a humorous vein to give the reason for this change of religion. Under the heading, "How Ross Currie became a Methodist," he says that Mr. Currie was "a perfect picture of a prosperous, contented farmer," but "not the gentlest of mortals or the meekest of men, for the law of heredity had made him obstinate, dogmatic and strong-willed." He was the owner of a pew in Trinity Church. It came to pass that the ladies "considered that more of the Earth's surface should be covered by them," and adopted hoop skirts. They got along with them tolerably well in the streets by "in extreme cases making detours, or describing a series of semi-circles" in meeting each other. The projection of some of the pews into the aisles, among them Mr. Currie's, "affected the graceful carriage of the fair dames," and threatened the crushing and destruction of the cherished garment. Appealed to to allow a part of his capacious and comfortable pew to be cut away, Mr. Currie indignantly refused, and when "some of the Wardens, probably henpecked husbands, armed with a saw, accomplished the work of demolition," Mr. Currie "renounced all connection with the Episcopal Church, consigned the thirty-nine articles to oblivion, forgot in his wrath Apostolic Succession, and became an ardent disciple of Wesley. Styles, fashions, hoops and skirts had carried the day in Trinity."



COL. FANNING'S SIGNATURE CONSIDERABLY REDUCED

(The first instalment of Col. Fanning's narrative will appear in the December number)

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Shakespeare and the Latter-Day Drama

By WILFRED CAMPBELL

A defence of Shakespeare against the attacks of those who support writers such as Tolstoi, Ibsen, Bernard Shaw and Goethe.

The poet is slave to none,
Save his own restless heart;
There streams of passion run
And springs of music start.

OF all writers in all human languages Shakespeare is pre-eminently the poet, and it is because of this that he is undoubtedly the world's greatest dramatic writer. Of this, scholarship, reason, and intuition will be, in the end, convinced when the final word regarding such matters has been said, if it has not already been pronounced. For me it has been already spoken; for I believe that the Elizabethan age was blessed with the world's supreme drama in all of its essentials, and that if we of the twentieth century cannot appreciate all of its qualities, it is rather because we, for some reason not so difficult to account for, have deteriorated; and not that the Shakespearian drama falls short of the truest dramatic ideals.

Some time ago two prominent writers, one English and the other Russian, had something to say pertaining to the failure of the bard of Avon as a writer of the drama. With the trend of their criticism we will not deal, except to say that it was adverse. The latter of these writers is a distinguished novelist, and one of the so-called realists of the nineteenth century. Of Tolstoi, who can speak without admiration for his earnestness? But in comparison with Shakespeare he is as a windmill to the solar system. At his best he speaks for a portion of the Russian people, and might be regarded as the protesting voice of that people in their present-day conditions. If he can be called great, it is to presuppose that anything really great and permanent can evolve from that people as they exist to-day. Cervantes, in his immortal satire, gave to the world a mirror of the Spanish character, its strength and weakness; and in a sense Tolstoi has also unconsciously accomplished the same purpose for Russia.

It may not be known, save to the ethnologist, that all of the woes of Russia are not to be ascribed to tyranny alone. Those who have studied this subject will realise that certain peoples of the world have been marred in their origin and making, and among these the Russian and the Spanish stand out prominently. There is a wide gulf fixed between the heredity, thought and ideal of Asia and that of Europe. One is in constant strife with the other for its very existence; and the tragedy of Russia is that she is, through her environment and heredity, a mixture of both. The result is that as a nation, for all purposes of self rule and progress, her people are not perfectly sane. They lack that poise, that self-control, that power of self-improvement which the north-western nations of Europe, especially the British, possess in no small degree. This may serve to explain the difference which exists between the extreme, almost hopeless, pessimism of Tolstoi, and the universally admitted sanity and human nature found in Shake-

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speare. The contrast between the two writers is not only one of degree, as between the poet and the prose writer, which is more truly seen in the contrast between Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott, where the limitations of the novelist in comparison with the great dramatic poet are marked. But the difference in national characteristics between the British and the Russian writer separates them as wide as the poles apart. Shakespeare and Scott seem to possess that golden mean of perfect sanity which dominates and governs the master artist in literature, which can enter into and depict truly the darkest passions and the gloomiest tragedy, side by side with the shallower or sunnier aspects of life, and yet keep the perfect poise between. This attribute of genius can only spring originally from that heredity, that character and ideal of national life by which the British people have been in the past marked out from all others.

The wide range of treatment of human problems and aspects of fate by these two writers, especially Shakespeare, shows a healthy foundation of literature in a people whose human outlook, while occasionally from the gloomy valley or the bleak, mountain scarp, is, for the most part, from the sunny slopes and the middle plateaux of human existence. If *Hamlet* were all there was of Shakespeare, he had been nearer Tolstoi, though still afar. But there is nothing hectic about the oak leaf, or the British literature which is true to the national characteristics.

The other writer who has undertaken to criticise our master-bard is one of the same race, and one who represents with no mean ability the social drama of the present as it exists on the British stage. It might be easy to compare the author of *Man and Superman*, criticising Shakespeare, to a fly buzzing at a mountain, or to a pigmy tilting with a titan, and so leave him to posterity. But Mr. Shaw represents more than mere cleverness. He, too, in his way carries his reason for existence in literature, in his whole attitude toward life, which he interprets to society. He is in a sense the outcome of the social conditions which have produced him, and his fellows of the same school. That his whole repertoire of philosophy is made up of a bundle of clever aphorisms which blossom in a flippancy which in him has taken the place of humour, and which have their foundation and end in shallow cynicism, need not surprise those who have studied our age and its social ideal, or want of ideal. We have arrived at a period when the chief scope and aim of reading, apart from study, is amusement only. We have reached a condition of society when the search for a new sensation is more pleasing to many than any ideal or idea which poetry or prose could inspire or produce.

But this need not either surprise or discourage us. This phase of existence which society is passing through is nothing new. History, as we are told, is continually repeating itself. The progress of mankind is in epochs, in a series of cycles. The present general decadence of the intellectual life, and falling-off in ideal is quite similar to that of the eighteenth century prior to the religious revival which accompanied the great literary resurrection. So that the extreme pessimism of a Tolstoi, or the seemingly more hopeless and less human, almost ape-like, aphorisms of a Bernard Shaw, do not necessarily suggest the final played-out end of things.

We see before us, though affected by our age and environment, a mere reflection of the love of pleasure, the chase after place and position, the lack of reverence and love of folly and the social flippancy; though lacking in much of its outward gentility; which marked the Britain of the middle and end of the eighteenth century. As that age was the result of a more than usual development of thought in the direction of the material, so it is quite natural that the nineteenth century, whose chief intellectual discovery was that man was evolved from the ape, should culminate intellectually and dramatically in a school of literature whose final and chief light should be the brilliant, if superficial, author of *Man and Superman*.

Far different, however, from this in character was the age which evolved Shakespeare. It was the period which

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produced or cradled the great discoveries of the new world; which translated the Bible into the English tongue, and which gave a new faith and a new liberty, a larger human outlook to European mankind. Is it not natural that such an age and such a condition as existed in a people like that of the England of Elizabeth should have produced such a supreme genius? When learning was in its blossom, when thought was reaching out, when faith was reading new truths out of the old; when society was rich in all those phases of character which belonged to a free, a bold and high-spirited and yet a reverent people; it was out of this matrix of human effort, ideal, heredity, and social struggle, that the greatest dramatic poet of the modern world was crystallised.

We have pictured the social and human conditions which produced these two writers, and it is no marvel that between William Shakespeare and Bernard Shaw there is a great gulf fixed—namely, that which has ever existed between the immortal seer and the mere cynic.

But, some present day critics may say, this is all very well. We admit the great thought; but the plays of Shakespeare, as plays, are inferior to many modern dramas. This contention I have denied in the opening sentences of this essay. It is, however, almost impossible to discuss the Shakespearian dramas with some dramatic critics of to-day. My contention is that for us to class some modern plays as their superior is to renounce all our literary and human ideals; in fact, to virtually change our whole idea of the drama. In order to arrive at such a conclusion, we would have to unlearn all the best which the past has taught us. It means literally to change our whole outlook on life itself. This, however, we are not likely to do. In spite of social decadence, and the small cults that spring up, mushroom-like, now and again, and have their little day, human nature is in the main healthy; and the pendulum of social and literary ideal swings in time from the morbid and the self-conscious back to that large sanity which nature represents, and which Shakespeare stands for in literature and the drama. To conclude that Shakespeare does not represent the normal standard, would be to admit that life was moving toward a final social dissolution, which it would not be pleasant to contemplate. Therefore it is not difficult to see that all phases of the drama since Shakespeare, which are not modelled on his ideals, mark a decadence therefrom. To prove this it will be shown that the drama of the nineteenth century was vitiated by such influences as could not fail to undermine radically its best ideals, which were represented by such interpreters as Booth and Irving; and that even these, especially the latter, had their part in degrading its standards. This will be seen in the endeavour to interpret creations such as *Hamlet* in a new manner, so as, in some cases, almost to produce a new creation. This weakness of the actor in his endeavour to add new sensations, to satisfy his over-sated audience, and to meet his own already abnormal ideals, has gradually though imperceptibly weaned the theatrical world from the old, saner conception of the actor and the play to a false and morbid idea, which has resulted in a phase of drama which is to-day often quite absurd. It is not that the old tragedy and comedy are not so interesting, but that the play-going public have been gradually educated up to an almost hysterical appetite for the gruesome and the nasty; the suggestive, the unnatural, and the immoral, so that the quieter, more human and saner depiction of life fails any more to satisfy. This morbid condition of to-day is almost similar to that of the morphine or other fiend, and so much so that one sometimes despairs of all our social ideals. Booth, in his *Fool's Revenge*, which some critics have regarded as more truly dramatic than Shakespeare's plays, perhaps commenced this movement toward the hectic. This was a French play translated by Tom Hall into English. Undoubtedly it was a sensation. But it contained no great lesson from life. Its whole interest depended on one cleverly constructed, but hideous, situation. It was what the man of the world might call "more fetching" than Othello; just as red pepper is more spicy than salt. But it marked the beginning of a decadence in the public ideal and the

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class of play demanded. Irving also, in *The Bells*, and in *Faust*, led the dramatic world in the same degenerate direction. All of these plays were un-British in ideals; they were almost hideous in their whole dramatic plot; and in them the gruesome action and ideas presented far over-reached the moral lesson which they claimed to inculcate. *The Bells* as a play was a pure horror, and its continuance on any stage must have, in the long run, a terrible influence on the nerves of both actor and audience.

Later, we have had Mansfield, who has just died a complete wreck; and no wonder, after daring to impersonate such a vulgar monster as that depicted in *Hyde*. Then how far-reaching was the influence of the Ibsen craze, in the direction of the morbid and the immoral in the passing drama! The influence also of *Faust* in its many presentations, as depicted by different actors, has, no doubt, done much to vitiate our dramatic taste. This is a view of the leading characteristics of the nineteenth century drama which may well cause us to pause and consider where we are drifting socially and ethically. It is at least sufficient to make us sceptical regarding present-day dramatic ideals and conceptions of what is the true drama.

Another side to this whole subject is found in the artificial ideals regarding poetry and the drama, consequent on the rage for such writers as Browning and Meredith. It is quite pitiful to see how many clever actresses have toiled to give a rendering of *In a Balcony*; and not because they were drawn to the part by inclination, but merely in pursuance of a social fad.

The influence of the drama, next to that of religion, is a very necessary, a beautiful and a human one. But like the latter it is susceptible to abuses and heresies, and it is these abuses and heresies which society should strive to avoid or cure. In religion the one chief cause of decadence is insincerity, and this is also the primal cause of decline in the drama as well as in literature. The drama owes its very existence to the poetry of life, which is founded in sublimity, beauty and reason. Hence we have the true tragedy and the true comedy. Tragedy must contain its element of hope. It must be set in the environment of a great possibility, from the failure to realise which, it has its source; or else it is no tragedy. So comedy, as tragedy involves hope, must contain the element of beauty; or else it is no true comedy.

The drama which fails in these elemental respects, no matter how clever or sensational from the stage standpoint, is not only not great drama, but it is not true drama. Indeed, it is a degeneracy, and a degeneracy so dangerous to society at large, that it should not be tolerated. The great drama, as found in Shakespeare at his highest, and in the lesser drama of his school since his day, should be a tremendous factor in the uplifting of human society. The reason for this is that it is the work of the poet who is unusually sane in his sense of the natural and the sublime, who has so run the whole gamut of human passion that he is not morbidly over-attracted to any one phase of life. There is a majesty, a dignity, a sublimity about such drama which leaves a sense of the greatness of human existence, which opens eternally doors of hope into that future morning of the universe toward which our best ideals are trending.

It is this element of hope which Shakespeare's plays all possess, and which is found in none of the modern cynical plays; being conspicuously absent in *Faust*, the greatest of the later dramas.

Then, it is not merely what the drama sets out to teach which always constitutes its real influence, but rather the illusion which is created in the production of the play itself. *The Sign of the Cross*, a religious melodrama, had for its professed object the contrasting of paganism with Christianity to the advantage of the latter; but the end attained was the very opposite. *Faust*, supposedly a religious drama, owing to the preponderance of the character of Mephisto, degenerates on the stage into an incarnation of hopeless cynicism. *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, instead of teaching a lesson, becomes a disgusting horror. The illusion created in all these cases failing to contain the sublime element of hope, and rather sug-

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gesting that of despair in the mind of the thinking observer. How different is the illusion created in Shakespeare's dramas! In *Hamlet*, his seemingly most gloomy creation, the environment is large, human and sublime. The very sadness is that of the poet, and the great poet. The whole play is not a mere picture of evil, but rather a mourning over life's greatness, abused and made impossible by reason of sin. *Macbeth* is another wonderful picture. In it the supernatural is blended with the depiction of human remorse. In each case there is nothing abnormal, nothing disgusting or revolting, but all is largely human and natural. There is nothing petty or common in the setting of those plays. In them all human life is shown in its greater aspects, and they all take one out of the mere present into history itself, depicting man as a part of the great environments of race, time and destiny. The human tragedy in them all is seen in the failure or falling off from the sublime possibility of life as shown in the ideal, and the creation of the illusion, which is the real play itself. This is, after all, what constitutes true drama, and it is in this essential that the drama proper stands or falls. Again, those who judge the play by its mere compression into so many acts and scenes voice a very common hypocrisy of the critic concerning the dramatic art. The most successful of modern plays have been those which have sinned against most of these traditions of what should constitute the ideal. No drama was ever written but has required changes at the hand of the stage carpenter. The final argument sometimes put forward, namely, that the modern playwright is more subtle and enters more deeply into life than does Shakespeare, is as great a falsity as the foregoing heresy. As already pointed out, the abnormal, the self-conscious, and the morbid have mistaken the merely vicious for the natural, and the probing for unhealthy phases of personality and fancied hidden motives, as depicted by Ibsen, are no proof of insight into human life as a whole. The greatest testimony for or against the play is the modern drama itself, and any one who prefers the general character of the Ibsen or Bernard Shaw play to that of Shakespeare is welcome to his opinion, but his mental attitude is scarcely one which will conduce to the development of the best ideals of the British race.



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French-Canadian Folk-Lore

By LOUIS FRECHETTE

First of a series of articles dealing in a delightful and poetical way with the quaint legends of Quebec.

SOME of our people are sometimes inclined to consider as a matter to be deplored the fact that the population of our country is composed of different elements, as to their origin, creed or language. Such is not my opinion. I think, on the contrary, that Providence, governing everything according to definite views and logical designs, ought to be thanked for having blessed this country with a peculiarity which tends to keep her future destinies aloof from the prejudices and exclusiveness too often prevailing in other parts of the world.

In no other place than in this free land of America can the great Christian principle of universal fraternity be better understood and more peremptorily tested in its practical application. In no other place under the sun can civilisation have a better opportunity to show what humanity can do when English and French, Catholics and Protestants, for example, join hand in hand, and can sincerely and truthfully say: "All men are brethren!"

But this cannot be accomplished unless we know each other, communicate with each other, and associate in social life as well as in politics. It is an essential condition that we should be acquainted with our respective characteristics or idiosyncrasies, and at the same time with all we may have in common; our history, for instance, our customs, our national character, even our faults and natural prejudices.

It is in accordance with this, and with that object in view, that I have chosen for the subject of this series of sketches the French-Canadian folk-lore and popular traditions.

We have no exact translation in French of the word folk-lore. The expressions which convey the nearest meaning to it are equivalent to popular legends, traditional customs, superstitions or mysterious beliefs among uneducated people; but, as you see, neither of these expressions answer thoroughly to what is meant in English by the word folk-lore. In France they have simply adopted the English word—which comes from the Swedish, I believe—and now the words *folk-lore* and *folk-loriste* have won their rights of citizenship under the cupola of the French Academy.

But if we have not the word, the thing which it represents is far from being unknown to us; for if there is a country on earth where popular and mysterious traditions are religiously respected and preserved, and where poetical legends are in full blossom even in our days of skepticism, it is France, at least in some of the provinces; and, in that respect, if not in everything, the sons of New France have nothing to envy the sons of the old; they are true to their origin, so much so, that they not only form a nationality remarkably distinct from the rest of the American population, but also present a character of their own, in creed, customs and language, which makes of them a kind of exception among the other communities by whom they are surrounded.

The popular legends of French Canada

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are almost innumerable, and would fill up volumes and volumes. So, in attempting to treat the subject, I never for one moment entertained the ambition to do justice to it in its full extent. My only intention is to point out some of the most characteristic of these legends. They may be classified as follows:

First—The legends imported from abroad, and transmitted to us from generation to generation without transformation of any kind.

Second—The legends, also imported, or rather transported, from France, but the scenes and heroes of which have been located in our midst, as something of our own.

Third—The legends which, although of an European origin, have been so thoroughly disfigured by circumstances as to lose their identity and become with time almost entirely confused with our local traditions.

Fourth—The legends more or less connected with the history of our country, or which are based on some historical fact.

Fifth—Our own legends, genuine product of our soil, as we might term them, and which have spontaneously sprung up from the mind of our people, illiterate, isolated, adventurous, and, by extraction, inclined to poetical and mysterious fancies.

Let us give a few examples of these different branches of the French-Canadian national folk-lore.

The legends of the first category, that is, those which have been transmitted to us by our forefathers without alteration, are in general of a religious character. One of them, which seems to me particularly charming, and which I would regret ever so much to see disappear from the Gospel of the little ones, is that of the Easter Bells, the Easter Bells which escape silently from their lofty cages during the dolorous vigil of Good Friday, and, like as many mysterious spirits of the night, glide through the open space on their way to the Eternal City, to return on Easter morning, gay, beribboned, light and sonorous, announcing with their joyous chimings and clangour the supreme and consoling news: *Resurrexit sicut dixit.*

When I was yet a bit of a boy, that was for my early imagination one of the most gilded illusions, one of the dearest beliefs that ever lulled my fancies and haunted my enthusiastic childish brain, ever craving for the marvellous. The night of Holy Thursday, with both elbows on the window-sill, both fists clutching at my hair, as if to sharpen the intensity of my attention, I gazed persistently at the great belfries of Quebec, fading and disappearing by degrees in the blended gold of the sunset, and finally vanishing into the uniform, foggy tint of the night.

Then I saw—oh, yes, you can verily believe me—I saw the great steeples of Quebec suddenly lightening up in the distance, as if with the vague and phosphorescent gleam of a vision. The shutters of the old towers opened themselves automatically, or at least gave way under the efforts of invisible hands, and like a host of big brown birds emerging from the sombre cavities, the bells, mute since morning, together winged their flight, to rapidly lose themselves far, far off in the darkened depths of the sky. I saw them, as I see ordinary things now; the large ones heavier on the wing, holding the rearguard, and gravely seeming to command the manœuvres; the little ones, more alert and lighter, somewhat frolicsome perhaps, flying in the vanguard like a bevy of youths, proud and enthusiastic—so I guessed it—in the merriness of this liberty of one day, with the immensity of space for domain and limitless horizon. And when the beautiful vision had faded in the nebulous distance of fallen night, I left my dear window and went to plunge myself shivering under the bedclothes, with an emotion, the delicious thrill of which I still feel, in spite of increasing years.

There are a great many legends of that kind among our population, especially in relation to the Christmas festivities; but this one will be sufficient, I suppose, to give an idea of their artless and poetical character.

Of course the legends of that kind belong to the domain of childhood; they can be classed among those of the good fairies, of the Bogie man, and of Santa Claus. But there are numbers of others which find sincere believers in more enlightened quarters. For instance, even

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in our days, there are not a few among our country folk who will swear that the rising sun dances on Easter morning. It is a poetical belief which has been brought to us from France.

Many of our uneducated people still believe that the youngest of seven male children consecutively born in a family is marked with a fleur-de-lys, and is endowed with the gift of curing any kind of disease by a simple touch of his finger. In France such a boy is called *marcou*. We had one of these marcous at school when I was a boy, who cured our tooth-aches; but I must acknowledge that the performance, to be successful, required on our part a certain amount of good-will. It was faith-cure more than anything else.

Some forty years ago they used to distribute in our churches a small piece of consecrated bread to each parishioner during the Sunday mass. Most of our country families never failed to preserve carefully the piece they had received on Easter Day. This precious bread had, until next Easter, the privilege of leading to the discovery of drowned bodies. The piece of bread dropped in the current, would follow it for a while, and finally stop whirling on the very spot where the body lay. All those strange traditions existed in France, and were transmitted to us without any variation.

Such is also the case with the famous *baguette devinatoire*—divination rod. In old times, never did any farmer venture to dig a well without having ascertained beforehand that water was to be found there. For that purpose the services of some initiated fellow were secured, who for a small sum of money professed to post you up infallibly. He commenced by cutting a forked branch in a hazel tree, which he twisted with his hands in a peculiar fashion, while pronouncing some cabalistic words. As the rod was to be cut out of spring-seasoned wood, the twisting never failed to bring a certain moisture at the main end, and the sly dog would say: "You can dig here; you'll find plenty of water." He was right most of the time naturally; but if he was not, he attributed the fact to some lack of formality on the part of some other persons, of course.

This guessing-rod made dupes in Europe for more than two centuries. Not only did it indicate subterranean sources, but it also served to detect criminals, to recover lost money, and to find out hidden treasures; for the belief in hidden treasures guarded by the devil—a belief once very popular among our people—was not at all indigenous to them. As to us, these treasures came from rich families who had buried their money, jewels and silverware at the time of the English and American invasions, to save them from pillage. Those treasures, after having passed a certain number of years underground, became the devil's property; and then it required lots of sorcerous ceremonies to get possession of them.

Some fifty years ago, this treasure mania became a real fad in the country; every morning, on our way to school, we would stumble on heaps of earth and pebbles extracted from the overturned soil, almost everywhere along the roads. If one of the villagers happened to become a little more prosperous than his neighbours, it was clear he had unearthed a treasure somewhere in his cellar or behind his barn. The old manor of Sir John Caldwell, at Etchemin, was demolished to its foundations to recover the money the old gentleman was accused of having robbed from the Province.

In France, these mysterious treasures were supposed to have been also buried to save them from the rapacity of the English invaders. The English, at least in the estimation of the French—and the Boers—have always been reputed, as you see, for their particular fondness of earthly treasures. And it is a general opinion also that when such treasures fall into their possession they need no devil to keep them in safety.

And the belief in the ill-omened influence of Friday, and of number thirteen! And the belief in the moaning dogs foreboding death! And the belief in those who stopped hemorrhages from a distance, who removed warts with magic words, who expelled rats by summoning them

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in writing; all this we have inherited from France, or at least from Europe, where, even to this day, the same customs and superstitions are to be found. Some particular phases of the moon are more or less favourable for the trimming of the hair; there are days of the week which must be carefully observed for the cutting of your nails. As to the traditions in regard to mischievous sorcerers, they are exactly the same in both countries. There, also, suspicious beggars will throw a spell over people who do not treat them to their satisfaction. Some days your cattle will fall a prey to a mysterious disease, and die one after the other; your hens cease to lay eggs; your butter turns sour; your milk produces no cream. It is a spell. Throw your milk and butter into the fire; pierce the dying animal with a steel blade; thrust a needle into a hen's head. It is exactly as if you had done the same thing to the sorcerer himself, and the charm vanishes.

In France also—especially in Brittany—there are many popular doctors who nurse sick people with magic words. But I am not far from believing that this practice is pretty much universal; I have travelled a good deal in both hemispheres, and if I can trust my experience, it is not only in our Province and in Brittany that physicians—and physicians of high repute sometimes—are to be found who show their ability by treating their patients, if not with cabalistic, at least with pleasant words.

In France, as with us, the gift of a knife cuts friendship; in France, as in our midst, one must avoid to cross forks and spoons on the table; one must not walk on any object lying cross-wise: it brings bad luck; spilt salt predicts a quarrel; a broken looking-glass announces any kind of casualties.

On the other hand, if you carry on your person a piece of the rope which has served to hang a man, it not only averts bad luck, but it is also a talisman that will secure you all kinds of success in life, especially at poker. French-Canadians are answerable for none of these traditions; they form part of our national heritage and, of course, are confined exclusively to the uneducated classes.

In the December number Dr. Frechette will tell of L'Islet legend of the Mass of the Ghost, comparing it with a similar legend told in Brittany.

Love's Tourney

BY DONALD A. FRASER

AS knight of old, when jousting in the lists,
Did raise his eyes to meet his lady's smile,
And therein find new strength of arm; no guile
Might then o'ermatch him while her gaze he wists;
Also do I, when battling in Life's mists,
Yield to no dubious fate a homage vile;
I glance at thy dear face, and its sweet wile
Lures me to dare the Power that resists.
O Love, then fix thy lustrous eyes on me;
Vainly shall Fortune hurl her fiery darts;
Encased in Love's own magic mail, I'll be
Yon crypt's indweller e'er I own her arts;
Obeisance, then, I'll do with victory,
Unto the Queen who rules my heart of hearts.

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A Tragedy of the Wild

By T. MURIEL MERRILL

An etching in which the pangs of an aching heart are hidden in the darkness of the night.

CLOSE in the shelter of the great trees stood a little log cabin. Away beyond stretched the forest, mile after mile. The undulating hills mounted one above the other till in the blue, dim distance they etched themselves in a ragged line upon the sky. Many were the untrodden paths ever winding and unwinding through the twilight arches of the trees.

Within the cabin lived a trapper, and with him his daughter, a child to him dearer than all the world beside. Her hair was the colour of the chestnut, her eyes were clear blown like forest pools in autumn, and her cheeks red as the partridge berry. He called her O-gway-saw, the robin.

Here they lived contentedly. They knew not loneliness, for the wind sang in the pines, and scarce a day passed but some four-footed thing came near the cabin.

The hunter went out at dawn each day to make a round of his traps, bringing back any animal he might find, or at least its skin, and, where necessary, rebaiting. So it was, day after day, and O-gway-saw had always a hot meal awaiting his return in the evening.

One day he had gone out as usual, but the night came and he did not return. In the light of the setting sun the distant hills glowed red, then faded to misty purple. O-gway-saw stood in the doorway straining her eyes through the dusk. As the night came over the hills she turned with a sob into the cabin. With the first light of dawn she was awake and ready with her snowshoes on, for the trapper had not returned.

The snow was deep on the ground. The forest was wrapped in a great silence. She walked swiftly and easily, following her father's well-marked tracks.

The spruce branches were tented with snow. Here and there in the open places a stock of pale, withered goldenrod thrust itself forth, coldly rattling its dead leaves. Once a flock of strange birds circled near her, their whistlings echoing sweet in the frosty air.

Down through sloping gullies and up over wind-swept places the way led. Sometimes she passed a trap where her father had stopped.

The tracks were gradually forming a wide circle, the trapper working around so that he might return to his cabin without waste of time.

'Twas near evening when she came to a frozen stream, by the overhanging bank of which was placed one of the strongest traps, a monster with cruel steel jaws. O-gway-saw slid quickly down the opposite bank. Was it a great wolf in the trap?

She clutched at her head with her hands. Her eyes were riveted on the trap. Then with a terrible sob she dropped to her knees.

The hunter lay stretched on the snow. The trap had sprung on his two hands, and, burdened with pelts, his struggles

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had been but a waste of strength. So through the whole night and all the day had he lain there, with his spoils upon him.

Quickly she released him and turned him over; but his eyes wore a glassy stare. There was no life in him.

With a whispered moan she hid her face against his.

Through the dim forest the wind sighed, touching into life the hemlocks and sifting down upon her the fine snow. Then night came—and there was silence.

Autumn

BY E. M. YEOMAN

WHERE once fresh violets filled the wood with blue,
And lavish verdure spread its green around,
Red leaves and yellow lie in simple rue,
Mingling with dead flow'rs on the barren ground.
And in the winds, with lofty grief distrest,
The melancholy Autumn sees on Earth
Her heritage of beauty lose its worth,
And flees distraught into the moaning west;
Yet watches where her perished kingdom lies,
As some high spirit new-called to the skies,
Fleeting from Earth to Paradisic light,
With sudden sorrow moved,
Might linger sadly in her flashing flight,
And long for one she loved.

And so the husbandman, at close of day,
Scanning the portents of the rueful west,
Might be beguiled to linger in his way,
His heart and Autumn kindred in unrest;
And moved to own his days in reckless flight
To nakedness forlorn, well might he turn
For lore in memory, the shrunk past's urn,
Where records lie of perished things' delight,
Shadows of dimming forms in precious bloom,
And faces smiling through the jealous gloom.
Then might he take his way, the skies forgot,
And portents of the morrow,
Knowing alone that rapture filled his lot,
And measures of sorrow.

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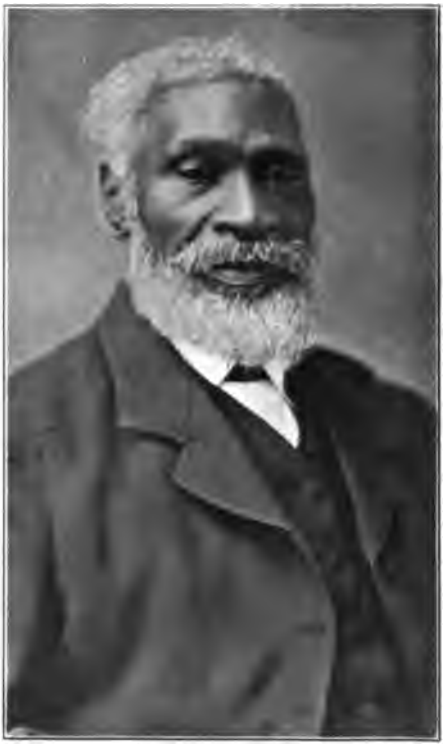
The Original Uncle Tom

By NEWTON MACTAVISH

Sketch of a Canadian citizen who claimed that he had inspired the writing of Mrs. Stowe's famous novel.

FEW persons would gainsay the statement that Harriet Beecher Stowe had some model in real life from which she received the inspiration of her immortal character, *Uncle Tom*. If she had not, she could scarcely have drawn so faithful a picture, nor could her descriptions of life in bondage, imaginative though some of them undoubtedly are, be based on pure conjecture. If, then, so convincing a case against the practice of slavery would not likely be conceived without the assistance of strongly suggestive forces, who was the person who exercised those forces? That honour was claimed in his day by a negro named Josiah Henson, who lived and died at Dresden, Ontario, and that distinction is still claimed by his descendants, some of whom now live in that unhurrying hamlet. Whether or not Josiah Henson inspired the writing of the book, his was in all events a remarkable character. He used often to visit Mrs. Stowe at her New England home, and his daughters now say that the woman who was so soon to write a tale of tremendous human interest listened eagerly to his narration of experiences in slavery and during his almost miraculous deliverance from the tyranny of his masters.

Josiah Henson undoubtedly suffered much of the worst that authentic accounts of conditions in slavery describe. He was known well at Dresden by persons still living there, besides his daughters, and they say that he bore upon his body marks that had every appearance of having been caused by the lash. Perhaps the worst that can be said of him is that he was prone to make capital of whatever notoriety came to him because of his reputation as the original *Uncle Tom*.



JOSIAH HENSON, WHO CLAIMED THE DISTINCTION OF BEING THE ORIGINAL "UNCLE TOM"

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MRS. CHARLOTTE RITCHIE AND MRS. JULIA WHEELER, OF DRESDEN, ONT., DAUGHTERS OF JOSIAH HENSON

But that, after all, is a human weakness, a weakness that almost invariably characterises every person who has an opportunity to cultivate it. Like the hero of Mrs. Stowe's story, he affected much piety, and, although he engaged freely in secular pursuits, preaching was his chief delight. At one time he practically owned the frame "coloured" church that still stands in the centre of Dresden, and when old residents of the town discuss his characteristics they say that once when the congregation undertook to expel him for what they believed to be unbecoming conduct in one of his profession, he threatened to oust the whole congregation and enter himself into sole possession of the sacred edifice.

Dresden has more *souvenirs* of *Uncle Tom* than the old church. First, of course, are the daughters, Mrs. Charlotte Matilda Ritchie, and Mrs. Julia Wheeler, two eminently respectable citizens, who live together in widowhood, near the station end of the long, straggling main street. The house Josiah Henson lived in still stands on property that is locally known as "The Institution," and there is a more lasting abode—his grave, where the bob-o-link whistles merrily on a spring morning and the grass grows tall and rank within the enclosure. There was also a pump or something of the kind, but visitors who cherish tangible *souvenirs* have left but little trace of it.

The visitor may be pardoned if he intrudes first on the daughters, who have too high an opinion of ordinary courtesy and too keen an appreciation of their position to decline the civilities of the occasion. After being convinced of the honest purpose of the visitor, they will invite him in, and will soon supply a biographical sketch of the famous *Uncle Tom*.

Josiah Henson was born in slavery more than a century ago. He served forty years as a slave in Maryland, but he managed to escape to Canadian soil at Fort Erie. After the escape, his wife used frequently to tell of how,

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THE HOUSE IN WHICH JOSIAH HENSON LIVED NEAR DRESDEN, ONT.

when he first set foot in Canada, he threw himself prostrate in the dust, and so great was his reverence for a free land, he cast handfuls of the soil into his hair and on to his face and body, until those who witnessed the sight thought that he lost his reason in the joy of knowing that at least he was a free man. He settled,



THE CHURCH WHERE JOSIAH HENSON USED TO PREACH. IT IS STILL USED BY THE COLOURED PEOPLE OF DRESDEN, ONT.

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first at Fort Erie, then at Chatham, then at Colchester, and finally at Dresden. According to the statement of his daughters, which is doubtless a repetition of the experiences he many times related to them, all who have read *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (and who have not?) have read also the account of the sufferings, afflictions and deprivations of Josiah Henson. But, perhaps few of them have suspected that Mrs. Stowe had an actual living model, that in a small burial plot in an Ontario village rests the bones of one who undoubtedly was in some important respects a prototype of the hero of what even to-day is still the most widely read novel in the whole world.

The old *coloured* meeting-house at Dresden still stands in the centre of the town just a few steps off the main street. In appearance it is much the same as it was in the days of its promoter, but it is higher, the gables having been extended and the roof raised. The window panes alternate with white and blue "frosting," but otherwise the front is devoid of ornamentation. The *coloured* population of the town and surrounding country repair there on Sundays to worship after their own heart, and it is there that the real gospel hymn is heard in all its primitive glory. Even on the street the stranger is likely to be accosted by some wayfaring local preacher-evangelist of colour, who for ten cents will supply a printed copy of a gospel hymn, perhaps one of his own composition. Should a request be made, the wayfarer will sing the hymn. The following, which I bought myself, is a fair sample of this commodity:



JOSIAH HENSON'S GRAVE, NEAR DRESDEN, ONT.

THE GOSPEL SHIP

1. The Gospel ship is sailing, sailing, sailing,
The Gospel ship is sailing,
She is bound for Canaan's happy shore.

CHORUS

Glory! Hallelujah!
All on board are sweetly singing;
Glory! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah to the Lamb.

2. I see the ship is coming, coming, coming,
I see the ship is coming,
She is bound for Canaan's happy shore.

3. She is loaded with bright angels, angels, angels,
She is loaded with bright angels,
She is bound for Canaan's happy shore.

4. I hear the angels singing, singing, singing,
I hear the angels singing,
Glory! Glory! is their song.

5. The ship is heavily loaded, loaded, loaded,
The ship is heavily loaded,
She is bound for Canaan's happy shore.

6. She landed Moses and the prophets, prophets, prophets,
She landed Moses and the prophets,
Landed them on Canaan's happy shore.

7. She has landed many ten thousands, thousands, thousands,
She has landed many ten thousands,
Landed them on Canaan's happy shore.

8. It is the ship of Zion, Zion, Zion,
It is the ship of Zion,
She is bound for Canaan's happy shore.

9. Glory! Hallelujah!
All on board are sweetly singing,
Glory! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah to the Lamb.

10. She is making for the harbour, harbour, harbour,
She is making for the harbour,
She is bound for Canaan's happy shore.

11. King Jesus is the Captain, Captain, Captain,
King Jesus is the Captain,
She is bound for Canaan's happy shore.

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Having seen the church and purchased a song from the wayfaring evangelist, the visitor follows the *river* road until he thinks he has gone about far enough, and then beats to the left on *The Institution*, where he locates the sequestered graveyard that is honoured with the dust of Josiah Henson. Just inside the wire fence, close to a gnarled apple-tree, stands a marble monument of creditable proportions. The inscription is as follows, with a Masonic emblem at the top:

In memory of
the Rev.
Josiah Henson,
Died
May 5, 1883.
Born
July 15, 1789.
Aged 93 years, 10 mos.,
and five days.
There is a land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night
And blessings banish pain.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Farther along the road stands the house in which Josiah Henson lived. The house has been moved nearly a quarter-mile from the spot where it first stood, but its framework is still intact.

If the character of *Uncle Tom* has attained so great a distinction, it is interesting to discover what manner of man was the one who inspired it. Josiah Henson was at least shrewder and more appreciative of a circumstance than are most men of his race. Having succeeded in reaching Canada, he gave his experience and knowledge as a guide to others of his race who wished to follow. As a result, the descendants of several negro families in Ontario owe in large measure to him the deliverance of their fathers or grandfathers from slavery. He was not slow to place a high value on the *prestige* that he, as the original *Uncle Tom*, would enjoy as a result of the publication of so great a book. He had conducted a saw mill and grist mill at Dresden and had got control of considerable property, but when the anti-slavery movement was getting under way, he began to turn his attention to it, and several times he visited Great Britain for the purpose of raising money to be used in assisting slaves across the international border. It is not likely that any person knows how much he raised or how much he spent for that purpose. But he seems to have met with much success, and to have repeated the visit several times. Queen Victoria presented him with an autograph photograph of herself in a gold frame, and he received also numerous gifts and letters of appreciation from persons of distinction. Apparently he had a genius for taking advantage of a situation and of bringing the merits of his cause forward at the proper time. He was also a fine type of camp meeting orator, and he excelled as a gospel preacher. Of course, his early experiences were by no means identical with those of the book, but they were sufficiently similar to give weight to his claim of identity therewith. While *Uncle Tom's* death is a moving chapter in the novel, Josiah Henson lived to take advantage of its publication.

Mrs. Stowe undoubtedly received suggestion from Josiah Henson, but it was her genius of idealisation, her mastery of incident, that raised an otherwise melodramatic narrative up to the dignity of a soul-stirring, purposeful work of fiction.



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An Evacuated Naval Station

By HENRY F. PULLEN

The military glory of Esquimalt, once a headquarters for British tars, is giving way to commercialism.

WHEN one thinks or speaks of the British Empire, one's thoughts seem to turn quite naturally to the navy, which has helped to make that empire so great, and from that to the naval stations in Canada, Halifax and Esquimalt, which were until lately the headquarters of the British North Atlantic and North Pacific squadrons. Both of these naval stations have been taken over by the Government of Canada, but it is only at Halifax that any attempt has been made to replace the British garrison.

There are still two small vessels on the Pacific station, the *Shearwater*, a sloop-of-war, and the *Egeria*, an old wooden survey ship. The latter is a very useful vessel, and she has done some splendid work in locating reefs, mapping the intricacies of the coast, and recording dangerous currents; the former is used chiefly for the purpose of carrying the officers on hunting expeditions in search of the grizzly bear, elk and moose for which British Columbia is famous. As ships of war, neither would be of the least practical service, for they are too slow even for carrying despatches.

The large, solid brick store-rooms are all empty except in that small department where the two ships outfit. The forts, five in number, are unmanned and guarded only by two or three men from the Canadian regiment at Work Point. The village adjoining the navy yard is



UNFINISHED FORT ON SIGNAL HILL, ESQUIMALT

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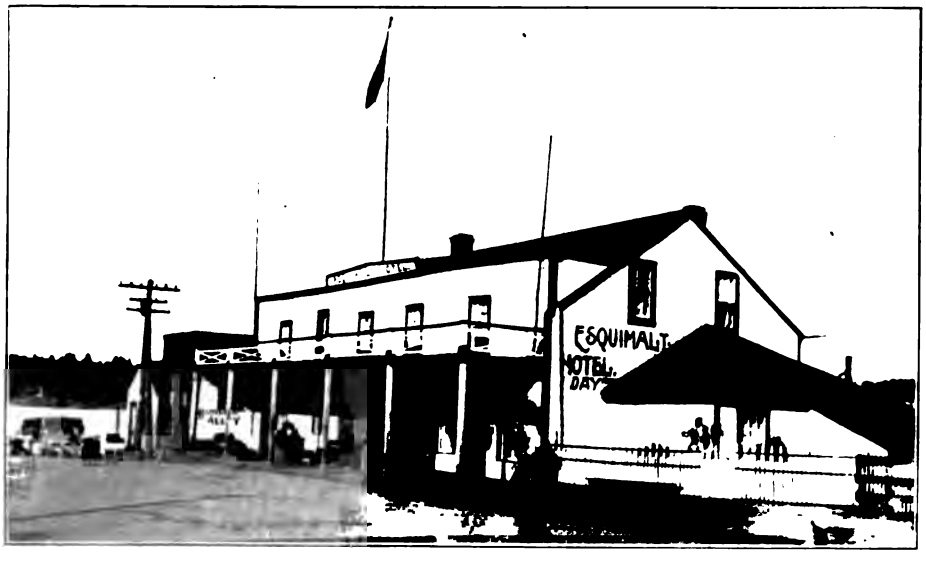


WARSHIPS FIRING A SALUTE OFF ESQUIMALT

also neglected and almost tumbling down.

For many years before the evacuation it was thought that the naval authorities would require all the land in the immediate neighbourhood of the forts, and it was understood that no big prices would be paid for improvements, so the houses were allowed to go to ruin and they are now too far gone to be repaired. Of the numbers of old-fashioned inns only two are left, and their business is not large. It is a quaint, little, crooked street on which they are situated, a *cul de sac* or blind street, terminating with a small wharf or landing-place for boats. Near it on one side is the navy yard, while on the other is the new fort known as Signal Hill.

On this fort the Imperial authorities had been working for years, excavating



A QUAINT OLD ENGLISH INN AT ESQUIMALT

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DRYDOCK AT ESQUIMALT, SHOWING THE SLOOP-OF-WAR SHEARWATER

from its centre and making it a miniature Rock of Gibraltar. Here were to be mounted two large nine-point-two guns, the largest yet used on this station. These immense cannon project a shell weighing 380 pounds, the charge of powder being 164 pounds, or of cordite, a much more powerful explosive, 53½ pounds. With a crew of twelve men, one of these guns can fire about three shots a minute, the cost for each discharge being about five hundred dollars. To-day the guns lie in the yard at the foot of the hill alongside of their heavy armour that protects the gunners. They can be seen from the road, but no one is allowed to photograph them. Several American tourists have tried, but their cameras have been taken and the plates destroyed. One man appealed to the civic authorities, but his appeal was not sustained.

Esquimalt is a beautiful place. From one or two chosen spots may be seen the picturesque land-locked harbour with the naval buildings on one side, and on the other wooded shores with low hills in the background. From the same spot turning south the Straits of Fuca spread out before him with the Royal Roads in the foreground and in the distance, looming high and clear, the snow-capped Olympics, ever changing, always majestic.

The Imperial spirit is passing from old Esquimalt, and commercialism is taking its place. At one end of the harbour is a shipbuilding establishment, at another a large salmon cannery, and again a lime works, while near the naval yard is the Dominion Government drydock, which is seldom unoccupied.

For the future there are whispers of enterprises to be established that will revolutionise the district and build up a Greater Victoria, a commercial Victoria, but there will always remain the tokens of what the village once was, and perhaps the most enduring of these is the little Anglican Church, the walls of which are decorated with tablets, mostly brass, recording the death of officers of His Majesty's forces. Many were buried at sea, but they are remembered here on shore. The most striking of these is the one erected to the memory of the officers and crew of the sloop-of-war *Condor*, a sister ship to the *Shearwater*, that sailed away into the unknown, passing without a word or sign, except that a year or two later a life buoy was picked up and placed above the brass tablet, a silent message from the merciless sea.

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Cordelia's Conquest

By J. G. M. GILMER

A college-bred man falls in love with a photograph, with somewhat ludicrous results.

I WAS in Ireland lately on a visit to my mother's uncle, Mr. Clement O'Dwyer. He had lived in Jamaica most of his life, but twenty years ago he had come home a childless widower, and had settled on a farm some miles south of Dublin, where he reared prize pigs. Shortly afterwards he married his housekeeper, a widow with two children. Cordelia Kelly, otherwise called "Tots" (the elder of the two), was now a strapping girl of about thirty. Terence, her brother, was studying for the English Bar.

For several weeks there had been a noticeable fluttering in the dovecote of the "Swineries," our family name (under the rose) for Uncle Clement's pig-farm. Letters came from Terry in London every other day, to which voluminous replies were sent by return post. Cordelia went up to Dublin to have her photograph taken.

"Ye'll see them by and by, Mary," said Aunt Patsy, in a casual way.

The girl herself was in a curious state of mental exultation and excitement. In short, there was something on the *tapis*, but I could not imagine what it was. At last, one morning at the breakfast table, Aunt Patsy remarked:

"I'm glad the wind has dropped, for young Terry's sake. He'll be crossing to-night on a flying visit—on very important business, not entirely unconnected with the young lady forninst you, Mary." She nodded at Cordelia, and then winked at me.

"Is Deelie going to be married?" I asked.

"Hit it first shot," said Deelie with a beaming smile.

"Really?" I said.

"An attractive girl like my Deelie is bound to be picked up sooner or later," said her mother, and I assented cordially, though the description scarcely applied to the lady in question.

Cordelia was rather high in the bone, with suspiciously yellow hair, and a healthy if somewhat brick-coloured complexion.

But later on Aunt Patsy waxed confidential when she and I were alone.

"Mind ye," she said, "I shan't be sorry to see Cordelia leave the house with a wedding ring on her finger. She's a bit long in the tooth for the taste of some. I was married myself when I was eighteen."

"Who is the happy man, Aunt Patsy?" I asked.

"Ye'll hear all about it when her brother comes. The match is Terry's bringing off, and it's only fair to let him pitch his own tale."

"I thought it was going to be Dr. Moore," I said. "They play golf and hockey together constantly; and he greatly admires her music and singing."

"Small blame to the man for that." Aunt Patsy tossed her head. "But we're flying at higher game than Gussie Moore this time. Oh, Mary, it's just dying I am to let the cat out of the bag. But I

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dursn't, for Terry would be fit to murder me."

Terry arrived the next afternoon. He was an improved edition of Cordelia, capable of making a favourable impression on people at a first meeting. His brain was shallow, but he had wit enough to conceal his own ignorance by retailing the statements and opinions of others. One never mentioned a subject that Terry had not studied; a celebrity that he had not met. He was a sufficiently entertaining companion if one could only remember to season each conversational mouthful with a liberal sprinkling of salt.

"Well, Cousin Mary," so he greeted me. "Have they been telling you all about Cordelia's grand conquest?"

"They left that to you, Terry," I said. "Who is the mysterious adorer? Tell me all about him, like a good boy."

"He's a rising man among us—in the Law Courts, I mean. He is my dearest friend; we are 'Dick' and 'Terry' to each other. He's just mad about music and singing and grand opera, and artistic cultivation generally. He is Irish by extraction, and on the look-out for a wife with kindred tastes to his own—one of the old faith. I told him about Deelie's voice and her piano-playing—that interested him from the very first. He wants an unsophisticated, simple girl who has lived face to face with Nature, and is as natural as her own surroundings." Terry laughed wickedly; I thought of Cordelia's saffron hair.

"My word, Tots, it'll take you all your time to live up to the grand character I've given you. You'd never have known it was meant for yourself. Like something else I showed him. Has Mary seen you?" he asked mysteriously.

"Not yet. I'll fetch it now," said Aunt Patsy.

Terry went on. "Dick says the London girls would like to live on their knees inside a draper's window, worshipping the silks and laces hanging round them."

When Aunt Patsy came back she had in her hand a large photograph.

"What do you think of that for a picture?" she said. It was the head and shoulders (about half life-size) of a lovely statuesque girl with almost perfect features surrounded by an aureole of fair, wavy hair. Dark, dreamy eyes with long curling lashes and pencilled brows completed a charming picture.

"How very beautiful!" I exclaimed. On my honour, I did not guess whom it was meant to represent. "Is this a relative, Aunt Patsy? It has a look of Cordelia."

"It may well have that. Deelie sat for it, anyway."

Her tone was offended. I was speechless with wonder, and disgusted at my own want of tact. But Deelie herself laughed.

"Small blame to you, Mary! 'Deed, I had no idea I was that good-looking myself till I saw that same."

"It's money well laid out, anyway," said Terry, "for it's got the girl a husband."

"One word for her and two for yourself, my boy," said his mother. "An influential brother-in-law will be the making of Terry Kelly—and don't you forget it."

Terry frowned at his mother, and hastily changed the subject.

"Well it was that photo did the trick with Dickie Hogan," he said.

"Dickie Hogan!" I exclaimed. "Is it possible you are speaking of Mr. Richard Hogan, who appears so often with Mr. Moffat, K.C., and is considered the rising man of the day?"

"The same man," answered Terry. "But I do a deal of the work myself that Old Moffat and Dickie get the credit for —and the money."

"Richard Hogan," I repeated, and I looked at Cordelia.

"Do you know him?" asked Terry.

"I have met Mr. Hogan once or twice," I replied. A vision came to me of a boat-race party at a charming old riverside house, all on a wild March morning. I saw again my handsome *vis-a-vis* at the breakfast table, who delighted us all with his infectious gaiety and happy repartee. The clear-cut, pale face and thoughtful dark eyes proclaimed the scholar and professional man; the silvering of the dark hair at the temples told that he was approaching middle age. But when he sang to us afterwards—

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dainty love songs of his own composition —who that heard could ever forget the man "with the voice that could wile a bird off a tree," as our hostess herself described him. And I found, later on, that his knowledge and comprehension of the great things in our literature were marvellous. And this man—poet, musician, idealist—was going to marry Cordelia Kelly!

Terry only stayed one night. His parting words were:

"Dick'll be here on Friday. Mind you put your best foot foremost—the whole lot of ye."

When Friday came the whole household was in a state of subdued expectation. Cordelia herself "touched up" her hair, and it was yellower, and her cheeks a deeper brick-colour than ever. Her eyes were wild and her voice shrill with excitement. She had donned a white serge skirt, cut short, to display her really neat feet, and a pink silk blouse, rather low at the neck. And the blouse, the hair, and the cheeks "swore" at each other furiously.

Mr. Hogan was to arrive at the farm in time for afternoon tea.

As Cordelia saw the car turn into the avenue she began "Nobil Signor" in tones that threatened to lift the roof off. And when her step-father came into the drawing-room with the visitor she seemed lost in an artistic rapture, and continued the noise.

An expression of pain quivered for an instant on Mr. Hogan's quiet, refined face. He shook hands with Aunt Patsy, then, recognising me:

"An unexpected pleasure!" he exclaimed. "How comes Mrs. Meredith so far away from London and its giddy throng?"

"I'm recruiting with my kind relatives after a bad attack of influenza," I told him.

"Tots, drop your singing, dear, and come and be introduced to Mr. Hogan," said the proud mother. "Mr. Hogan, this is Tots."

Tots gave him a large smile and a dazzling display of teeth as she came forward with outstretched hand. He shook it pleasantly, and looked round the room as if in search of someone. After some small talk, Aunt Patsy told the still smiling Cordelia to "run and pour out our teas. The gentlemen will be glad of a cup after the cold drive from the station."

Tots, with a little "moue," took her place at the tea-table.

"One or two lumps of sugar for you, Mr. Hogan? You're one of them that likes everything sweet—now, aren't you?" she said archly.

"Milk only, if you please," was his quiet reply.

I sat in a window-seat. Mr. Hogan stood beside me.

"What a pleasant outlook!" he remarked. Then he added, *sotto voce*, "Who is this 'Tots'?"

"I—beg your pardon?" I said, for I thought my ears had deceived me.

"Who is the giddy young thing with the dyed hair and the voice like a screech-owl?"

"Mr. Hogan, that is Cordelia Kelly," I said.

He gave me one piercing look. "Is that true?"

"Absolutely true. Didn't you know?"

"How should I?"

Then there was a dead silence. He continued to gaze out of the window at the ragged lawn. I was afraid to look at him. I seemed to feel the bitterness of his disappointment, and I grieved for him from the bottom of my heart.

"Am I to bring you good people your teas? It's poured out and waiting for you," said Cordelia.

Mr. Hogan, recalled to himself, hastened to her side.

"My word, this would be early days for the lady to begin waiting on the gentleman," said she, by way of delicate raillery.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Kelly," was his reply.

"I'm 'Tots' to my friends." She looked up so lovingly and so suddenly as he bent to lift the teacups from the tray that their faces almost met.

Richard Hogan did not seize the opportunity for any attempt at gallantry. He smiled kindly—almost wistfully—at the beaming Cordelia, and came back to the window-seat with a cup in each hand.

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Just then Rose opened the door and announced breathlessly:

"Dan Murphy has sent to tell the master that Nora Creina's been took bad, and he thinks it's a fit."

In a moment Mr. and Mrs. O'Dwyer and Cordelia had hurried from the room with a word of apology.

"Who is Nora Creina?" Mr. Hogan asked, abruptly. "Is it another daughter?"

"Oh, no; one of the prize pigs." I doubt if he heard my reply.

"Do you see that post on the lawn?" he said. "I'd like to sit up there and get you, or anybody else, to throw bricks at my head all day long for a month—for a year—for the rest of my life!"

He was livid with misery and self-reproach.

"What a double-distilled, romantic ass I have been!" he went on, and I could make no reply. He turned to me almost savagely:

"Do you know that I have come over here to become engaged to that extraordinary female her mother calls 'Tots'?" he demanded.

"How did the thing come about?" I asked.

"You may well wonder," he replied. "I have been hearing much from her brother of this girl's beauty, accomplishments, and simple piety. He showed me an exquisite photo. I suppose I lost my head. We all have our one mad hour—that was mine. I'm sane enough now, and I mean to keep so. Let me be frank with you. A bride with a fairly good dowry and suitable in all other respects is not to be met with every day, and——"

"But I don't think Cordelia has a penny," I said, interrupting him.

"Terence told me the step-father would give the girl five thousand pounds on her wedding day."

"I believe my Uncle Clement would rather die," I told him.

"No matter," he replied. "It serves me right for allowing such a consideration to weigh with me even for one moment." He paused. Then he burst out in a low tone of concentrated anger and disgust:

"Mrs. Meredith, I would not marry that girl if she were robed in gold and crowned with diamonds. I would rather drown myself. I must get out of this hideous entanglement somehow. Can't you help me?"

"I don't know what to do," I said.

"Can't I pretend to be mad or drunk, and kiss the girl at the dinner-table?"

"Cordelia would like that," I said.

He shuddered. "The thing cannot go on. But I haven't the brutality to break it off myself. The girl must refuse me."

"I'm afraid there's no hope of that," I said.

"She asked me to call her 'Tots'," he said dolefully, "so I suppose she thinks I'll do. But I tell you I must be kicked out of this house in disgrace before I'm twenty-four hours older, or I'll fly the country."

There was a dead silence. Then there came to us the clatter of knives and forks, and Rose's voice calling out as she passed through the hall on the way to the dining-room:

"And if you're five minutes late with the dinner, Miss Deelie says she'll be like to murder you, for it's just tearing with hunger she is!"

"I have it!" I said.

"What?"

"An idea that will save you."

"God bless you!" he said with fervent gratitude. "I'll do anything you tell me."

My suggestion was made in half a minute, for we heard the trio returning to the room. He wrung my hand with a fervour that was almost pathetic.

"I see a rift in the cloud," he said, with returning cheerfulness.

"Cordelia is as sharp as a needle. You'll remember to be careful," I warned him.

"Trust me!" was his fervent reply.

At that moment the others came back into the room.

"And how is the invalid?" he said cheerfully.

Aunt Patsy shook her head, Uncle Clement groaned dismally.

"'Deed, if she's not better to-morrow they'll have to kill her to save her life," said Cordelia.

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"Meaning——?" said Mr. Hogan.

"If the beast is killed she can be sold. But if she dies she's a dead loss, and that's letting you into a secret. Dinner's in half an hour, Mr. Hogan."

"Clemmie, show Mr. Hogan to his room," said Aunt Patsy, fearing further revelations.

An hour later we were all assembled in the drawing-room, shivering in the unusual glory of evening dress, when Mr. Hogan entered, and steered his way dexterously to the fireplace through the maze of small tables and occasional chairs.

"Are you still cold?" said Aunt Patsy.

"I generally am," he said, quite cheerfully. "I am always shivering in winter. Perhaps it's owing to my diet." He laughed, and remarked confidentially, "Do you know, Mrs. O'Dwyer, if it weren't too absurd, I could have declared I smelt meat—roast meat—as I came through the hall just now."

"Fancied ye smelt meat!" cried Deelie vivaciously. "My word, some of us would be sorry if ye didn't, and that's a fact."

His expression of pained surprise was perfect. "Then you are not all vegetarians?" he said, regretfully. "Only Miss Deelie here—I mean Tots?" He gave the young lady a little playful smile as he spoke.

"*Me* a vegetarian! Well, I like that." Deelie laughed shrilly. "Me—that can take a meat meal three times a day, and finish up with a plateful of sandwiches before I go to bed!"

Mr. Hogan's expression of horror was not entirely assumed.

"Who told you that fairy tale?" she continued. "Was it that young Terry?"

"Certainly not," said the suitor hastily. "I merely had that impression. Perhaps the wish was father to the thought. Though I must say I had hoped that on all essential points we should be one—in our tastes and fads, and on the all-important point of food. But we can discuss the matter later on."

We left the drawing-room and took our seats round the dinner-table in almost dead silence. The table was loaded with excellent and appetising fare, and I sorely pitied poor, hungry Dickie Hogan, for I knew the ordeal before him was both painful and trying.

"Come on now, Mr. Hogan," Aunt Patsy opened the campaign. "Ye'll never have the heart to refuse a slice from the breast of as fine a turkey as ever had its neck twisted, and a bit of wan of Mr. O'Dwyer's finest prize pigs. A real pet this was"—she pointed with a carving-knife to the leg of roast pork before her—"knew us all at sight, and almost cried with joy when Mr. O'Dwyer spared a minute to stand and scratch its back."

Even a moderate meat eater would scarcely find his appetite quickened by such a recommendation. Mr. Hogan shook his head.

"Impossible, my dear Mrs. O'Dwyer—quite impossible. What are our principles worth if we haven't the courage to stick to them through thick and thin?"

"Principles!" said Uncle Clemmie, in disgust. "Maybe a slice of prime roast beef would be more to your mind?"

"Come on now, Mr. Hogan. Won't you say the word?"

"Potato and greens only, thank you, all the same. And if you will be so very good, a bit of butter. Now this is a dinner fit for an emperor." Richard Hogan pointed to his frugal plateful, and attacked it with zest. Cordelia's look of pity and amazement was a sight to see.

"Just let me give you wan little spoonful of gravy," coaxed Aunt Patsy. I could see that her heart ached for the misguided man.

Again Mr. Hogan shook his head. "The gravy is really the quintessence of the meat. I mustn't—I really mustn't. I couldn't look a bullock in the face if I did. I should feel as if it had the right to despise me."

"Lord bless my soul, this is awful!" cried Uncle Clement. "The man talks of a bullock as if it were a human being."

"I shouldn't care so long as I could stick my knife and fork into a bit of underdone steak," said Cordelia, joyfully attacking a well-filled plate. "Have you ever been on the links for six or eight hours at a stretch, Mr. Hogan?"

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"Often and often, Miss Deelie."

"Well, what do you take with you as a stand-by?"

"Parsley sandwiches, as a rule," he answered, simply.

I almost began to believe he was speaking the truth.

"Nice tasty things," said the fair enslaver with a shrug. "And what do you wash them down with?"

"Cold tea, sometimes," he answered, timidly.

"Cold misery," said Cordelia bluntly. "I say, this is an awful look-out for me."

"Poor Deelie!" said her mother, sympathetically. "You're wan that sets great store by your meals. Though better that than the drink. And you'll agree with me there, Mr. Hogan?"

Mr. Hogan answered very earnestly: "I hope—I sincerely hope, Miss Cordelia, that I may be able to induce you to change your views. Otherwise, as you have just remarked, it is certainly a very awful look-out for us both."

Cordelia's face fell. "Would you really like me to try?" she said, faltering.

"If you would care to please me, Tots."

She looked at his handsome, wistful face, and then she sighed. "Take that away, Rose"—she pointed to her plate—"and bring me some vegetables only. But I must have some gravy to give them a flavour. You might let me off easy to begin with," she said, with a burst of feeling.

"I call that very nice indeed of you, Miss Deelie," said Mr. Hogan, joyfully. "You'll soon begin to loathe all that kind of thing." He pointed to the turkey, and shuddered as he glanced at the roast of beef.

"Not me," said Cordelia, sturdily. "I'm not built that way. Fill it up, Rose." She pointed to her glass. "I'll need lashings of beer to pull me through my dinner without falling dead under the table."

"Beer!" echoed Mr. Hogan, in a tone of utmost disappointment. "You don't mean to tell me you drink beer!"

"God bless my soul and body!" cried Uncle Clement. "Of course the girl drinks beer. Every sensible man or woman does drink beer!"

"I don't," said Hogan, imperturbably.

Aunt Patsy gallantly threw herself into the breach.

"I'm on your side there, Mr. Hogan—heart and soul," she said. "Beer is apt to lie chilly on the stomach. Pass the whiskey to Mr. Hogan, Clement; and think shame of yourself."

"For you, Mrs. O'Dwyer?" said the visitor politely.

"After you, Mr. Hogan."

He shook his head. "Not for me, thank you, all the same. The oath says 'neither touch, taste, nor handle.' Kindly take that thing away from before me," he said to Rose. After that there was a gloomy silence. Then Aunt Patsy said, with some dignity:

"We'd be glad to know what drink to offer you, Mr. Hogan."

"Some milk and soda, if I may."

"Well, well, there's no accounting for taste," she said, with an attempt at cheerfulness.

"Taste—and conscience," said Mr. Hogan with a charming smile.

"Well, I'm blest!" said Tots. "And Terry said we'd find you such a jolly fellow!"

"And so I am," was his earnest reply. "I assure you it is quite possible to be jovial—and—and almost frisky on very hot lemonade."

"Very hot devils!" growled Uncle Clement.

Dickie Hogan went on calmly: "And ginger ale with a dash of cayenne pepper is quite intoxicating. Do you know," he said frankly, "I was once quite drunk—excuse the phrase, please."

"We've heard the word before," said Aunt Patsy, drily.

"May I tell you all about it?" he asked.

We all distinctly brightened. He went on:

"My only excuse is that it was my birthday, and I met some friends who tempted me, and I—well, I got shamelessly intoxicated. I know I drank several glasses. It made me very, very ill."

"Was it whiskey?" said Deelie curiously.

"It was wine," he replied sadly. "Green ginger wine."

Uncle Clement's eyes were glaring with

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fury; he was breathing deeply and expelling the air slowly from his puffed cheeks, as if he were swimming. Deelie looked sulkily at her glass of beer, and seemed about to burst into tears. For myself, I was trembling like a leaf. Our scheme was so painfully successful that I was frightened. Only Mr. Hogan kept up a ripple of merry conversation, to which I occasionally responded. But the others of the party were mute: all the laughter gone dead out of them.

When we returned to the drawing-room after the dreariest of dinners, the two men followed us almost immediately. Deelie was pressed to sing, but she refused point-blank.

"I'm too hungry," she said abruptly. "I'm as empty as a drum!" She caught her breath hysterically, and her eyes were full of tears of misery.

"You may feel like that for a month or two——" Mr. Hogan began.

"Will I?" she burst out. "And what'll I feel like after three months—if I'm alive?"

"After that you'll feel as if you don't care whether you ever eat or not. That's the grand side of vegetarianism!" Hogan said with enthusiasm.

Uncle Clement pushed a box of cigars towards his guest.

"D'ye smoke?" he said gruffly.

Mr. Hogan hesitated. "Well, I do and I don't," he began.

"One of them's a lie," said the old man with terrible calm. "Which it it?"

Mr. Hogan gave a frank, boyish laugh. "I have tried to smoke quite a number of times," he said, "and I'm sure I should get to like it very much indeed if it didn't make me so confoundedly sick. Perhaps I could get through one of these if I tried. May I?"

He fingered one of Uncle Clemmie's cherished Havanas curiously as he spoke. "These are what are called cheroots. Am I right?"

"Entirely wrong—not that it matters. These are the very choicest cigars that can be bought for money." Mr. O'Dwyer peered at Dick Hogan over the top of his spectacles. "If I could bring myself to give you one, would you know what to do with it?"

"You light one end, of course. Does it matter which?" said Hogan.

"Not a bit," Cordelia replied calmly. "You can light both ends if you like and put the middle in your mouth."

But Uncle Clement took the cigar from him, replaced it in the box, and closed the lid. "It would be thrown away on a man like you," he remarked. "You had better try one of Deelie's cigarettes."

"Dear me! dear me! Do you allow Miss Cordelia to smoke?" His distress and agitation were painfully evident. "I could never bring myself to countenance such a shocking practice—never!—never!"

"He does," said Deelie, sturdily, her face and eyes flaming with fury. "Look here, Mr. Hogan; you and I had better have it out, once for all, and be done with it." She folded her arms and stood upright before him. "I eat meat—piles of it. I drink beer, whiskey, brandy and soda, champagne, and anything that's going. I smoke cigarettes by the hundred. And I can swear. And—I—*do*—swear, too — *something horrible!* — when I'm driven to it. And, 'deed, I'm driven to it now, but I don't want to spoil your night's rest! And now ye can't say I didn't give ye the truth about Cordelia Kelly!"

There was a dead silence for about ten seconds. Then Richard Hogan spoke:

"Miss Kelly," he said, quietly but heartily, "I admire you."

"I'm off to bed," she said. "The evening has been long enough for all the enjoyment we have had out of it. I'm afraid you and I would never pull together, Mr. Hogan; but you needn't break your heart if I bid you good-bye to-morrow morning and a fair wind to your sail. Good-night to you all. I'm off."

And Cordelia Kelly marched out of the room. After a short interval of constrained conversation, Mr. and Mrs. O'Dwyer, too, rose and bade us a stiff good-night.

"May I write for an hour or two in the dining-room?" I asked.

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And Aunt Patsy replied: "This is Liberty Hall, Mary. I'll tell Rose to put some sandwiches and sherry on the table for you." This was just what I wanted.

"I think I shall follow your example, Mrs. O'Dwyer, and retire to bed," said Mr. Hogan. "I'm afraid the journey has upset me. I don't feel at all well."

An hour later, as I sat quietly waiting, Dick Hogan crept downstairs and stole into the dining-room, and fell to with a will on the plate of sandwiches.

"This is going to save my life," he said, as he took a huge bite out of his second sandwich. "My dear Mrs. Meredith, I assure you I was meditating an attack on the hen-roost."

At that instant we heard someone coming downstairs.

"That is Cordelia's step," I said in alarm. "You had better not be seen eating!"

There was no time to meditate. In an instant he had dived out of sight below the dining-table. A moment later Cordelia, pale and wan of eye, put her head in at the door.

"I was on my way to the pantry," she said, "when I heard your voice. Is it a story you're writing?"

"Yes," I said. "I like to hear how my conversations sound, so I read them aloud sometimes."

Her eyes fell on the sandwiches. "This is what I'm on the prowl for," she said. "You'll never eat all these, Mary. I'll be glad to give you a hand with them. Sherry! The Lord be praised!"

Cordelia drew in a chair, and seemed in no hurry to go.

Poor Dick Hogan! An hour passed, and then, when he crept out from under the table, there was nothing left for him but a few crumbs on an empty plate!

Next morning Cordelia did not make her appearance at the breakfast table. Rose explained to Mrs. O'Dwyer:

"Miss Deelie went out in the side-car at seven o'clock this morning, and she left this note for you, ma'am."

Aunt Patsy read the letter and handed it to me. "Do you mind reading that aloud, Mary?"

And I read:

> "DEAR MATER,—I'm off to stay with Hetty Moore for a week. I'll be engaged to Gussie when I come back. Give that miserable London Johnnie the enclosed note, and tell him he can go."

When the deeply offended and wounded parents had left the breakfast table, Richard Hogan opened and read the letter, handed it to me, and straightway fell into one smothered peal of laughter after another. It ran as follows:

> "MR. RICHARD HOGAN,—You did it very well.—CORDELIA KELLY.
>
> "P.S.—Sorry I ate all your sandwiches, but I was hungry, too.
>
> "PP.S.—Hope I didn't hurt you.
>
> C. K."

"What does that last sentence mean?" I asked him.

When he could speak—

"She had her foot on my chest for nearly an hour!" he said. And he gave himself up once more to hopeless mirth.

Three months later there came an exceedingly handsome wedding present to Cordelia Kelly: "From her very sincere admirer and friend, Richard Hogan."



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Geography of Canadian Genius

By WILLIAM J. PITTS

An appreciation of Canadian aptitudes and tendencies as displayed in distinctive provincial types.

NUMEROUS statistical articles have been compiled both in the United States and Great Britain illustrative of the fact that genius is not a national affair, but the production of local environment, slightly augmented by the racial characteristics of the community. In England, for example, it is obvious to the most superficial student of history that the northern counties, peopled largely by a Teutonic stock, whose intellectual qualities were in harmony with their rugged physical surroundings, have been by far the most prolific of the country's subdivisions in their production of mathematicians and philosophers. Pastoral Warwickshire, on the other hand, with its "Celtic fringe," was the natural home of a Shakespeare, as was cosmopolitan tears-and-laughter-throbbing London the actual and ideal school of a Dickens.

In Canada the same principle applies, although the inhabitants of each province are too consolidated by constant intermarriage to admit of any fine ethnological distinctions. Nor do we wish to assert that this Dominion has as yet produced any genius whose name could be coupled with the names of Great Britain's many political and literary immortals. Genius is a very general word, here used as indicative of men more endowed than the average man with aptitudes for literature, commerce, politics, or science.

The Maritime Provinces, like the New England States of the American Republic, are especially noted, because of their fecundity in men of the purely "intellectual" type, such as statesmen, *literatteurs*, journalists, educationists. This general statement is, of course, open to analysis, as each of the three provinces possess a marked individuality.

Nova Scotia has produced several *literatteurs* of a high rank, but this Province has been first in her production of statesmen, by which we do not mean mere professional politicians, but the keen student of constitutional history, whose talents raise him above all mediocrity. To seek the cause of this fact, it is not necessary to go far. The first settlement in this Province by the English took place away back in the middle of the eighteenth century, ten years before Wolfe's victory at Quebec, half a century before any important immigration had reached Ontario. This respectable age as a Province would give a more western community a supreme advantage over its neighbours. Nova Scotia's great insularity, however, has excluded those many influences which, added to her historical status as a Province, would have increased her wealth and population tenfold.

The consequence of living in a State whose life lacks strenuosity is the development of the reflective division of the mind at the expense of the active, calculating qualities, which conceive and execute financial enterprises. Such was the provincial life of this Maritime Province till within the last ten years or so of the last

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century. The burning question of Confederation, however, prevented the Nova Scotian mind from becoming sterile through unprofitable thinking. First came the cry of a thoughtful minority for a union with Canada; then the consummation of the same; then the frenzied outcry for repeal; finally the pacification of the Provincialists through the influence of a wise national policy. Two names stand out pre-eminently above all others in the political life of this Province, those of the late Hon. Joseph Howe and Lieutenant-Governor Jones, recently deceased. These men were both strong anti-Confederates; the great Confederate was Sir Charles Tupper.

New Brunswick is a Province that has had a remarkable share of political smooth-sailing. Her legislators have not been confronted with any problem which could be justly compared in political magnitude with the Atlantic Fisheries Dispute of Nova Scotia or the Land Question of Prince Edward Island. She flung her anchor quietly into the sea of union, accompanied only by the sound of her lumber axes. Her sturdy sons, scattered widely over her forest-clad area, racked their brains for no political purpose, but in order to find fitting phrases and couplets to sing the glories of their native pine trees. It is rather difficult to assign any particular class of intellect to this Province, but as the names of Charles G. D. Roberts and Bliss Carman are of international repute, we will credit New Brunswick with a high rank as a home and producer of that ubiquitous personage, the Canadian Man of Letters.

Coming to Prince Edward Island, the smallest but not the least important of the Maritime group, we find that this tiny Province has been an intellectual distributing centre for the American Republic. A few of her sons, Sir Louis Davies among them, have gained a prominent place in the national life of our Dominion, but the Prince Edward Islander's talent has principally been exploited in the United States. It is a versatile type of genius which this easternmost Province produces. Legislators, preachers, university professors, and journalists have sprung from this hardy soil. The university professor, however, is probably better represented by the Islander abroad than any other class of men. President Schurman, of Cornell, might be cited as the chief example, among the many Island scholars, who fill remunerative chairs in colleges of a high standard, "from Maine to California." There is also a more recent appointment, that of Dr. Falconer to the Presidency of the University of Toronto.

Quebec is a Province where the growing youth is nurtured upon philosophy and kept mentally active with judicious instalments of the classics. Such an education, added to the young Frenchman's poetical environment, soul-stirring traditions, and naturally eloquent temperament, combines to turn the amateur philosopher into a practical politician, who, unlike the resolute Nova Scotian, enters the lists for the pure love of the game, and not through the altruistic motives which stir the purpose of the patriotic middle-aged French-Canadian. Although the most prominent type of intellect to be found in this ancient Province is that of the professional politician, literary Quebec should not be forgotten, particularly when we have before us such virile specimens of Canadian verse as the poetry of Louis Frechette and Frederick George Scott.

Let us now survey Ontario, big, bustling, overgrown Ontario, the great commercial Province of our Dominion. The natives of this huge country within a country have apparently taken Carlyle's iron dictum fervently to heart: "Do the duty that lies nearest thee, and what thou conceivest to be a duty." Ontario has been the home of *literatteurs*, such as Sir Gilbert Parker, Robert Barr, Ralph Connor, Archibald Lampman, and Duncan Campbell Scott, but the great bent of Ontario genius has been of the "bread-and-butter" class. The aptitude for conducting extensive financial operations is not wanting here. The multi-millionaire is an indigenous product, as also is the learned barrister or eminent physician. If one seeks genius in Ontario, he must look for it in the commonplace; that is, among the ordinary business pursuits of the day, and in the learned professions.

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Nevertheless, this intense concentration upon the things that be shows a powerful provincial intellectuality, for more mental energy is required to keep in the beaten path than to acquire that which is radical.

The West, by which we mean Manitoba, Alberta, Saskatchewan, and British Columbia, is not intellectually bankrupt, though the superficial observer might be led to believe so. In the comparatively near future the West of our Dominion shall also send forth a vigorous type of greatness. That its genius will be of a practical order, it is very safe to prophesy. A new community, with extensive natural resources, worships a strong administrative brain. A philosophical thinker may appear in the course of a century, but the main trend of intellect will be material.

Canada is still in a state of social consolidation. Canadians are five times more united to-day than they were two decades ago. In the course of the next ten years a still greater change will probably be apparent. It will then be possible to assign a distinctive type of intellect to the Dominion as a nation. However, as provincial traits and customs relieve a national life from any appearance of monotony, so shall mind working in its various channels survey national problems in so many different ways, that unbiased judgments shall be the result.

Maidenhood

BY MINNIE EVELYN HENDERSON

WHERE the buds are white and pink,
On the trees the bursting green,
In the land of "Oh, I think,"
In the years, years that have been;
'Neath the blue of perfect skies,
With the smile upon her lips,
With the wonder in her eyes
And the world at finger tips.

Merging from the dewy morn,
Dazzling is the noon-day heat,
And the thunder of the storm,
With its quick, pulsating beat;
Watching shadowy figures glide
In a new world just anon;
Still does dim regret abide
For the morning prayer and song.

To the future vaguely reaches,
With a tearful glance behind;
Listening, while the new hour teaches,
With great eyes that seek to find
That vast something, for which speaks
All the longing of the heart,
In the land where mankind seeks
For the still great, unknown part.

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Wawonaissa and Morning Light

By A. WRIGHT

An Indian Legend of the Sand Dunes of Prince Edward County, Ontario.

"YAH-O-O-O! Yah-o-o-o!"

The young bucks ashore, responding to the shout, send over the water a glad, loud welcome.

"Yah-o-o-o!" again comes answering back, and the paddles of the warriors flash silver as they stir the liquid gold of the sun-lit waters, till soon, like winged birds, the birch-bark craft have cut the intervening waves, and grating on the pebbly beach are quickly drawn ashore.

Attracted by the noise, group after group of redmen emerge from the shade of the forest, and listen eagerly to the tales of bravery told by those who have been on the warpath and are returned home, victorious.

Great are the rejoicings, and soon preparation for a dance of conquest is begun. The squaws, hurrying here and there, light camp-fires and make ready a feast for their wearied braves.

Many and fair to look on, are the dark-eyed maidens of the tribe, who lend a deft hand in brewing the herb drink and helping the old squaws to cook the savoury meats for the hungry men. Yonder is a maid, graceful as the fawn her arrow has this day killed. Near her glides a girl whose dark eyes flash like the glow-worms that are beginning to lighten the deepening shade of the forest. There, in the red glow of a fire, stands a third, whose rounded limbs, shapely bust, and stately carriage are unequalled by any in all the tribes around; and by her side is one, who, if less beautiful in form, is fairer of face, and with lips and cheeks shaming carmine flowers hung in festoons around her neck and twined in the midnight blackness of her hair.

But fairer to look upon, infinitely more beautiful than all, is she, pausing afar in the half-lights, where the red glow of the fire blends into the grays of the creeping night. See, she leans in careless grace on the drooping vines that hang from the lower branches of a maple, and the white pearl of the shells around her arms snatch the light from the distant fires.

The Great Spirit hides the sun beneath the waters of the broad lake, and wraps the earth in mystery-filled darkness, while down through the branches of the trees the stars begin to peep and wonder why this maiden lingers here alone, and so long; why, too, her eyes, filled with sadness, are constantly turned to the distance whence the warriors have returned. A whip-poor-will begins its plaintive note, and an ugly bat flaps his wings in her face; but, indifferent to both, *The Morning Light* still stands with her gaze fixed on the far-off, beyond the mystic vapours where the sky and waters meet.

Yet, why should this only child of the Great Chief absent herself from the other maidens and the many lovers who woo her, and, with trouble on her face, turn from the camp-fires of her tribe. In all the land there is no other such Eden as this spot whereon her people dwell. There is here a magnificent forest filled with birds of many kinds, while deer and bear

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and big game can be had for the killing; fruit, nuts and rice are more than abundant, and the waters teem with fish. Hunger and disease are unknown in the camp, and this child of the Big Chief is favoured by the Great Spirit. Why, therefore, should she stand with troubled face?

She, too, is thinking of all this, and contrasting her prosperity with that of the maidens in the camps her braves have just conquered. She recalls how, not many moons ago, when she was captured by this people, now vanquished and taken by them away over the great lake, she had in their homes seen want and sickness stalk gaunt and grim through their ranks, until maidens and youths and men alike went mad or died.

She shuddered at the remembrance of such scenes; then, as the look in the dark eyes of one of those half-starved braves comes back to her, it can be divined what is eating at her heart, for reaching out her arms toward that distant land, she whispers with a sobbing sigh, "Wawonaissa, Wawonaissa!"

Then the stars shine softly, for they know her mind is filled with the likeness of this young warrior who, in her captivity, had pitied her, and daring the wrath of his people had loosened the cruel cords that cut so deeply into her tender flesh, and had given her the herb drink when she would have fallen in exhaustion. Then, too, when the demon, Famine, was gnawing at his own vitals, he had brought her his scanty food; he had thrown over her shivering form the bear-skin which should have sheltered himself from the bitter cold of those autumn days. When the stake was planted at which she was to burn, Wawonaissa that night had crept softly among the sleeping guards, and wrapping her in the big bear-skin had carried her out from the wigwams and down to the water's edge, where he had hidden two canoes among the tall grasses.

Placing her in one, he sprang in behind her, and swiftly over the lake shot the two boats, for the second was fastened by a cord of twisted grasses to the first. Far into the night they paddled, each dip of the blade speeding them like the bounding of a deer.

When the night was half gone Wawonaissa ceased beating the moon-lit waters. Looking the maiden steadfastly in the face, he said:

"Farewell. The camp of the maiden's father is not now so far off that she cannot find and reach it in safety. Wawonaissa must make haste and return to his people, lest the breaking of day awake them, and they, finding him absent, know that for the love of a woman, he has proved false to his friends. So he will return, and go to the wigwam where *The Morning Light* should still be, and raise the cry that she has flown. When they find that she has gone they will look for a missing canoe, but all will be there, for that in which the maiden sits was built in secret for her escape. So they will say that she is in the forest, and they will hunt there for her until darkness covers the land. But she will be nearing the camp-fire of her father."

He had paused and watched the wavelets lapping the sides of his canoe; then, without looking up, he went on in a low voice:

"If the pipe of peace could be smoked between our tribes; if the Great Spirit would again bring plenty to my land and stay the evil that kills my people, and Wawonaissa was greatest of all Big Chiefs, he might be brave enough to tell *The Morning Light* how he loves her, and ask her to make his wigwam hers—to dwell in his camp and make his braves her slaves. But she is the child of a Great Chief. Wawonaissa is a dog! And so—farewell."

Springing lightly into the canoe that was fastened behind he cut the cord that held it to the other, and paddled quickly away.

The Indian girl reached her home in safety, but the remembrance of the dark-faced brave had come with her. So, when a few days earlier the warriors of her tribe had gone to make war on her lover's people, her heart was torn with many conflicting emotions.

And now, her friends had returned victorious. She should be glad and rejoice with them. But, Wawonaissa—what of him? A great fear for him had come over her, and with a yearning cry

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she now turns to the water, sobbing softly as she goes, "Wawonaissa, Wawonaissa!"

Scarce have the words left her lips ere she springs back in affright, for, from the shell-strewn shore, where the wavelets, gurgling, lap the yellow sands, the voice of her lover answers, calling her name.

For a moment, as she listens, she believes it is his voice speaking to her from the Spirit Land. But the moon, which has silently stolen to a place among the watching stars, and is already tipping the tree-tops and waves and ripples with her silvery light, shows *The Morning Light* a dark object lying on the beach, and creeping cautiously nearer, she finds it to be Wawonaissa, bound and wounded.

Vain is her feeble strength to loosen the tightly knotted cords that hold him, and useless her efforts to sever them with the sharpest stones. She dare not venture to her wigwam for something with which to cut them, lest her action arouse suspicion and bring a swift fate upon him.

Faster and faster, madder and madder grows the dance in the forest. Many have missed *The Morning Light*, but none have time to seek her, and she, knowing the men are excited and crazed with victory and gluttony, and in no mood to listen to pleadings for their captives' release, bides her time.

Hopefully, almost cheerfully, she bathes the wounds of Wawonaissa, and rests his throbbing head upon her lap, for she thinks that when the day has come again, and her father, the Great Chief, learns their captive is Wawonaissa, the brave who saved her life, he will surely free him, and loading him with gifts, return him to his home.

The morrow comes, but a sore sickness creeps over the Great Chief. Because of his gluttony of the night before, an evil spirit enters him, and he rolls in the agony of its torture. So, because of his torment, the words of *The Morning Light* have no meaning for him, and though she weeps and pleads that he bid the braves to set their captive free, he heeds her not.

Again the evening stars begin their watch, and they tremble with pity as they see Wawonaissa led forth and bound to a stake. But before the fire is lighted around him he must be made a victim for their sport, a target for their arrows. Then, as quick as the first bow is raised, *The Morning Light* springs, thrilling in her pride and beauty, and with a dignity that would not beshame her father, the Great Chief, she stands before the men who would make sport of the dying agony of their prisoner, and bids them pause, whilst she tells them the story of her own captivity and release.

One or two of the bucks drop their bows, as she tells of the goodness of Wawonaissa to their Chief's daughter, but other of the youths note the softening of her glance as she turns to the prisoner, and they grow hard with jealousy and urge that the sport go on. Others, with minds easily swayed, join in the cry, and again the bow is drawn. But swifter than the cord will bend, the girl encircles the captive with her outstretched arms and cries:

"Cowards! Which of you dare shoot into the body of *The Morning Light*, your Great Chief's child? For your bow must first pass through her before it shall strike Wawonaissa. Go," she commanded haughtily, "tell your Chief the words his daughter has said, and bring him hither, for the herbs and roots the squaws have given him are driving out the evil spirits that torment him. Then, if he, knowing all, and looking on his child, can bid you shoot, it shall be so."

The Indians fall back, but for a moment there is a dangerous silence. Yet none dare risk the maiden's life or to force her from her position.

Then two youths, burning with jealousy, hasten to the Chief, and tell him that the youth they have captured is not an Indian, but an evil spirit, who has so bewitched his daughter that she stands with arms about him and her body shielding him from their arrows, should they shoot.

The old Chief, sore in body, and bitter because he must move, hastens towards the gathering of men, and calls to his daughter to stand aside so the braves may kill so evil a thing as this bewitching spirit.

But, keeping her place before her lover, she repeats again for her father's ears the story of her capture. Knowing well

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his love for herself, she brings to his mind a recollection of the agony he endured when he believed she—because she was the daughter of so great a Chief—would be subjected to the tortures usually reserved for the male captives. Tall, stately, with magnificent poise, she stands erect, her body a shield for her wounded lover at the stake, and says:

"The Great Chief, my father, sat in his wigwam. But he was great no longer, nor brave. He, who knew no fear for himself or his men, was crushed at the thought of suffering for his daughter. All day he sat with his face on his knees and grieved, speaking no word to any. In all the world there was nothing he cared to hunt. The fish and the beasts and the birds had no flavour, for his stomach was gone. His braves were dogs; his squaws were hideous; his bow was broken; his arrows were trodden into the dust, and his tomahawk was red with the rust he let cover it. The bone had crept from his back, and the sinews had shrunk in his arm, so he was old and withered. Instead of big words coming from his mouth, words that made all who heard them fear—he muttered without meaning; and, crouching, wept like a woman for his child. Thus, was my father the Great Chief, the greatest of all big men, whom all feared, who knew not before the meaning of fear!

"But, behold! A hand—the hand of Wawonaissa—reached out and touched him, and he arose, strong once more, and well—for the medicine Wawonaissa gave him was the return of his child, safe and unharmed.

"And can my father strike the hand that has done him so good a thing? No; he is too big and brave for such an act! Go!" turning to the crowd, "unloose the young man! *The Morning Light* knows her father; she speaks his thoughts."

But the braves, balked of their sport, and full of jealousy, shouted:

"No! This man's people would have tortured the maiden. We will torture him. We will shoot him full of holes! We will fill him with our arrows, then burn the dog ere he dies!"

The old Chief, twisted and gnarled in temper by the pains and sickness still on him, and remembering, despite her words, only the tortures his daughter had escaped, commands her to stand aside, and motions the crowd to do as they please with the prisoner.

The girl, strong in her faith of her father's nobleness, and believing his motion means the release of her lover, turns in gladness, saying:

"I will go with you, Wawonaissa, and dwell in your wigwam, even if hunger and the Evil Spirit abide there, and rain and snow beat in and chill me. *The Morning Light* loves her people, and her father is the joy of her life; but dearer than these is Wawonaissa. She will return with him to his land, and peace shall be between our people."

The Great Chief, hearing her words, grows hot with anger, and drawing her roughly aside bids his men "Shoot, kill the dog!" Immediately an arrow hisses through the air and lodges in the arm of Wawonaissa.

For a moment the girl stands dumb with amazement and horror; then, wrenching herself from her father's grasp, she bounds like a panther to her lover's side and, facing the Chief and assembled crowd, cries in a fury:

"Hear me, O my father! Harken to me, all you people!

"Yesterday, there dwelt in this land—in this place—a people blessed by the Great Spirit above all others. The old men were wise, the young men strong; all were brave and noble. Therefore, the Great Spirit loved them, and filled their forests with food, and put his waves around to guard them. He kept the evil spirits from their tents, and threw victory over their warpaths, and the people were known and feared among all nations.

"But now their Great Chief has become a serpent and stings the hand that cured his wound, and the braves become little snakes and add their sting, so the Great Spirit looks down with anger on this creeping people, and bids me say:

"This nest of vipers shall be driven from the camping ground of their fathers; sickness, hunger and scorn shall be theirs until they are remembered among the redmen no longer, for their bravery shall pass from them, and in the end their very name

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shall be forgotten! But first, the spirits of Wawonaissa and *The Morning Light* will cover your camping place with a great white sheet that will put out your fires, smother your trees, and cause the deer and the bear to flee before it!"

Turning to an Indian still standing with partially drawn bow, the girl continued: "So, do your work! Have I not told you what is the will of the Great Spirit? Why do you stand doubting if he shall die? Shoot! It is our fate, and yours!"

The man, scarcely comprehending her words, let fly his arrow, lodging it in the thigh of the captive. Thus encouraged, another brave, honestly believing the maiden bewitched, draws tight his bow, and his arrow, too, speeds onward with its hissing song.

But, swifter than the flying missile, the Indian girl turns and throws her arms about her tortured lover, and the arrow, speeding on its way, cuts through her heart ere it enters the breast of Wawonaissa.

Time creeps on; but the braves of that tribe, remembering the words of *The Morning Light*, grow superstitious and faint-hearted, so they no longer follow the warpath with confidence, sure of victory. The squaws begin to whisper of a white sand—strange to them, and unlike that which has hitherto covered the beach—which, day by day, spreads and deepens, and creeps inland; and its colour is that of the dead faces of *The Morning Light* and her lover. On it comes, slowly, silently, resistlessly, never tiring, always moving, burying alike grass and shrubs and the tallest trees, and stretching great hills of itself over the old camp-ground. And the Indians know it is *The Morning Light* and Wawonaissa, with their great white sheet to blot out the resting-place of their people.

Hundreds of years have passed, and the name of that once famous tribe has been forgotten, but the spirits of the Indian lovers still haunt the old camp-ground, and each year they spread deeper and farther their great white sheet, the ever drifting sand dunes of Prince Edward County.



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The History of the Willow Pattern

By PHIL IVES

An article of much interest and value to lovers of antique China and its decorative possibilities.

Two pigeons flying high,
Chinese vessel sailing by,
Weeping willow hanging o'er,
Bridge with three men—if not four.
Chinese Temple, there it stands,
Seems to cover all the land;
Apple tree with apples on,
A pretty fence to end my song



A FINE OLD SPODE SOUP TUREEN STAND, SHOWING THE "DAGGER" BORDER

WILLOW pattern china was first made in England in 1780 at Caughley, in the County of Shropshire. The pattern, which is truly Oriental, with exaggerations, was designed and engraved by Thomas Minton for Thomas Turner. In describing the pattern, I cannot do better than quote from a lecture given by the Rev. Henry Allon, who says:

"The most remarkable development of the potter's art pertains to those queer, incarnate types of antiquity, the Chinese. While the art of tempering and glazing was disappearing in Europe, the Chinese and their neighbours, the Japanese, had been for centuries making that peculiar porcelain with which, in its grotesque determination to put down all tyrannical laws of perspective and proportion, you are all familiar. Who is there who has not daguerreotyped upon his brain every line and dot of the immortal blue willow pattern? A pattern so-called on account of its astounding willow, with its four bunches of triple prince's feathers for foliage, and its inconceivable root growing out of an impossible soil; its magical bridge suspended like a leaping squirrel between earth and heaven; its three Chinese mermen, working themselves upon their tails, in some inscrutable way or other, into the funny little temple in the corner; the allegorical ship that sails in mid-air over the tops of it, through which it threatens to thrust its mast; the two nondescript birds, which would defy even the anatomy of Owen, billing and cooing in their uncouth Chinese fashion beside the strange blue tree with round plum-pudding leaves, a permanent puzzle to botanists, and which grows out of the top of another temple

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A FINE COLLECTION IN AN OLD ENGLISH RESIDENCE

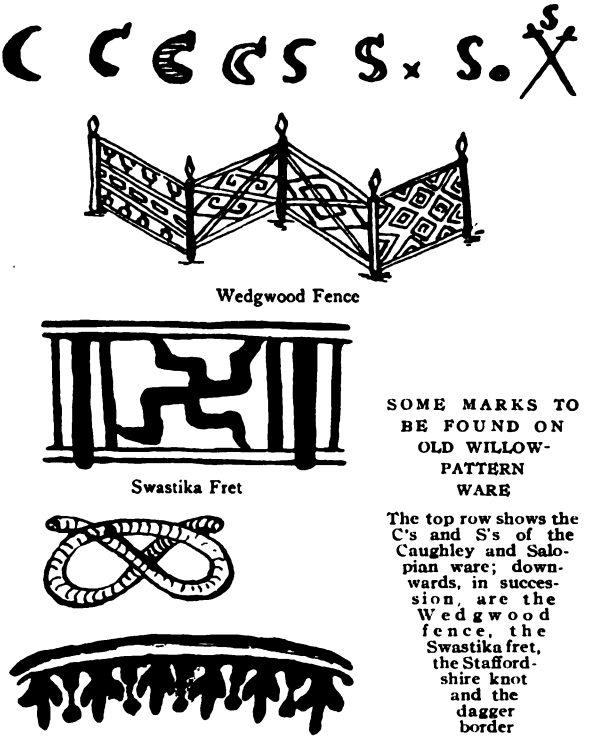
with three deep-blue columns, and beneath which a mysterious stream flows—which sublime landscape, for millions of ages and upon tens of millions of plates has represented to the world the artistic ideas of the Raphaels of the cerulean empire."

There is also a story connected with the "Willow" pattern, in addition to the poem at the beginning of this article; tradition ascribes the scenes depicted to incidents in a romantic love story of a lovely almond-eyed Oriental maiden. The course of true love never did run smooth; so it was with Li Chi (or Kong Shee, as she is sometimes called). She was the only child of a wealthy mandarin, and she loved Chang, her father's poor but honest secretary. Her father had other views in mind, and was greatly shocked and annoyed when he learned that she fondly loved poor Chang, and had already plighted her troth, for he intended her to become the bride of a rich suitor. In order to prevent any communication between the two, so he thought, he shut her up in a room on the terrace by the sad sea waves in the house which is seen in the pattern to the left of the temple. From her prison Li Chi "watched the willow tree blossom," and for a time moped and wrote love sonnets, in which she expressed her hope to be free once more ere the peach bloomed. At last, greatly to her joy, Chang managed to communicate with her by means of a cocoanut shell to which was attached a miniature sail, and in which was a letter full of protestations of love. Li Chi, who no doubt believed that "love laughs at locksmiths," replied in these words: "Do not wise husbandmen gather the fruits they fear will be stolen?" and the message, scratched on an ivory tablet, was conveyed by another boat to her lover. Chang, being no laggard in love, acted on the gentle hint, hurried across the sea, donned a disguise, entered the mandarin's garden, and succeeded in carrying off his true love.

The three figures on the bridge represent Li Chi with a distaff, Chang carrying a box of jewels, and the mandarin following with a whip. The stern parent, on hearing of his daughter's elopement, followed hastily in her footsteps. He failed however to overtake her, for she and her lover had carefully concealed themselves in the gardener's cottage at the opposite side of the bridge, where they lay hidden until dark, when they took ship and sailed away to Chang's distant island home, where some say they lived happy ever after.

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Another account tells of how the jilted wealthy suitor, after many years, found them out and wreaked his vengeance on Li Chi and Chang by burning their home to the ground, from the ashes of which their twin spirits arose Phœnix-like in the form of two doves. A third, or a nursery version, with an appropriate moral is: The naughty lovers were overtaken by a terrible storm on their way to Chang's island home. The waves, mountains high, beat against and sank their frail bark, and the fond lovers received a watery grave for their disobedience, but their spirits were united in the skies.



Wedgwood Fence

Swastika Fret

SOME MARKS TO BE FOUND ON OLD WILLOW-PATTERN WARE

The top row shows the C's and S's of the Caughley and Salopian ware; downwards, in succession, are the Wedgwood fence, the Swastika fret, the Staffordshire knot and the dagger border

Mrs. Dewes Broughton in an interesting article which appeared in the *Lady's Realm* says: "The willow pattern is essentially Chinese, not only the original of the story, but all the numberless variations in which the willow holds a prominent place, and the constant introduction of this tree into Chinese paintings is accounted for



AN INTERESTING CORNER

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HOW TO DECORATE OLD FURNITURE

by its being an ever-present object in their landscape. In gardens, by watercourse, all over China, willows abound and grow to an immense size, and they are reverenced in many ways and for various reasons.

"Because Ki Kang, celebrated not only as a musician and man of letters, but as a disciple of Silenus, and also for the knowledge of alchemy, loved to study it under the shade of the willow tree, the Chinese, from that time forward, held the willow sacred to that pursuit."

The willow is also accredited with supernatural power, for the Buddhists believe that water sprinkled from its leaves has the effect of purification, and the warding off of evil spirits is another of its many virtues. Therefore frequently willow boughs may be seen hanging from the roofs of houses, suspended over the doors. It is said that Wang Chang, a rebel who lived about a thousand years ago, used willow branches to indicate the dwellings of his adherents, thus insuring their immunity from molestation; and ever since the willow has been regarded as an omen of peace and safety. The Swastika Fret, a mystic diagram of great antiquity, is regarded in China as a symbol of Buddha's heart.

The Joo-e is supposed to have been the origin of the Vandyke shape, the latter having been copied from the decoration of the metal vases used by the Chinese at their religious festivals.

A curious specimen is sometimes shown of a cup and saucer marked with a square in imitation of the Oriental, but having a T, a C and an S, and what are evidently intended for crossed swords, thus combining the numerous designations of the Caughley (Turner) and Salopian wares. Blue and white Nankin or mandarin vases usually have two large and four small medallions in frames of raised porcelain, between which the ground work is composed of a series of tiny hemispheric spots known by the Chinese as "chicken's flesh" or "Shageen," these spots being devoid of glaze, it having run off the projection, appear a dull white of the vitreous enamel. Flowers here and there complete the decoration, and the colouring is of rich blue. Shageen is an indication of good painting.

Before going into particulars and dry facts about different designs and marks and how to identify them, it may interest some ceramic collectors to hear of a few different ways of displaying china, should they be fortunate enough to have pieces of it stored away in cupboards, as was the case in my home, until I ferreted it out from all parts of the house and decorated three rooms with it, mostly made up of different sorts of willow patterns, Nankin, Broseley Dragon, and blue and white Worcester and Lowestoff. It is well to keep to one colour in the pieces you place about the room, as a number

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of bits of different colours only clash and kill each other. This is where a "common or garden" florist usually fails. He will persist in using more than two distinct coloured flowers in his decorations. Table decorations are like a good salad, which should be made by yourself, not left to servants or the uninitiated.

Willow pattern china is particularly adapted to old-fashioned houses with their ingle-nooks, low hearths, mullioned windows and solid old oak beams naturally darkened with the smoke of ages. A very fine artistic effect can be accomplished if the walls of the room are covered with a stout red "flock" paper. Paint the doors and woodwork white; have old Dutch or Bristol tiles for the fire-place; hang up some old prints by Bartolozzi and Valentine Green in mahogany frames; then place your choice specimens of china on the chimney-piece and over-mantel; some soup, meat or pudding plates under the pictures and elsewhere, and put on the top of the Sheraton, the Chippendale or Hipplewhite bureau or china cabinets and other conspicuous places about the room the largest dishes you have; and, to crown all, fill a large punch bowl with *La France* roses, and place it on the well-polished, gate-legged oak table.



SOME FINE SPECIMENS

Another way of displaying china is by having a white shelf completely around the top of the room, leaving enough room between it and the ceiling to place a large dish; in this case use a pink-striped satin moire paper up to the shelf and white paper thence to the ceiling, as a background for the blue china. If you have an old copper or brass warming pan with a good cover, you can utilise it by having it made into a clock, and hang it with a ribbon tied in a large bow. You will find it looks very quaint and pleasing.

A third and very handsome and more pretentious way of decorating suitably for a dining-room would be to cover the walls above the old oak wainscot with a rich crimson velvet plush. Sink the old prints in dark frames in the wall level with the plush. Have recesses cut in different parts of the room and in the corners, and arrange your tall mandarin vases and other specimens on the shelves. The furniture ought to be very heavy old oak, with plenty of Queen Anne and other silver on the sideboards, a low hearth, with antique fire-dogs and a real good turkey carpet.

The Caughley pottery was established about 1751, for making earthenware. It was carried on by Mr. Browne, of Caughley Hall, and after his death by Mr. Gallimore. It was not until 1772 (when porcelain was first made) that it rose to any importance, when Mr. Thomas Turner, Mr. Gallimore's successor, commenced operations. He came from the

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Worcester porcelain manufactory, which he left on the sale of the works, being then twenty-three years of age. He was an excellent engraver and draftsman, and in all probability learned his art from Robert Hancock, who was there at that time.

Thomas Turner was born in 1749, and in 1783 was married to Miss Dorothy Gallimore, a niece of Mr. Browne, of Caughley Hall. He had two children, both of whom died young. In 1796 he married Mary Milner, the widow of the late Mr. Henry Alsop, formerly of London, by whom he had two children—Catharine Georgina and George Thomas Turner, a solicitor, who died at Scarborough without issue in 1869, with whom also died the family name of Turner. Thomas Turner lived at Caughley Place in an elegant French château, which was pulled down after his death. He died in 1809, aged 60. Early in life he was made a freeman of the city of Worcester and two other boroughs, and a J.P. for Shropshire. Such were the fortunate circumstances which helped his well-directed efforts and secured his success. Having married a lady of means he began to build suitable premises for the manufacture of porcelain, but they were not finished until 1775. We read in a newspaper of November 1st, 1775, that "The porcelain manufactory erected near Bridgenorth in this county is now quite complete, and the proprietors have received and supplied orders to a very large amount. Lately, we saw some of their productions, which in colour and fineness are truly elegant and beautiful, and have the bright and lively white of the so much extolled Oriental." These works were pulled down after Mr. Turner's death, and the ground on which they stood still bears the name of the "Factory Field." Turner also opened a warehouse at 5 Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, owing to his increasing business, about 1780. Thomas Turner retired in 1779, having sold his business to John Rose of Coalport. In 1814, the Caughley Works were closed and the business removed to Coalport, so that the Coalport China Factory of the present day is an immediate continuation and extension of the Caughley, or Salopian factory.

Thomas Minton, who engraved the original willow pattern plate for Turner, was the founder of the historic Minton's. He was apprenticed to Turner at the time and started on his own account at Stoke about 1790. The willow pattern has always been and still is made there. Thomas Turner made the first full table service of printed ware in England. His ware was of excellent quality, but limited to useful articles, and unfortunately not all his specimens are marked. Early pieces printed in underglaze blue resemble the early Worcester blue and white, but Caughley is whiter in appearance and the blue has not the mellowness of the Worcester. The Caughley blue is usually characterised by the brightness of the blue and intensity of tint somewhat exaggerated.

As an instance of the great secrecy employed by Turner, it may be said that he mixed all the bodies himself, but afterwards imparted his secret to his sister, and eventually to his foreman, Jones, and it ought to add greater interest to your willow pattern china to know that a woman who could keep a secret was connected with its manufacture.

Turner made porcelain willow pattern tea services with edges richly gilt, also fluted cups and saucers marked S and the letter B in gold to denote Broseley (where churchwarden pipes were made). They are almost a facsimile of Nankin China, and they are quite excellent and greatly to be desired.

I once came across the remains of a child's or doll's tea service, and the dear old lady who was nearly ninety years of age, in whose possession it was, told me that she regretted to this day that she had not taken better care of it when a child.

When you have secured ordinary specimens it is interesting and gladdens the heart of the collector when he is out on the war-path to discover an old venison dish with gravy wells (sometimes with a metal hot water receptacle under it), vegetable tureens with four partitions, hot-water plates with handles, gruel basins with a deep indent in the saucer to prevent them from slipping,

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grand old soup tureens with ladles, veined leaf pickle dishes, with the pattern inside, fish drainers, and curious old triangular supper dishes.

Spode made some very pretty rich blue strawberry and cream plates, like miniature soup plates, with a lovely glaze. I picked up several dozens of these before the craze for willow patterns set in. I believe they are still fairly plentiful and ought to be picked up at a reasonable price. A novice ought to be wary in his purchases and not buy just anything because it has the willow pattern on it. I know from experience that some dealers are asking the same price for common earthenware dishes and plates (made yesterday by some modern makers) as one would expect to pay for the real thing.

Willow pattern pieces are mostly marked with a crescent in blue underglaze, filled in, the letter C in different forms and the letter S sometimes in connection with a small cross, or cross-swords. Both these marks are blue underglaze and are as a rule very badly drawn.

Turner manufactured both porcelain and earthenware. The pieces we see in collections often have a different rendering of the pattern first designed by Minton, and one ought to remember that the original pattern was the only one which faithfully illustrated the story and the poem at the beginning of this article. On account of this, the Caughley-Turner pattern is generally called the "Story Pattern" in order to distinguish it from the other renderings of the "Willow Pattern"

Thomas Minton engraved several copper plates and sold them to various factories, but there are slight differences in all of them, and this is one of the many reasons why the study of this ware is so fascinating to ceramic collectors. The patterns of the "pretty fence" differ. There are more apples on some than in others, and while in the "Story" design, there are five different varieties of trees, on others you will often find only three or four. There are also other Oriental versions of the original pattern, which makes the porcelain hunter still more keen on procuring specimens. Some have two men on the bridge and some only one man, but in each case the weeping willow is well in the foreground. These patterns are hard to distinguish from the Oriental porcelain, which was largely imported into England at this time. They were engraved by Minton and his assistants between 1780 and 1790. Amongst these designs was the "Pagoda" or second period pattern, which was made for Josiah Spode. In Spode's design you will find the pagoda is on the left-hand side, and on the bridge which connects the garden with the bank on the right are two men; and on the bank to the right may be seen a peach tree and an apple tree; behind the temple is a wall with trees behind and between it and the temple, the fence is shorter, having what is generally known as "The Swastika Fret" with a conventional "butterfly" border. It appears to have been arranged by first drawing a natural butterfly, and then by the use of petals and fishrow "motifs" conventionalised.

Between the butterflies and separating them is the sceptre of Joo-e, made of curved lines, which are filled in with trellis pattern, and there is also a slight difference in the lattice pattern on the rise of the plate from the Caughley design. Spode also procured two other designs from Minton, which here is first known as the "Curl and Butterfly" border, and the second is called the "Dagger Border." This is exactly similar to the Nankin design, with little daggers forming a second row around the rim. Spode also used the Caughley pattern in addition to the other designs engraved for him, and on his plates will be found thirty-two apples, but only five trees, *viz.*, the willow, peach, plum, fir, and the tree with the dark circles. The fence, however, is rather more intricate.

The third period dates from 1800-1830, during which time several English and Continental factories made use of the pattern in various forms, and specimens are sometimes marked with the Staffordshire knot, this device being also used on the top of soup tureens and other covers in place of or around the knob.

The Adams plate has thirty-two apples, and on the dishes will be found fifty apples.

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The edges of the plates and dishes are sometimes indented.

Davenport plates have twenty-five apples, and there is a difference in the fret pattern in the rise of the plate. Wedgwood used the willow pattern with two differences, *viz.*, the fret of the fence and the number of the apples. His plates having thirty-four and the dishes more, and the fence in the "rise" is squarer than the Caughley fence. Clews copied the pattern and there are thirty-four apples on his trees.

The Swansea Willow Pattern China was transfer-printed in dark and light blue, also in black and brown.

These are the chief renderings of the willow pattern, but there are several other renderings by minor potters, more or less alike except for slight differences in detail, which the collector will be able to distinguish after a time, and the study of which will be of great assistance in determining the locale of doubtful places.

Two wild pigeons flying high,
 A little vessel sailing by,
A weeping willow hanging o'er,
 A bridge with three men—if not four.
Here the Giants' castles stand,
 Famous known throughout the land;
Here's a tree with apples on,
 Here's a fence to end my song.

The Wine of Love

BY GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

THE wine of love,—a wingèd wine,
 Crushed from the warm, incarnadine,
Deep breathless sunset, and compounded
With star-songs in the midnight sounded;
Vivid as the summer lightning,
Still glowing, paling, fading, bright'ning;
O wonder-wine, thy cup I covet,
Nor linger long my lips above it!
What matter though the draught destroy
The sober mind and dull employ?
What matter all the ancient tasks?—
To live, to live, my spirit asks:
Content no more with placid quiet,
But, kindling with the race and riot
Of the swift-enchanting potion
To enter earth's supreme emotion;
Its pains I dare, its farthest fortunes
I'll compass, as a *king* importunes!
The wine of love—a warrior-wine—
I quaff, and all the world is mine.

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The Grievances of East-Indians

By SAINT N. SING

With a Reply Entitled "India Under British Rule"
By CAPT. H. S. SCOTT HARDEN

EDITOR'S NOTE—It was pointed out in connection with Mr. Sing's article last month that the purpose, from the publishers' standpoint, was to show what at least is an educated, native opinion in India. The same purpose prevails in this instance. But Capt. Harden, who is well acquainted with conditions in India, shows that there is another side worth telling.

SENSIBLE Canadians should not find it hard to enter into the feelings of East-Indians regarding autonomous government. India to-day is situated as Upper Canada (Ontario) was before Durham's day. Canadians who stand for popular government of their own country—who believe in "Canada for the Canadians"—appear inconsistent in objecting to the Indian publicists' agitation for "India for the Indians." "You will have the sympathy," writes the Secretary of a leading Canadian Club, "of all Canadians in your efforts to create an 'India for the Indians.' We believe in a Canada for the Canadians. I, a young man like yourself, but born and reared in a self-governing country, wish you every success in your endeavours to bring about self-government for your people. Those who control your people cannot get away from it. Self-government must come."

The writer has seen many evidences that Canada will, in time, become a wealthy country—not wealthy in mere dollars, but wealthy in the people, their manner of living, in the ideas which actuate them—wealthy in the widest sense of the term. But the people could not have the incentive to strive, or the inclination to improve and develop the country, nor could they take the pride they do in Canada, if Canadians were not self-governing. Self-government is the *causa causans* of the marvellous development.

The Toronto *Mail and Empire* says: "He (Mr. Saint N. Sing) remarks also, 'India for the Indians.' All very well if such a thing were possible, but he might as well say 'Europe for the Europeans.' Bengal and the Punjab are as widely dissimilar as Spain and Holland." An astounding statement, coming as it does from a *Canadian!* True, the races and castes of India are cut up with religious and linguistic differences. Different social customs regulate the life of various Indian communities. But towards one another the people of Hindostan are assuming an attitude of broad tolerance. The warring elements of India are recognising more and more that community of interest binds them all, that united they stand, divided they fall, that their salvation demands not their giving up their various religious faiths and social customs, but merely gathering under the banner, "India for the Indians." That this can be done, Canada itself amply testifies. Slowly and steadily an Indian nationality is brewing —broad, tolerant, kindly, forgiving, and patriotic. Gradually a *lingua franca* is springing up to give the new nationality means of easy communication.

In the English press a great deal is being written at the present time to the effect that it is the Hindus* alone who are

*The term "Hindus" is confusing. In this article the word has been employed in the Canadian sense—"Natives of Hindostan." But in cases like the above the context amply signifies that the term is used in the narrow sense—to denote people who profess Hinduism and are classed in the East-Indian Census strictly as "Hindus."

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agitating, the Mohammedans keeping themselves aloof. To start with, the percentage of Hindus and Mohammedans in India is four to one.

But the real issue is: What has disaffected the Hindus? Education, western education. English literature has done the work of a grave-digger—undermined the superstructure of English government in India. The Mohammedan community in India lacks education—educationally it is behind the Hindu community. That explains why the Mohammedans in India are "loyal." They are not disaffected because they are ignorant of sociology, political economy and the science of government.

Already education has begun to do its work amongst the Mussulmans. They are to-day appealing to and beseeching the British Government in India for reforms. They have commenced to protest. As education advances their protests will become stronger and more vehement.

That the relations between the Hindus and Mohammedans in India ever would be brotherly in the future, could be prophesied with safety. The Amir of Afghanistan, in his recent tour through India, gave a reply to the Mohammedans of Delhi, who proposed to slaughter one hundred cows in his honour, which is significant of the signs of the times. Cow-killing is repugnant to the Hindus. His Majesty said that he had come to India to see the country and its people without distinction of race or creed, and therefore he would not countenance anything which might give offence to a great community. He said that, of course, he could not command that no cows should be killed in Delhi, but he would entreat that they might substitute goats and camels and thus avoid giving any offence to the millions of their Hindu countrymen. Indeed, he strongly expressed his disapproval of the proposal and even hinted that he would not publicly participate in the festival unless his suggestion should be loyally carried out. The Amir's wishes were respected, and his solicitude for the feelings of the Hindus bears out conclusively that steadfast devotion to Islam is perfectly consistent with a genuine regard for the religious feelings of other communities.

The Hindus and Mohammedans may be working singly, they may be working seemingly at variance with each other, but they are like the two tributaries of a stream, both tending oceanward. The Hindus and Mohammedans have the same end in view: A government by the people, for the people—"India for the Indians."

The pet argument used against the East-India immigrants to Canada has been "Canada for the Canadians." The editor of one of the largest daily papers in Canada gave the writer to understand that the Hindus have no business to come to this country, to work and hoard money, and then take it back to India. What right have the Englishmen to go to India, drain her and then go back to England to live like lords? This is what East-Indians are asking to-day. What right has the Englishman to send as "home charges" twenty millions sterling annually to England? Why should England be allowed economically to exploit India? More than anything else it is the treatment accorded to British Indians by the British Colonies that is alienating Hindus from the British Empire. What an unfavourable contrast between the treatment of Indians in the Transvaal and in Portuguese Africa!

A decently dressed Indian may enter any hotel, restaurant or park in Lorenzo Marques without fear of annoyance. In Johannesburg he would be at once thrown out, probably by a Kaffir policeman. The public library in the Portuguese town is at the disposal of any respectable Indian. The Pretoria Museum is reserved exclusively for Europeans. In Portuguese territory the Indian may become a member of Chambers of Commerce, may join in public sports, fairs, bazaars and receptions, and generally may live like a free citizen of a free country. At a tattoo dance recently held at Pretoria no Indian was allowed to be present, and a few who were looking on were ordered off by the police.

There is hardly any necessity for further dilating on this point, as the treatment accorded the British Indians in Western Canada must be still fresh in the memory of Canadian citizens. The East-Indian emigrates from his country because hunger

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impels him. The arts and industries have been throttled in India. The nineteenth century was the worst period in which Western influence could have come upon her people. The art traditions of Europe had been revolutionised, most of the European arts were in a stage of decadence, and the idea prevalent was to produce for gain rather than for the sake of production. Thus the wave from Europe reacted badly upon Indian arts. India's industries were throttled in the Englishman's attempt to capture the Indian market for himself. The primary cause of the deterioration of the East-Indian industries undoubtedly is the fact that the government is run by an alien nation.

For centuries the Royal House in India set the fashions, and the people followed it. True, the Mohammedan rulers extorted money out of the people. True, the Mohammedan princes lived a life of debauchery and luxury. But the money they spent was lavished on Indian arts and industries—the money extorted from the artisans and craftsmen of India finally reverted to them through the waste of royalty. Thus royalty not only supplied the incentive to art and manufacture, but it also helped them substantially. In addition to this, the money remained in the country.

One great cause of the seething discontent amongst the educated people of India is that despite a century and a half of British rule, shameful illiteracy prevails in the land. The percentage of illiterates in India is ninety-five. There are in India, altogether, 550,000 villages. Four-fifths of these villages are without a school. The inhabitants of the villages which are without educational facilities are compelled to pay educational cesses and taxes.

The following table tells its own tale:

	Ratio of Enrolment to Population	Expenditure per head of Population
Switzerland	20.7	855d.
England and Wales	17.7	5s.
Japan	7.8	11d.
United States of America.	20.9	9s.
Russia	3.0	8d.
Egypt	2.17	not avail'b.
India	1.4	0.83d.

Comparison of the relative expenditures on education and army in India is also instructive. The upkeep of the army costs $109,000,000 annually. The paltry sum of $3,500,000 is spent on education.

The military expenditure has doubled itself within the past twenty years. It has been very much to the detriment of the people of Hindostan. It has been claimed that the huge army is kept for the good of India, while in fact it is against the real interests of the country. It is urged that the increase in the expenditure has been for the purpose of guarding against foreign invasion. Now that Russia has been tumbled into the dust there is no bogey of foreign invasion. There is no reason to believe that India ever was in danger. Indians can fairly ask at the present moment, "Is it not time that the military expenditure should be reduced"? This question was referred to the Welby Commission in the year 1885. It was then suggested that some twenty-three thousand pounds should be relieved from the Indian Exchequer. But this was followed by a proposal to increase the pay of British soldiers.

Another potent cause of unrest in India is that the people of Hindostan are deprived of the use of fire-arms and ammunition. The grant of self-government to the Transvaal has been another reason for creating political unrest in India. But a few years ago hundreds of millions of dollars and thousands of lives were lost in fighting the Boers. Indians rendered valuable service in subjugating the obstreperous Dutchmen in South Africa. Now the Boer has been granted self-government. The people of England have realised that the only way to retain the loyalty of the sturdy Dutch was to give autonomous government.

What about India after two centuries of ceaseless devotion to the Crown?

The present unrest in the different parts of India is not merely a transitory ebullition of frenzied feeling. The commotion in Hindostan is significant of the irony of British rule in India. It is the direct outcome of the profession of a certain line of action and procedure in direct contradiction of it. Midas starving amid heaps of

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gold does not afford a greater paradox; yet here we have India, Midas-like, starving in the midst of untold wealth.

If Canada can be for the Canadians and still be Britain's ally, why cannot India? India for the Indians will cut out all exploitation of Hindostan. When East-Indians have a voice in their governmental affairs, promotion of the interests of native Indians will be the endeavour and creed of the administration. But that does not necessarily exclude friendly relations with Great Britain. Some Canadians are agitating that the Governor-Generalship of the Dominion, being the highest post in the land, ought to be occupied by a Canadian. Why not home rule for India, then? Whether or not the struggle for home rule in India will remain bloodless depends upon the line of action adopted by England. Meantime, let it be understood that the sentiment in India distinctly is in favour of even a "corrupt" autonomous government, rather than the beneficent rule of the foreigner.

India Under British Rule

IN the article in last month's CANADIAN MAGAZINE, by Mr. Saint N. Sing, which he is pleased to call "The Irony of British Rule in India," I venture to reply that the aims of the Government and the duties of our officials have been and always will be to respect the religion of the people, to expand industry, to awaken faculties, to increase prosperity, and to widely distribute comfort and wealth. I wish also to point out to Mr. Sing that he does not seem to realise that British rule in India has given the people peace for fifty years. It has given them prosperity and a universal rule of law. It has given them transportation, irrigation, roads and telegraphs, and has distributed money amongst the poorer classes. It has given the merchant and the coolie alike opportunities to travel to distant lands, and to the more enlightened person opportunities to study in the great universities of the world. It has helped to cure the sick and to relieve those who have been in distress in times of famine and disaster. In every hospital in London, and in the colleges in Edinburgh and Glasgow we find the Indian student at work, while the Government has provided food and shelter for the starving and the poor.

The great majority of the Indian people are illiterate—but with 300,000,000 of them that is not surprising; yet daily we are adding to the number of the educated class, men who enter every profession. It is possible now for a native of India to rise to great positions in the various professions and educational work. And only the doors of the highest offices are barred.

We have gone further, we have organised, drilled and trained men to shoot, and placed weapons in their hands, and we have given the great Maharajahs troops, with a mere handful of British officers, showing our confidence in their loyalty to the Throne.

Mr. Sing seems to forget that we have given India an honest government and an army ready to resist any attack, for, assuredly, the moment we left attack would come. Only two years ago I travelled through India with the future King-Emperor's party. Everywhere we saw the greatest loyalty and contentment, especially amongst the rulers of the country, who realise their obligation to the throne, and that our administration has brought wealth, prosperity and peace.

These talkers, agitators and writers think they can now manage their own affairs, and it is largely our fault for giving them such a free hand to show their opinions. They talk of self-government on the principles and conditions existing in the self-governing colonies, Mr. Saint Sing quotes some lines from

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"Canada—Our Hope and Pride," and draws a word picture of the similarity of the two countries: "What the poet says of Canada eminently is true of India. England has notoriously failed to frame legislation for the good of that portion at least of her Empire. English officials and statesmen have grossly erred in gauging the needs and aspirations of the East Indians." Let us see what British rulers have done for India under the Crown since Lord Canning's reign:

Lord Mayo created an Agricultural Department and introduced the system of Provincial Finance, and laid the foundations for many reforms, which enabled his successors to abolish the old, pernicious custom lines which had for so long walled off province from province.

Lord Northbrook incorporated into the Empire the feudatory chiefs and ruling houses, causing peace and harmony.

Lord Lytton in 1876-77, when rains had failed, brought in grain by rail and by road to the famine stricken provinces.

The Marquis of Ripon, Northbrook's successor, opened a new era of political life to the natives, and spread, through the Education Commission, instruction to those who wished it.

Lord Dufferin strengthened our relations with the Ameer of Afghanistan, and Lord Lansdowne secured the frontier against attack with that great leader of men, his commander-in-chief, Lord Roberts, the much-loved "Roberts Sahib" of the native officers and men, who spent forty years in the Empire; whilst Lord Curzon instituted the Imperial Cadet Corps for young Indian chiefs and nobles, preserved ancient buildings, and built charitable institutions.

Mr. Sing omits to say that during the last few years native gentlemen have been elected by their fellow-citizens to councils and district boards that manage local administration. That there is a national congress of delegates which meets every year in one of the provincial capitals discussing plans for opening to natives of India a larger share in the work of legislation, and in the higher branches of the executive administration.

In 1893 there was a general election of representative members to the Indian legislative councils, and efforts were made to reform many evils in the social and domestic life of the Hindus, arising out of child-marriage, and the enforced celibacy of Hindu women.

In the same year British regiments and native police, trained by British officers and men, prevented a religious strife between the Hindus and Mohammedans in Bombay. In 1899–1900 European doctors, nurses and officials, with self-sacrifice and devotion, saved thousands from death by plague. Mr. Sing does not stop to think what the Government did in the time of distress and famine, which affected 400,000 square miles and a population of sixty millions. Relief everywhere was organised, and twenty-six per cent. of the population were in receipt of assistance.

During the whole period, extending over three years, the mortality was less than in famines that occurred prior to British rule.

It is to be regretted that such men as Mr. Lajpat Rai should have been allowed to remain so long in India to preach sedition amongst the Babus and publicists who are agitators of the illusion, "India for the Indians," and "Home Rule."

If we were to leave India to-morrow, does Mr. Saint N. Sing realise what would happen? Let me tell him that the Afghans and hill tribesmen—Pathans and Afridis—would swoop down with their knives and make short work of their "self-government," not to mention the lives of the Babus and their wives and property.

H. S. Scott Harden.

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The White Dog Feast

By JOSEPH L. VANASSE

Relating an incident of the visit of the James Bay Treaty Commission to the Ojibway Indian Reserve.

THIS being the third day of the Whit Dog Feast, as practised by the Ojibway Indians at Lac Seul, it was consequently the most interesting. As we approached, we could hear easily in the distance the beating of the drums at the camp. We had been seen coming, for the natives were then all standing on the brow of the hill, lining the shore. They were quite amazed by our presence among them, as they did not suspect that we would go to them. In order to impress them all the more, I picked up the Union Jack which was waving over our canoe and carried it up the hill, to the camp, marching in the footsteps of the Commissioners.

About twenty tents and wigwams were pitched on top of the hill. We visited them all. Here was a centenarian couple sitting on the ground under their tent; there was a four-year-old boy stretched on a blanket on the ground, the poor little fellow was dying of consumption. Most of the tents were empty, their occupants being among the crowd, gaping at us. We also visited the large tent adjoining the medicine tent, but found nothing else there than a small drum.

By request, one of the young braves went for the old conjuror, who came out of his shack shortly afterwards. We then drew up the crowd in a semi-circle facing us; and the Commissioners gave them a reprimand, telling them that their great Father the King would be shocked if he knew of their conduct. Instead of holding their illegal feast, they should all have been at the Hudson's Bay Company's fort, (for they had been told long in advance that the Commissioners were coming with a doctor, and it had been agreed that the Indians would meet them at the fort). What they practised was against the law and in direct contravention of the treaty they had signed with the Government. They were liable to be arrested and put in jail, and the Government could suspend their annual pay; since they had broken the agreements of the treaty, the Government would be justified in doing as much; but our mission was one of peace, and if they would promise faithfully to stop the objectionable practice they would not be molested. If they would come at once to the Hudson's Bay Company's fort, they would receive rations of food and tobacco.

The old conjuror was very cunning and non-committal, and answered but equivocally at first. The Chief and some of the braves also spoke. They excused the conjuror, saying that he was not wholly to blame; it was they who had brought their sick and begged him to cure them. They did not wish to disobey the law and saw no harm in what they practised. They represented to the Commissioners that the doctor appointed by the Government was very slow in coming when they needed him, and very often he ignored them altogether. The white man could have his doctor whenever he pleased, but it was different with them. This was why they

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had recourse to the conjuror, in whom they placed great confidence.

The old conjuror, who at first asked for a few minutes' time in which to frame his reply, explained that his ancestors used good and bad roots, and herbs, but he made use of the good ones only. His ancestors were very superstitious, and their descendants, the present generation, had inherited many of these superstitions. They still believed, for instance, that the spirits have a great influence over their fate. This is the reason why, in dispensing his medicines, he sacrifices a dog to the evil spirits, to pacify them, so that they would not prevent his medicines from producing a good effect on the patients. He also declared that he was only obeying a superior conjuror, living about fifty miles distant, and whom he feared to disobey, as this superior conjuror was very wise and mighty. However, he was well disposed towards the Government, and would not like to displease his great Father the King. As the natives then promised to do what we asked of them, a general hand-shaking took place between the Commissioners and the Indians.

The "White Dog Feast" is celebrated yearly, when the natives bring their sick friends to the medicine man or conjuror, and beseech him to cure them; but the conjuror cannot be made to do something for nothing; he must be paid, well paid, and paid in advance. He tells them that he must have so many pounds of raisins, sugar, syrup, etc., or sometimes clothing, of a value of from five to ten dollars for each sick person, in order to induce him to make a feast, to which he will invite the spirits dwelling underground. These spirits are supposed to be evil, and the authors of all the natives' ills and reverses. Accordingly, the natives stand in great awe of them, and will do anything to render themselves agreeable to them and to thereby appease their wrath. The good spirits are honoured and respected, but not feared, as they are above doing any harm whatever to anybody; therefore, they are never feasted nor made the recipient of any present.

After the friends of the sick have brought over all that is asked of them, the conjuror and his family treat themselves to the best, but keep a small portion of it to lay in the medicine tent, where the evil spirits will come out of the ground to treat themselves also; but this is only for the sake of appearance, as in reality the conjuror and his family take everything. This part generally goes on for two days. On the third day the sick person's friends must bring more goods, either eatables or clothing, according to the conjuror's expressed wish, or rather, according to his needs. These goods are all to be deposited at the door of the medicine tent.

If the friend of a sick person cannot buy the goods required, he will make a tour among his friends and acquaintances; he will borrow, beg or steal if need be, but he will get the goods by hook or crook. This may sometimes take a couple of weeks; nevertheless, the conjuror will do nothing until he has been paid. At last, when the goods have been secured, the conjuror, or conjurors (for sometimes the old conjuror has two or three senior students with him), enter into a large tent adjoining the medicine tent and there deposit the patient on the ground in the centre and strip off all his clothing so as to be able to feel him all over and find out what ails him. According to his case, a patient is made to drink, or is rubbed with the juice of a root suitable for his illness, the root having been boiled and cooled in advance. Then each of the conjurors takes a little drum, which he manufactures himself, and dances around the patient, beating the drum and singing a song appropriate to the case, for each case has its particular song. This dancing is kept up for a couple of hours; then the conjurors rest a little, and dance again for a few hours; and so on, keeping this up for three days. On the third day, the old conjuror sends a young brave for a dog which has been fattened for the occasion. As a rule, the dog is white in colour, but it is not absolutely necessary that it should be so. The dog is killed in any way except by hanging or shooting, is roasted and carved, and the company, which is generally numerous, enters into the large tent where the ceremony was performed, and all treat themselves to a piece of dog flesh.

Very often the detail of cooking the dog

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is overlooked, and it is eaten raw. Whoever refuses to partake of it had better keep miles away from the beginning to the end of the feast, as all those who are present are compelled to eat some of it, which act pleases the evil spirits very much and helps the medicine to cure. Whatever remains of the dog is buried in the ground, to feed the spirits who dwell there. These ceremonies have a great attraction for the natives, who will come from all parts of the reserve and stay for weeks.

The Indian's fear of the evil spirits is revealed in all his actions; thus, before starting on the big hunt he will not fail to procure a couple of pounds of tobacco, which he will bury in the ground, so as to render himself agreeable to the bad spirits. Likewise, if he fears a storm when about to cross a large lake, he will throw tobacco into the waters.

The Indian has also a boundless confidence in the wisdom and might of the conjuror, who, on his part, takes great precautions to surround all his actions with mysteries, so as to mystify the band as much as possible. This is in his interest, for he subsists by mystery. It is mystery that brings all the necessaries of life for himself and his family, and he knows how to charge a high fee for the least of his services.

The conjuror is also a prophet at times, and predicts mostly about the weather. If his prediction comes true, the band proclaims him highly; if otherwise, they easily forget his mistake.

As I have mentioned a medicine tent and a large tent, I must explain that a conjuror must have two tents apart from his place of abode. In the case cited here the conjuror had paid himself the luxury of a little log shanty, one story high, with a birch-bark roof. His supplementary tents were a wigwam opening into a large canvas tent which adjoins the former. The entry into the wigwam is forbidden to all but the conjuror himself, and to the spirits which he convenes to feed and beseech them to not put any obstacle to the recovery of his patients.

When a young brave has the ambition to become a conjuror, he must make it a point of duty to attend at the "White Dog Feast" every year for three consecutive years, and render himself agreeable to the old conjuror by making him numerous presents. Then the latter will teach him the medicinal properties of different herbs and roots, and initiate him into the mysteries of jugglery, conferring on him a degree every year for three years, the length of his studies. Then the student goes away into the bush, far from any camp, and passes there nine nights, that is to say, ten days, in communion with the spirits. He is entirely naked, except for a rawhide belt, two or three inches wide, which he carries around his waist. He is armed with a bow and arrow that has no stone, bone or iron point. During those ten days he will eat nothing but herbs and whatever game he can kill with his arrow. The game he must eat raw. At night he must sleep on an elevation of at least nine feet from the ground and direct all his will-power towards dreaming. The subject of his dream then becomes his patron saint. For instance, should he dream about beavers, he will never eat of the flesh of that animal, nor will he ever trap or in any way try to kill it; he will adopt its name, becoming thereby the founder of a new family, namely, the beaver family. His descendants may not intermarry except with very distant relatives. However, if the sister of a brave of the beaver family marries a brave of, say, the deer family, the former may marry his sister's daughter, if she has one, and it will not be considered that they have blood relationship, seeing that they belong to families of a different name.

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The Romance of Milling

By RANDOLPH CARLYLE

Showing the wonderful change from the crude methods of early days to the greatest milling industry in the British Empire.

SINCE the time when Abraham's wife Sarah was commanded to "make ready quickly three measures of fine meal, knead it, and make cakes upon the hearth," great changes have taken place in the methods of converting cereals into foodstuffs. In Abraham's day milling was an extremely crude and primitive performance. It was practised throughout the slow-moving East, rough stones being the implements used. That was long before the existence of the West had been thought of, but it nevertheless remained for the West to demonstrate within recent years its supremacy in the milling industry. Even when Sir Garnet Wolseley, thirty-seven years ago, stood on the narrow strip of land between the Lake of the Woods and the Winnipeg River, near the spot where now stands the town of Keewatin, he little dreamed that within two decades so wildly romantic a location would give birth to the greatest flour milling industry in the British Empire. And yet had so unlikely a prophecy then been made it would to-day be realised.

Sir Garnet had proceeded thus far, leading the famous expedition that was to quell the half-breed rebellion farther west, and it was there that he halted, before making the portage from the Lake of the Woods to the Winnipeg River. What a magnificent spectacle must have been presented on that occasion! The natural picturesqueness of the surroundings was enhanced by the groups of Chippewas who had drawn their canoes up on the beach and soldiers who had bivouacked hard by. The Lake of the Woods is noted for its enchanting scenery, and few persons pass along its shores, even in these days of rapid, prosaic railway travel, without experiencing a thrill of delight at the majestic expanses and inviting recesses that stand out in startling contrast on every hand. It is now dotted with summer cottages, and has become a veritable "Muskoka" for Winnipeg.

As the expedition rested there, little was it thought that the very spot whereon even salt pork and biscuit was a *répas de luxe* would one day become the chief milling place for the "Granary of the Empire," would indeed become the point of transition between the producing West and the consuming East. But such is *history*.

Sir Garnet Wolseley had come through the upper part of the Lake of the Woods in a gig, without the assistance of his Indian guides, who had refused to risk their canoes in the heavy sea rolling at that time. But the intrepid soldier, bent on reaching the scene of the disturbances, was not to be delayed by the cautiousness of his savage guides, so he put forth at much peril, and attempted to reach what was then Rat Portage, an almost impossible task without skilled guidance. They managed to reach the upper end of the lake, but the islands were so

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A HARVEST SCENE, WESTERN CANADA

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numerous and the inlets and shoreward depressions so confusing that for some time it seemed as if the expedition would result in failure. By chance a Chippewa encampment was sighted, and then, after much parleying and giving of presents, one of the braves consented to lead the way to the portage. The expedition, having bivouacked at the portage, crossed over to Winnipeg River, where the fall of water from the Lake of the Woods now supplies the power for the great mills of



A THRESHING SCENE, WESTERN CANADA

the Lake of the Woods Milling Company. They then passed on to Lake Winnipeg, and thence by the Red River to Fort Garry.

With so romantic a setting and so interesting an historical background, it seems particularly gratifying to be able to say that the heads of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company claim for their mills the distinction of having the largest flour mill operating under the British flag. It is worth while to learn something about an enterprise so distinguished as this. One of the boasts of its management is that it has progressed more rapidly since its reorganisation in 1890 than any other Canadian enterprise of national importance. The amount of its business has almost doubled every year during the seventeen years that have passed since that time, until now the daily capacity of the three mills is 10,500 barrels. In 1890 the total daily output was only 800 barrels, while now Keewatin Mill "C," when fully equipped, will be capable of turning out 7,000 barrels a day.

The full significance of so bald a statement as a daily capacity of 10,500 barrels by one milling company cannot be readily grasped. It represents 47,000 bushels of wheat, which at twenty bushels to the acre represents the product of 2,350 acres. But that is for only one day. Take a year of 300 working days, and we have a representation of 705,000 acres. A Canadian Northwest homestead consists of 160 acres, so that the annual output

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of this milling company would consume the aggregate crop of 4,400 homesteads, even if every acre was cropped with wheat. The average crop of each homestead is perhaps eighty acres, so that the annual output really represents the aggregate crop of 8,800 homesteads.

Ten thousand five hundred barrels a day make a yearly aggregate of 3,150,000 barrels. One barrel of flour will make 140 two-pound loaves of bread, and therefore the annual output of 3,150,000 barrels will make 441,000,000 loaves. Giving the average family ten loaves a week, this output would supply 882,000 families for a whole year. Allowing two loaves a day to every man, it would maintain an army of 10,000 men in fighting form for seventy-three years.

An average loaf is about eight inches long. If, therefore, the total output of these mills was reduced to loaves of bread placed one in front of another the line would reach twice around the world, with enough left to connect Winnipeg with Liverpool.

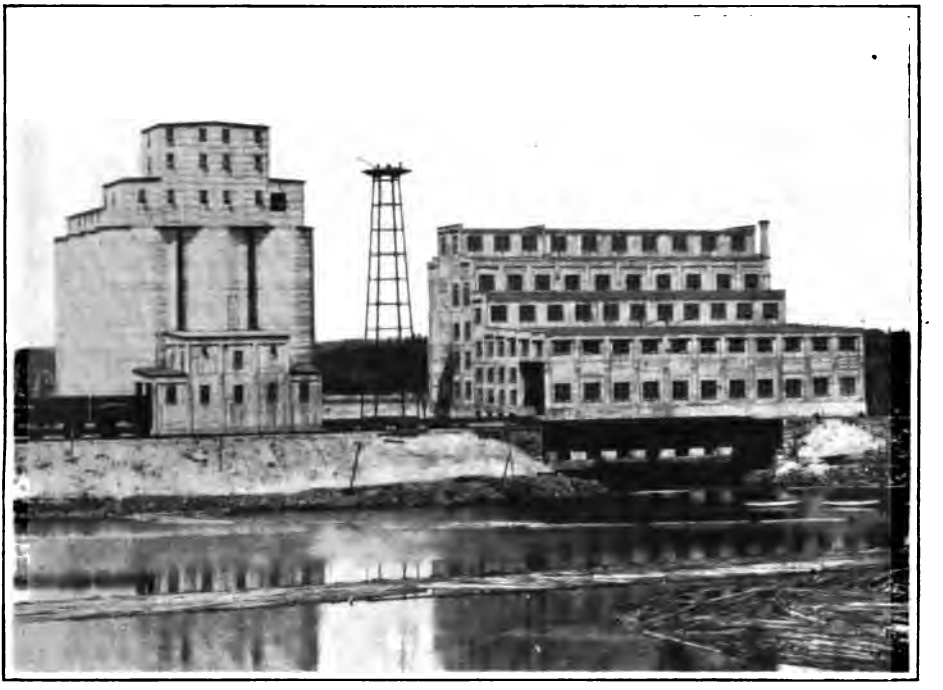
In order to form a correct appreciation of the ramifications of a great milling company it is necessary to imagine 8,800 farmers, together with their sons or hired help, representing in all an army of at least 25,000 men going out in April to sow the wheat. To produce enough wheat to keep this one milling company's mills going at full capacity this army of husbandmen will have to sow about one million bushels. Even long before the seed has been put into the ground the crop prophets have got to work, and from early springtime until the wheat is in stook, estimates of the total crop may be heard freely vouchsafed on all hands. Against these prophets of either good or evil the milling companies have to contend, and it is necessary therefore for them to employ their own special agents to make authentic private reports to them, in order that they may make their purchases according to the information thus obtained.



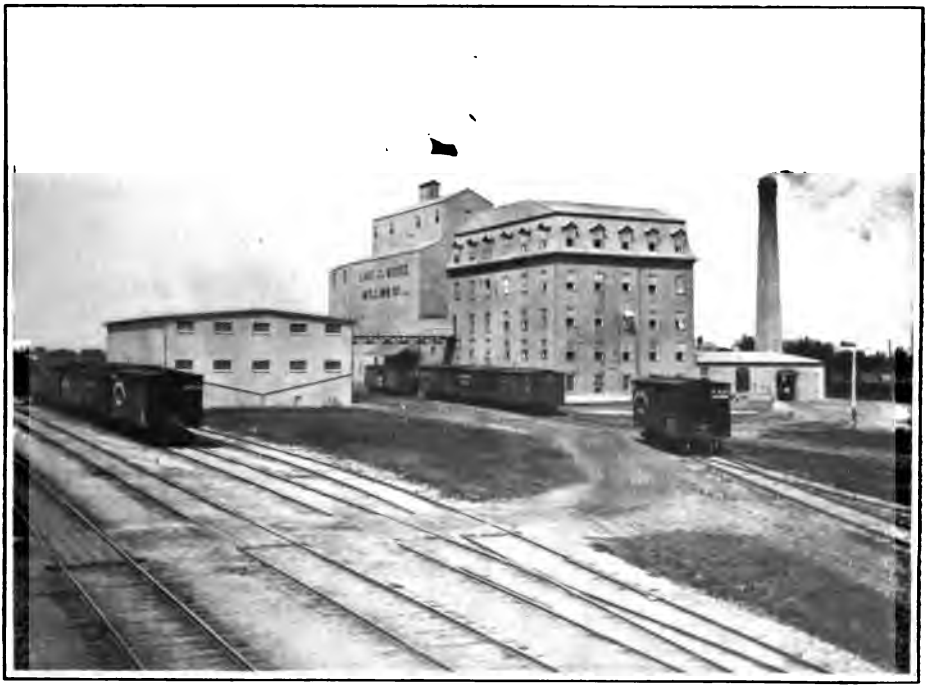
FARMERS DELIVERING GRAIN AT A WESTERN ELEVATOR

Only those who have passed through

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KEEWATIN MILL "C" AND ELEVATOR



MILL "B" AT PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE

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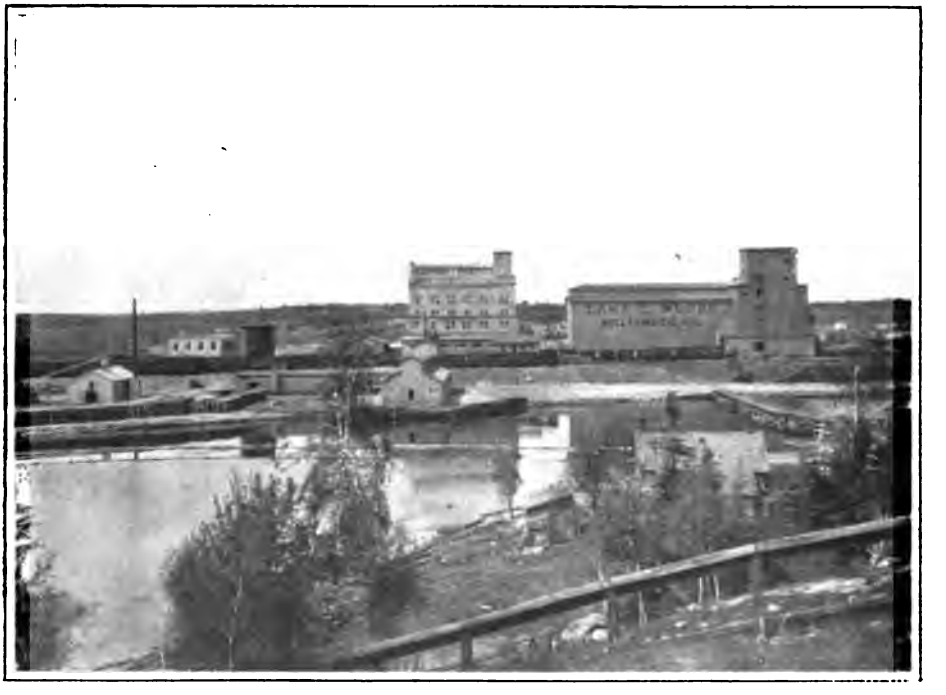


KEEWATIN MILL "C," SHOWING MILL "A" AND ELEVATOR IN THE DISTANCE

it have any idea of the intense interest with which whole communities watch the weather, fearfully anticipating hail or frost, or hopeful of a steady ripening sun. The officers of the milling companies study the situation even more eagerly than the farmers, for one night's frost might be of tremendous importance to them.

Under favourable conditions the wheat develops and ripens, is cut, threshed and transported in big box waggons to the elevators, where it is for the first time received by the milling companies or grain dealers. The Lake of the Woods Milling Company buy their supplies of wheat direct from the farmers, and for that purpose they maintain seventy-five elevators of an average capacity of 30,000 bushels. The smallest has a capacity of 10,000 bushels, and the largest, 750,000 bushels. These elevators are located at various points in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, and have become a part of the economics of the West.

Having reached the elevators, the grain



KEEWATIN MILL "A," ELEVATOR AND BARREL FACTORY

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is there loaded on the special cars that are used for the purpose of transporting grain. These cars are of a standard weight of 60,000 to 80,000 pounds, and can contain from 1,000 to 1,200 bushels of wheat. The ordinary standard box car, it should be noted, weighs only 40,000 pounds. In the case of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company the wheat may be sent to any one or more of their mills. These mills are known as follows:

Keewatin "A," capacity 4,000 bbls. daily.
Portage "B," capacity 1,500 bbls. daily.
Keewatin "C," capacity 5,000 bbls. daily.

Total capacity.....10,500

Before being milled the grain is subjected to severe cleaning processes in immense separators, where all dust, dirt and foreign matter are eliminated. The process of milling is rather difficult to describe so that an inexperienced person can understand it. In brief, it is a series of reductions, by which the grain is reduced to a fine white powder, which is flour.

After the grain has been cleansed of all outside impurities, it is passed between two corrugated rollers, which are adjusted to such a nicety that the berry is no more than cracked. It is then passed through a fine wire cloth, receiving what is known as its first "bolting." This first "bolting," however, is a much coarser process than that of the silk "boltings" which follow, and during which the flour passes through silk cloth of the finest texture possible to be made, finer, indeed, than is used for the most delicate dresses. After the grain has been passed between the corrugated



MR. ROBERT MEIGHEN
President of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company.

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A SCENE AT KEEWATIN, ONT., SHOWING MILLS "A" AND "C"

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rollers and through the wire screen, the smooth rollers are reached, between a series of which it is necessary to pass, the number of grindings it receives varying according to the grade and brand of flour being milled. The screening and "bolting" that follow form a most important part of the milling, and by such are the various grades of flour obtained. There is, of course, a large amount of residue, or bye-products, such as bran, shorts and low-grade flours, and it is interesting to note that from the time the grain enters the mill every operation is carried on by machinery, and at no process of the milling is the flour touched by human hands.

After the wheat has been reduced to flour and graded, it is packed in bags and barrels, according to the demands of the place where it will be consumed. If it is to go to the Maritime Provinces, barrels will be the receptacles, this fact being due in part to custom and in part to climatic conditions, the claim being that the flour keeps better in barrels than in sacks. For what is known as the "local" trade, the flour is put up in forty-nine or ninety-eight-pound sacks. These sacks are made of cotton or jute. Flour intended for Great Britain is packed in 140-pound sacks, while for Continental points it goes in 220-pound sacks. South Africa demands a double sack of ninety-eight pounds. That means that the flour is first placed in a cotton sack, which is then covered with a hemp sack, the purpose of which is to keep the cotton sack clean. The Lake of the Woods Milling Company have immense distributing warehouses at Montreal, where the sacks and barrels of flour are stored ready for shipment to the various countries where the flour will be consumed.

The making of barrels is a subsidiary industry of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company, and it is understood that the cooperage at Keewatin is the largest in the Dominion. This cooperage is equipped to turn out from 1,200 to 1,500 barrels a day. As a result of this branch of the business, as well as of the flour mills, the place that the Lake of the Woods Milling Company fill as employers of labour at Keewatin is of immense importance to that town. The money that is earned there, and that is spent in supplies, means a good deal to the whole country, and the result is much more beneficial to Canada than if the mills were not there at all, the wheat being shipped in the berry to be milled abroad.

Curiosity prompts the question, What policy has been pursued that has caused the Lake of the Woods Milling Company to grow from a total output of 800 barrels in 1890 to the distinction of being the largest concern of the kind in the British Empire? It is well known that Mr. Robert Meighen, the President of the Company, has conducted the business in a most conservative manner, and yet few concerns have displayed greater enterprise. Apparently the policy all along has been to keep, not abreast of the times, but ahead of the times. In other words, the Lake of the Woods Milling Company have not been caught napping. Instead of waiting for the country to develop ahead of their resources, they have kept ahead of the development of the country, and because of that they have been in a position to take advantage of every wave of prosperity. If the trade of to-day warrants them to maintain an output of 10,500 barrels a day, that does not mean that next year there will not be an opportunity to produce more. And so to-day they are actually equipped for a much larger output than the foregoing figures represent.

Another thing that is claimed for this largest milling company in the British Empire is the fact, highly creditable in view of the temptation to follow another course, that they have never tried to make a single dollar by speculating in wheat. They buy wheat for the purpose of milling it into flour, but of course they have to keep in a position to be able to take advantage of a turn in the market. That is to say, if wheat seems reasonably low in price, with every prospect of going higher, they buy freely, and stock their elevators, but if the price seems high, with a prospect of lower prices later on, they postpone their purchases. But they

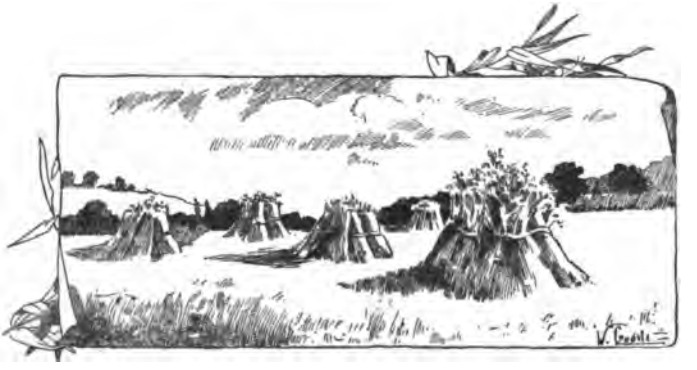
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say that they never buy wheat when it is low with the intention of selling it off when the price advances. In other words, they buy for milling purposes only. The charge, therefore, cannot fairly be made against them that they ever attempt to corner the market. They buy direct from the farmers, and therefore the farmers benefit to the extent of the middleman's profit.

It is a foregone conclusion that a business which has increased from a daily capacity of 800 barrels to 10,500 barrels a day in seventeen years must have been conducted by business men of sure judgment and far-seeing capabilities. The President of the Company, Mr. Robert Meighen, and his associates are universally regarded as amongst the shrewdest and most capable business men in the Dominion. Mr. Meighen possesses in no small degree the qualities of successful generalship, and during the many years he has been directing the affairs of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company he has gathered about him a number of the most experienced milling men in the country, the first with whom he was associated being Mr. W. A. Hastings and his brother, Mr. G. V. Hastings, the former as Eastern Manager, the latter as Western Manager. After the death of Mr. W. A. Hastings in 1903, his place in Montreal was taken by Mr. W. W. Hutchison as Eastern Manager, Mr. G. V. Hastings now being General Manager of the Company, with offices at Winnipeg.

Besides these gentlemen there are the General Superintendent, Mr. G. H. Kelly; Mr. F. E. Bray, Secretary; Lt.-Col. F. S. Meighen, Treasurer; Mr. Robert Neilson, Assistant Secretary; Mr. W. A. Matheson, Manager of the Wheat Department.

It is seldom that one finds so loyal a staff of officers as these, but it is only fair to say that the President has been peculiarly loyal to them. Mr. Meighen leaves the details of the business to his colleagues, while he outlines the general policy of this great industrial concern.



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By
F. A. ACLAND

THE absorbing topic of newspaper discussion during the month has been the anti-Oriental disturbances in Vancouver. So unpleasant and awkward an incident could not, of course, remain a matter of local import only. The international aspect of the outbreak was most serious, and was complicated by the fact that the nationality which bore the brunt of the attack, the Japanese, is that of a people who are at the present time bound to the British Empire in a comprehensive treaty. So far, the subject does not appear to have become one of correspondence between the Imperial Governments on either side. The Dominion Government is very properly handling whatever of negotiation has sprung from the affair, and may be relied upon to act with dignity and good judgment, since Sir Wilfrid Laurier himself is actively engaged in the effort to unravel the tangle.

IT IS a case where the interests and sympathies of employer and employed stand diametrically opposed, and the attitudes of the two bodies could not be better illustrated than in the ground taken respectively by the Dominion Trades and Labour Congress at Winnipeg, and by the Canadian Manufacturers at Toronto. The one called upon Sir Wilfrid Laurier to have the treaty between Britain and Japan denounced, so far as Canada is concerned, so that immigration from Japan may be suspended; the other urged that Canada go slow in taking any such step. Sir Wilfrid's reply to both bodies, to the effect that nothing would be done in a panic, nothing without serious consideration and investigation, shows courage as well as prudence. One of the anomalies of the situation is the fact that the business men and capitalists of British Columbia and, to some extent, of Alberta are looking to Japan and China as the market—a vast, illimitable market, which has as yet been hardly tapped—for their produce of grain and butter and for other products which they hope to be exporting within a few years. The future of the thriving city of Vancouver rests largely on the realisation of these prospects.

THE United States is, of course, not less eager for the Oriental trade, and the coast cities of Tacoma and Seattle owe much of their importance to the commerce from the East that has already come to them. We may take it for granted, however, that the sensitive Japanese people will turn to other nations with their trade if Canadians and Americans show such antagonism to them. It is probably true that Germany and France, for instance, placed similarly to the United States and Canada, would take steps equally rigorous to prevent a flood of Oriental people, but there is little danger of the stream of Japanese or Chinese immigration ever reaching countries so remote from the home lands of these nations; it is not unlikely, therefore, that France and Germany may come to enjoy the trade which we had hoped to secure to this continent, and largely to Canada, without having to pay for it by receiving vast non-assimilating additions to their populations.

IT WILL be well, therefore, for the people of British Columbia to proceed cautiously,

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and not hastily, to sacrifice their share in the heritage of the Orient. In the meantime, it is only fair to remember that British Columbia has to bear, so far as Canada is concerned, the whole brunt of this Oriental immigration, Hindoo, Chinese and Japanese, and the bulk of it is concentrated in the towns and cities of the coast and of Vancouver Island, the total white population of which would not amount to much more than a hundred thousand. It is easy to see, therefore, that the sudden addition to so sparse a population of a few thousand adult males, of races which, whether inferior or not, are at least unmixable with the Anglo-Saxon people, must seriously disturb the normal condition of affairs, both economic and social. The total number of Japanese in all Canada is trifling, after all, some ten thousand or so, and scattered over the Dominion, would be hardly perceptible as an element in the population. The long railway journey and the high fares act as a deterrent to this immigration coming eastward, and it must be confessed that with so serious a shortage of labour in British Columbia and such great constructive works lying expectant for the workman it would be somewhat paradoxical to ship Japs or Hindoos across the mountains and the empty prairies into the more thickly peopled older Provinces; and yet, in all fairness to British Columbia, if, because of the interests of the Dominion or the interests of the Empire, that Province is called upon to receive within her gates these children of the ancient East, it would seem that Canada must come to her rescue in some fashion. Some scheme for distributing the immigrants over the country, placing them on the land, taking them at any rate away from the coast cities, which have already more than their share of colour, should not be difficult to devise.

THE average man, no doubt, has a certain degree of sympathy with the railway men who are being subjected to prosecutions on account of wrecks of trains under their charge. It is a new aspect of criminal law. When one realises how infinitely greater is the risk of the train officials than that of the average passenger, how frequently the former figure in the list of dead or wounded, it would seem at first that their danger is the surest safeguard of the public; and yet the increasing list of railway wrecks through neglect or misunderstanding of some kind, shows the necessity of extending further protection to the public. It is the passengers' point of view that has to be kept in mind, the passenger representing the public. Hence the force of Judge McMahon's remarks to the jury which, after three hours' deliberation, acquitted the conductor of the train wrecked at Myrtle, Ont., of the charge of manslaughter: "I hope, gentlemen of the jury, if you should happen to be on a train when there is a collision and you are injured, that perhaps your ideas of the duty and care of officials will change." The other side of the shield was shown in the deputation that waited on Attorney-General Foy, to protest against the present activity of his Department in this direction. The railway men made out a very good case for a liberal interpretation of the law when it is invoked against them, and doubtless juries, as in the case of that of Myrtle, will take sometimes a more lenient view than the Bench. One point made by the deputation that deserves special attention, was their recommendation that the Department should have on its staff an officer with practical and expert knowledge on railway matters, who should look into all the cases brought into court and give his view to the jurors. It is quite true that the present system places the defendant at a disadvantage. It will always be a matter of grave difficulty to say when an error of judgment or lapse of memory becomes sufficiently gross to be termed criminal, yet the point of separation must be found somewhere, and a body of jurors is certainly entitled to the best assistance that can be given it.

IT BEGINS to look as if Mr. Redmond's leadership of the Irish party is breaking down. Some of the strongest individual members long since left his banner, not-

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ably William O'Brien and Timothy Healy. Now the Sinn Fein is in open war with him, mainly, apparently, because Mr. Redmond is too moderate, and Mr. Samuel Young, a newly elected Nationalist member for East Cavan, has declared he does not want anything in the nature of a severance of the union, that he wants more union, not less union, with Great Britain. He desires for the English and Irish peoples a common king, a common army and navy, a common excise and customs. This narrows home rule down somewhere to the basis of the Provincial Legislatures of the Dominion, a vastly different thing from the independent parliament demanded in the past. With a few men like Mr. Young in the party, men disposed to look facts in the face and accept them at their value, the Irish question will enter on a new and more hopeful phase.

THE flat defiance of trades unions by the directors of some English railways is likely to force an issue on the question of recognising these bodies. The men ask formal recognition, the directors refuse. The men threaten to strike, calling out all the railway men in the country, a quarter of a million. Meantime the matter is being actively canvassed by the press. A strike on so huge a scale would, in the course of even a few days, work incalculable harm. London without railways would be quickly in a state of famine. The men have left the matter largely in the hands of their general secretary, Mr. Richard Bell, who was at the last general election elected to Parliament for Derby. Mr. Bell seems to realise the full gravity of the extreme step of calling a strike on lines so immense, a strike which would bring untold sufferings and losses on fellow-workers of the railway men in every city in England, and he is using every effort to secure a settlement otherwise. It is the greatest industrial crisis that has existed in many years, and the outcome will be instructive and interesting.

IT IS amusing to follow the vagaries of the philosopher millionaire, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, with his ready remedies for every evil, and his artless assumption that because he is an authority on steel making therefore he understands the art of empire making, and incidentally every other department of statesmanship. Perhaps his strangest declaration, having in view his early devotion to democracy, which provoked him, if one remembers rightly, to say in his literary masterpiece, "Triumphant Democracy," that rather than so demean himself as to kiss the hand of the then Prince of Wales,. now King Edward, he would slap the said Prince of Wales in the face, is his latest, which pronounces the German Emperor, whom Mr. Carnegie met once or twice at Kiel in June last, to be a great man, who "may some day appear as the liberator of the continent from the pressure that bears heavily upon it, and free it from the pale, paralysing fear of want and annihilation between the members of the same body." It is surely the quaintest trick of fortune that makes Andrew Carnegie author of the apotheosis of the autocratic German Emperor, and causes him to picture as an angel of peace the German war lord, who has been generally supposed to have been the prime agency in keeping all Europe in the condition of an armed camp. The adoration of the Czar by Mr. Stead, the tiring and untiring champion of democracy, is not a better illustration of the fine irony of fate.

THE question of the usefulness of the Dominion Senate is probably destined to remain always open to discussion, with opinion swinging first to one side, then to the other, as the party which is in opposition sees its representatives in the Upper Chamber dwindle to a paltry dozen or so. The unmeasured abuse which is poured from some quarters on the Senate to-day may in time turn to streams of eulogy. At least the Senate was not planned in a hurry, and a second chamber of some kind is the rule rather than the exception among nations. All are condemned in turn, no doubt, from the House of Lords down, and there are serious objections to any plan by which a second chamber becomes a check upon the popular house, yet a second chamber without such a check would be obviously

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absurd. The membership of the Senate does not compare unfavourably with that of the Commons in the matter of dignity, or debating power, or business ability. Not every member of either House may truthfully be described as a statesman, yet the best we produce in Canada of statesmanship, of financial and commercial skill, and of business enterprise and ability are represented in one House or the other, and the distribution is not uneven.

As to the demerit of age on the part of some members of the Senate, there never was a second chamber yet that did not contain old men, and there never was a time when age did not bring wisdom and experience that might be, and should be, of value to the State. Perhaps there should be an age limit, yet who would determine the limit? Here are Sir Mackenzie Bowell and Senator Scott each well on in the eighties, and as active as many men a generation younger, and far more useful. Sir James Gowan retired at ninety, and that perhaps is a better example than that set by Senator Wark, who completed his century—a Senator to the last. On the whole, an age limit, when we remember our Gladstones and Strathconas, is unsafe and unsatisfactory, and probably the Senate in this respect, as in other respects, may well be left alone—age brings its own remedy, and so in time will all other evils that the unkindly eye now finds in that body bring their own cure.



HELPING UNCLE SAM
—Detroit *Journal.*

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The Front Window

LET YOUR LIGHT SO SHINE

A MAN who was driving along an Ontario rural highway recently, after nightfall, casually drew attention to the fact that the front windows of almost every house were dark, while almost as invariably a light glimmered in the kitchen. Perhaps he was not aware of the significance of his observation, but it is nevertheless true that he called attention to a lamentable practice that prevails, with of course some exceptions, throughout the rural districts of the whole Province. Many persons might reasonably ask why the practice of spending the evenings in the kitchen instead of in the parlour or living-room is lamentable? It is lamentable because the very ones who are most entitled to the wholesome pleasures of life fail to take advantage of their opportunities to enjoy them, because the kitchen does not provide surroundings most conducive to culture and refinement, because a family group in the kitchen is more likely to accomplish less than it would if placed in the environment of music, books and the most of comfort and luxury that the house affords. It must be admitted, however, that when the average farmer's work is done for the day he does not feel inclined to change his clothes in order to be fit to sit on the best furniture and walk on the best carpets. Nor does the wife and mother, whose duties oftentimes require her presence in the kitchen long after the supper things have been cleared away, care to remain out of communication with the rest of the family. Then also, to light the front room would mean a doubling of the coal oil bill, while to keep it heated every evening all winter, whether visitors come or not, would considerably increase the amount of the fuel bill. These conditions show pretty clearly why the kitchen gets the preference. Undoubtedly the first, the fact that most farmers do not care to change their clothes in order to prepare for an hour's or two hours' indulgence in the best room, is one reason. And that is one reason also why there should be no "best" room as it is generally respected. The really best room should not contain a carpet that is always in peril, or a cushion that any member of the family may not use, or a sofa that is seen only on Sunday. It is gratifying to encounter an exception to the usual practice, and to be ushered into a home where the best things in it are enjoyed by all, and where the entertaining room does not savour of long neglect. The farms of Ontario are noted for their splendid residences and excellent hospitality, and the farming communities of the same Province are exceptional in culture and education, but in many instances the opportunity to enjoy life is lost by not moving the light from the kitchen to the front room.

CONDITIONS IN THE WEST

REPORTS from the West seem to indicate that while considerable damage was done to the wheat crop, the result on the whole will be better than was anticipated a few weeks ago. High prices will undoubtedly make up to the farmers much

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of what has been lost by depreciation, but that is not a consolation to the consumer. Many persons seem to think that when frost strikes wheat in the straw the whole crop is ruined. As a matter of fact, the crop may not be hurt at all. In most cases where wheat is affected by frost, the damage consists merely of depreciation and not of obliteration. It is a question of grade. Sometimes wheat that might have graded high enough to fetch ninety cents a bushel is nipped by frost sufficiently to cause a depreciation of only a few cents a bushel. In most cases the depreciation is not great. So that frost, after all, is generally not so terrible a thing as many persons imagine it to be.

But the great elasticity of the West is being proved this year more than any other year. It had long been argued by "boomsters" of the West that it would be a very singular thing if a calamity in the form of unfavourable weather would affect the whole country. They contended that if Manitoba should be visited by frost or hail, Saskatchewan and Alberta might very likely go scot free, or *vice versa*. This year the saneness of that view has been established, for while in some localities hail did great damage, other localities escaped.

Again, there is considerable elasticity in the choice of a crop. If the spring season should be backward, and wheat cannot be sown early, the farmer has an opportunity to sow oats instead, with every hope of reaping an equally profitable crop. Oats do not sell at so high a price as wheat, but the yield is more abundant, and wheat takes about two weeks longer to mature. Two weeks in September, in Western Canada, is a long time.

THE SITUATION IN INDIA

READERS of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE have had an opportunity this month and last month to form an opinion of the cause of whatever trouble, real or imaginative, there may be in India. Mr. Sing's articles are certainly outspoken, but it is doubtful whether many persons will regard them as really indicative of conditions there. Nevertheless they have a value, inasmuch as they show the direction of the wind in some quarters. Is it the educated people in India who are agitating? If it is, the situation is serious. Mr. Sing is educated much beyond the average Englishman, and he has had abundant opportunity to observe conditions in the Occident. But it looks as if his case has been greatly crippled by Capt. Scott Harden.

AMBITION

IN THE busy rush of things nowadays it is not often that we stop to think of the many who, as well as we, have ambitions to attain and desires to gratify. But while perhaps we sometimes do give them a passing thought, we seldom, if ever, afford even a faint comprehension of the instinctive longings that arise in youthful breasts, longings which, because of circumstances, are held in check and not allowed to grow to the status of an ambition. It is possible for a longing to take possession of one and to never have an opportunity to expand or pass from the vagueness of its inception. The youth of the village experiences a desire for something different, something of which he has but a very immature conception. He knows that the life about him is not satisfying, but he has had no opportunity to observe conditions in other walks and environments. So the best he can do is to make a choice; in other words, to shake the hat and grasp whatever comes readiest to his hand. Having done that, he should use his opportunity so as to gain a knowledge of men and their ways; and then, when he has found his own way, to let his longing rise to the impelling status of ambition.

Frequently we see that even a child is capable of some of the noblest longings of the human heart, and yet that keen appreciation of condition prevents it from asserting the fact. An illustration of that may be found in the recent experience of a woman, a grandmother, whose grandchildren were not all able to enjoy the fruits of even a competence. Hoping to inspire confidence in face of trying circumstances, the grandmother,

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not long ago, speaking to one of her little grandchildren, said:

"Never mind, Margaret, for perhaps some day before long we'll think out a plan to send you to high-school, and then you would soon be independent."

The little child's expressive eyes filled with tears of gratitude. "Oh, if I only could!" she exclaimed.

"Would you like to?" asked the grandmother, somewhat astonished at Margaret's eagerness.

"I have been longing to go ever since I passed the examination, but of course I thought there was no use thinking about it—not for a long time, anyway. So I didn't say anything to anybody about it."

That child possessed the material that makes martyrs.

A FRENCH-CANADIAN PRESIDENT

IT IS gratifying to see an association so large as that of the Canadian manufacturers elect a French-Canadian to the highest position of honour at their disposal. Hon. Jean Damien Rolland is the first French-Canadian to occupy the position of President of this great body, and it is to be hoped that he will not be the last, for it is to acts of sympathy and appreciation such as this that much of the good feeling that exists between the two distinct races in Canada is due. There are in the Province of Quebec many excellent types of business men—men who are astute and broad-minded and tolerant. Hon. Mr. Rolland is one of them, and at the same time he is a gentleman of culture and affability. His age is sixty-six. Montreal, where he still resides, is his birthplace, and his father was the late Senator Rolland. He was educated at the school of the Christian Brothers and at St. Mary's College, Montreal, and at the age of sixteen entered upon a commercial career, beginning first as a clerk in the stationery and fancy goods business. Later he accepted partnership in business with his father, but his chief concern has been the manufacture of paper. He is at present head of the Rolland Paper Company. Mr. Rolland is a member of the Legislative Council of his native Province, and in other directions he has manifested a keen interest in public affairs. He was at one time Mayor of Hochelaga, and when that town was annexed to Montreal he became an Alderman of the city, in which position he served for many years, and then retired. He is a Conservative in politics. In Montreal he is a well-known figure. At one time he was a member of the Harbour Commission, and he is a member of the Citizen's League, the President of the General Colonisation and Repatriation Society, besides being connected with various large corporations.



HON. J. D. ROLLAND

The first French-Canadian to be elected President of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Rolland will not injure the cause of the manufacturers with too much zeal. A noticeable feature of the press comments on the attitude of the Association towards the tariff, as displayed at the recent meeting in Toronto, was adverse criticism of the cry for still more protection. Apart altogether from the merits of protection over free trade or a revenue tariff, it is doubtful whether the manufacturers are strengthening their case by indulging in what many regard as partisan blindness.

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DR. LOUIS FRECHETTE

Whose first article of a series on French-Canadian folk-lore begins in this number.

Perhaps, after all, the opinion of one of the members, as expressed at the meeting, that the Government and the people would soon be intolerant of constant demand was sound.

DISTINCTIONS IN COURAGE

THE spectacle of a police constable, as was seen recently in New York, being stripped of his badge in the presence of comrades on the force and dismissed, because he had been declared guilty of cowardice, induces a desire for a comprehensive definition of that offence. This man who was disgraced had run away from a desperado who had just shot a woman. While a man who runs away from danger is not thereby proved to be a coward, the policeman who so runs must be regarded as at least dilatory in the performance of duty. Prudence is never cowardice, but when a man is engaged and paid to defend others he is expected to do his work regardless of himself. Had the constable who ran away from the desperado in New York been a private citizen he would have been beyond reproach, and the act might have been reasonably described as prudent rather than cowardly.

But there is more than one kind of cowardice. There is moral cowardice and physical cowardice. The policeman who was found guilty of physical cowardice might have an abundant supply of moral courage. Constables, perhaps more than most members of a community, should be both morally and physically courageous, for theirs is a calling that calls for an unusual amount of both. The man who takes a cab to the theatre, just because it is customary to do so in certain classes of society, even when he cannot afford that luxury, is a coward in as full a use of the word as it is used against the policeman. He is really a good deal more cowardly, for who would not face the upraised eyelash of society rather than the smoking barrel of a pistol in the hands of a desperate man?

THE NEW MINISTERS

THE transfer of Hon. Mr. Pugsley from the Premiership of New Brunswick to the office of Minister of Public Works for the Dominion, will please the majority of Liberals of the Maritime Provinces. In that part of the Dominion Mr. Pugsley has long been regarded as an outstanding man in public life, and his promotion to



JUDGE A. W. SAVARY, OF ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, N.S.

Whose introduction to "The Narrative of Colonel David Fanning" appears in this number.

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the larger field of federal politics had long been anticipated by many who had observed his capabilities. Personally he possesses most of the subtler characteristics that have come to be regarded as the requisites if not the perquisites of a man who would succeed in the public service. He is affable and courteous to a marked degree; so marked, indeed, that some persons, on first making his acquaintance, receive the impression that it is the result of cultivation. But whether his dignified and courteous manner is the result of endowment or cultivation, it is a praiseworthy qualification, for if we cannot find good manners and good breeding in our Ministers of State, we cannot expect much from those who follow in humbler paths. It is safe to say that Mr. Pugsley will be a popular minister, for he is already popular in his own Province. Those who know him best say that he is clean and above reproach in all his public dealings.

Hon. Mr. Graham's advance has been rapid, although not so sudden as Mr. Aylesworth's. In the Provincial field he won his spurs as a result of ability and aggressiveness, and on the reconstruction of the Ross Government, just prior to its defeat, he was taken into the Cabinet in the capacity of Provincial Secretary. On the retirement of Mr. Ross as Leader of the Opposition, he was the natural successor. During the rather brief time that he occupied that position he steadily gained in popularity and prestige, and the fact that he was able to rally the Liberal forces at a time when the fortunes of war seemed turned against them showed that he was resourceful and possessed of considerable ability as a leader. He has a clean record, and it is to be hoped that Ontario will gain as much by his representation at Ottawa as by his party leadership in the more restricted field.

The Editor



I TOLD YOU SO
—Philadelphia *Inquirer*.

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ENCHANTMENT

A GLAMOUR of dawn on the slopes of the lawn,
A magic that wavers and lingers—
What shadowy Pass has enchanted the grass,
The touch of what mystical fingers?
Oh! whence are these gleams of fantastical dreams,
This whiff of the Forest of Arden?
The foliage responds to the waving of wands—
For there is a child in the garden!

With rose-leaves for wraps and nasturtiums for caps
Come galloping under the phloxes
The elves and the fays on their roans and their bays—
The squirrels and little red foxes;
The pixies and gnomes from their underground homes,
Where they fire the metals that harden,
Bring lustre in pots to enamel the plots—
For there is a child in the garden!

—*Ethel Rolt Wheeler* in *Pall Mall Magazine*.

THE IMMIGRANT WOMAN

THERE is something pitiful in the face of the immigrant woman as she appears at the station in Montreal, Toronto or Winnipeg. Weariness, bewilderment and homesickness are too often seen in the eyes of the settlers who have left the old land for the new. To the vast majority of women, home means comfort and solidity, and a change is like transplanting to what seems at first unfriendly soil. To be sure, some women are born with the desire for change and travel, and happy are they when their fortunes allow them to gratify the *wanderlust*. But to the most of Eve's daughters "moving" is a trial, indeed, and the van which carries off the household goods is no welcome sight. The ordeal is much greater when the ocean is to divide the new home from all that has been held dear. The practical observer will doubtless remind us that the newcomers are to retrieve or build their fortunes in this great Dominion of unfilled Provinces. While that is perfectly true, the adjustment to new conditions is anything but an easy task for the immigrant woman and should be made as simple as possible by us whose parents or grandparents were once strangers in the land.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL COUNCIL

THE National Council of Women, which has quietly accomplished so much during the last decade for the unification of women's societies, has been unusually fortunate in its officers. From the first, women of personal dignity, wide experience and high intelligence, have been prominent in its affairs. The re-election of Lady Edgar to the presidency, during the recent session of the National Council in Vancouver, shows how general is the appreciation of her especial qualifications for this office. During the life of her late husband, Sir James Edgar, Speaker of the Dominion House of Commons, Lady Edgar held a social position

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of high responsibility, which was most acceptably filled. Sir James Edgar and his wife had a common love for literature which too seldom characterises the political circles of this country. Lady Edgar has contributed from time to time articles on historical subjects to various journals and magazines. She is the author of "Ten Years of Upper Canada in Peace and War, 1805-1815," a volume which received the special commendation of Mr. Gladstone and of the principal English and Canadian reviews. She has also written "The Life of General Brock," in the "Makers of Canada" series, published by Morang. Lady Edgar is at present engaged in writing the life of James Edgar, Secretary to the Chevalier de St. George, a biography that deals with the exiled Stuarts in Rome, and gives intimate touches in the lives of the titular James III, and his two sons, "Bonnie Prince Charlie" and his brother Henry. By the gracious permission of His Majesty, Lady Edgar had access to the original Stuart papers in the Royal Library at Windsor.



LADY EDGAR, PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN

PROBLEM OF THE UNEMPLOYED

THE Canadian woman who reads anything of Old Country conditions cannot help wondering why it should be so difficult to obtain help when there seem to be hundreds, even thousands, of women who are working at a wretched wage in the greatest city of the Empire, and whose lodging-houses are absolutely devoid of anything approaching comfort. The latest figures regarding industrial London are not short of appalling. There exists a standing army of 80,000 unemployed, and it is given as a fact that ninety per cent. of the producers of the actual wealth of London have no homes they can call their own beyond the week's end; and no other possessions than "the few sticks of old furniture that will go into a handcart for trundling from lodging to lodging." Yet there is a miserable lack in this country of domestic help in both farm and city households. There seems to be no necessity for becoming sentimental over the unemployed, as so many good people in the Old Country are inclined, since there is work and to spare for those who are willing to do it. There is no reason save stupidity or laziness for such a state of affairs, and the sooner these thousands realise that in Canada the harvest truly is great, the more comfortable it will be for themselves and for those who are willing to give them a good home. This is a work in which the Salvation Army has done a great deal—that of sending or bringing the unemployed to a place of decent employment. Not only the new Provinces and British Columbia, but every part of Canada is open to those who are honest in the desire to work.

THE COMING OF KIPLING

MR. KIPLING'S visit to Canada came as a surprise but was hailed as an event of almost imperial importance. The distinguished author was besieged by reporters and "sich," to whom he showed a commendable taciturnity. The man who wrote "The Road to Mandalay" and "The Hymn Before Action," is like the Bobs of whom he is so fond—he does

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not advertise. Mr. Kipling has frequently been charged with a lack of enthusiasm for his feminine characters. In fact, the East Aurora authorling, who occasionally inflicts his trashy lectures on Canadian audiences, asserts that Kipling's estimate of woman is found in the well-known line of *The Vampire:*

A rag and a bone and a hank of hair.

Anyone who knows the picture referred to will recognise the delightful fitness of the line, and everyone who really knows the work of Mr. Kipling will recognise that the East Aurora critic is ignorant of what he aims to criticise.

Of course, those who claim that women are angels will not approve of such entirely life-like characters as the flirtatious *Mrs. Hawksbee* and the tedious *Minnie Gadsby.* While nearly everyone regrets that Mr. Kipling penned such a vulgar piece of rhyme as *The Ladies*, still there is plenty of material to prove his appreciation of woman's finer qualities. Was there ever a braver, truer comrade than *William the Conqueror*? Was there ever a sweeter love story than the dream of the *Brushwood Boy* and his lady, *Annieanlouise*? It is said that Mr. Kipling's mother was always her son's sympathetic "chum" and is possessed of sparkling wit. Assuredly no writer who had not known much of woman's tenderness could have written *Mother o' Mine.* The twenty odd volumes of the Anglo-Indian author's work give us many delightful studies in femininity, from the laughing *O Toyo* to the tearful *Miss Biddums*, and the woman or man who is unacquainted with them has missed a varied company.

MORE SPINSTERS

THERE is something desolating about the word "spinster." One imagines a woman with a back like a board and a face like a hatchet. Even "old maid" seems a more comfortable expression, while "bachelormaid" has almost a hilarious sound, suggestive of comradeship and a chafing-dish. It is, therefore, almost saddening to read that six hundred spinsters have lately come from Great Britain to Canada. Think of six hundred spinsters on one ship! What are they going to do? Rumour says that their destination is the West, where there are husbands to be had for the asking—or rather, eager to do the asking. But, whatever be the mission of these unappropriated blessings, it is to be hoped that some of them will be candidates for first aid to the unhelped—in other words that they will be cooks and housemaids. The domestic problem is much worse than any other which puzzles East or West.

AN AIRY, FAIRY PLAY

THAT delightful play, *Peter Pan*, has lately been rejoicing youthful hearts in Canada, and Miss Adams has left us a charming memory of the elfin chap who refused to grow up. No one but James M. Barrie could have written such a play, a dramatic counterpart of the strange story of *The Little White Bird.* Miss Adams is soon to give up the *rôle* which has been such an artistic and popular success; but it is altogether unlikely that *Peter Pan* will go into permanent retirement. The appeal which it has made to public sympathy shows how unsubstantial is the theory that the people demand sordid plays. Nothing could be more wholesome and refreshing than this winsome dream of the Scottish dramatist. *Peter Pan* is pure air and sunshine and a trip to fairyland.

THE HIDEOUS HATS

SPEAKING of dreams, was there ever a nightmare more distressing than the hats of this very autumn? Some of them strongly resemble purple dishpans, which have a painfully flattening effect upon the wearer. Morning-glories, orchids and mammoth roses deck these dishpan affairs, but fail to rescue them from direful ugliness. In greens, browns and purples, these fowl-like creations appear and strike terror to the heart and emptiness to the purse of the masculine beholder; for, the uglier the hat is, the longer the little bill. When one of the aforesaid dishpans is covered with heavy bands and loops of velvet trimming, a ponderous

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wreath of morning-glories in shades which any real flower would blush to own and a perfect avalanche of fuzzy little feathers, the result is enough to turn a hen-coop green with envy. There have been queer hats in the world ere the year 1907, but surely this planet was never before afflicted with such triumphs of the grotesque as are making October hideous.

IRISH LACE

THE Dublin Exhibition, which is being so well described for Canadian readers by *Kit* of the *Mail and Empire*, has made Irish fabrics more fashionable than ever. Poplins are to be worn for wedding and evening gowns, while Irish linen and lace are displayed everywhere. Limerick and Carrickmacross supply lace which would adorn the most luxurious garments and London is very much alive to the fact. Nearly every fashionable bride has "a touch of Ireland" in her trousseau, and even in Canada the appreciation of these manufactures grows apace.

CIVILISING WOMEN

AFTER surveying the hats, it is possible to read with calmness Mr. George Meredith's cheerful saying, "Woman is the last being to be civilised by man," —or something to that effect. An English journalist has taken up this remark, discussing it at length and coming to the sad conclusion that woman is uncivilised. Probably Mr. Meredith is not of the opinion as quoted, but merely puts it into the mouth of a cynical man whose wife is no cook, or whose mother-in-law insists on having the best room in the house.

One authority on the momentous subject declares that woman is less civilised than man because she has neither a sense of justice or the ability to reason. But even if we grant that women put too much seasoning of mercy into their justice, and occasionally jump to conclusions without the aid of a syllogism, such vagaries do not put them outside the pale of civilised beings. Anyone who examines criminal statistics can hardly come to the conclusion that women are below their brethren in the qualities which are going to bring about a "statelier Eden." In the Meredithian novels themselves the women are unusually fine and charming specimens of the reviled sex. But most women find it hard to forgive Mr. Meredith for making that bewitching creature *Diana of the Crossways* guilty of the meanest offence against her lover. No warm-hearted Irishwoman could have been so contemptible as *Diana* proved herself to be in the act of betrayal. She might have been guilty of impulsive folly or shrewish impatience, but of treachery—never. But perhaps that repulsive deed was intended to indicate a streak of savagery in an otherwise civilised character.

MORE RESTAURANT REMARKS

ONCE more are the manners of the restaurant the subject of severe criticism. A certain New York authority deals with the matter thus:

"For a woman to put her elbows on the table was once a final label of bad breeding. Now it is a smart posture at a dinner-party, the more so if the woman has pretty hands. Pretty rings constitute an even better excuse.

"The best-bred women nowadays will pick up a cup of cold bouillon and rest their elbows on the table while they sip it. This may be said to show how unconventional and natural they are. Perhaps so, but surely a certain amount of artificiality is to be preferred to this sort of freedom."

The best-bred women of to-day do not indulge in the awkward practice referred to. "Smart" women may, but they are of a different class. The restaurant may be to blame for some of the degeneracy of modern manners, but home training in this respect is not always of the fastidious order. In fact, we are becoming a nation in a hurry and haste conduces neither to grace or courtesy.

Jean Graham.

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IN the field of fiction the most interesting publication of the month to Canadians is undoubtedly Sir Gilbert Parker's great novel, "The Weavers" (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited. Cloth, $1.50). From the standpoint of technique, sustained interest, strength of character sketching, vividness of pen picturing, dramatic action, and spirited dialogue, the work is unusually well done and this celebrated Canadian writer has perhaps more than ever before demonstrated his right to be placed with the great novelists of his day. In this book Sir Gilbert has taken advantage of the extremely delicate situation in Egypt more than a quarter-century ago, and in so doing he has been able to place the diplomacy of the British Foreign Office and its possible subjection to ulterior influences against Oriental mysticism, Oriental treachery, Oriental devilishness and Oriental fraud. But the chief purpose of the novel, after all, is to develop an obscure Quaker youth, David Claridge, into an astute, unflinching, far-seeing, resolute and God-fearing statesman. The youth is introduced at a Quaker meeting, where he is placed under the ban of the Society, because he had, all in one day, taken two drinks at a village inn, kissed a maiden at the cross-roads, and knocked down a man who had lacked gallantry. For these offences David spent several months in isolation, but, after coming back again amongst his friends, he learned of the death of a beloved uncle in Egypt, and thither he goes to take up the work that remained there undone. He finds himself invited to a *function* given by the Prince Pasha. He goes, dressed as a Quaker, and there he is asked to succeed Nahoum Pasha as chief counsellor of the Prince. During the progress of the occasion David hears a girl scream, with the result that his innate gallantry urges him to the rescue. He reaches an apartment, and there discovers a beautiful English girl repelling the advances of a brother of the man he himself has been asked to succeed. The man draws a dagger, but David knocks him down, and his head strikes the corner of a pedestal, killing him. David manages to get the girl from the palace in safety, and he then returns, but he is seen by Nahoum Pasha, who learns the truth and decides to avenge his brother's death. Until this incident occurs David has not decided whether or not to accept the high position of first counsellor, but he has felt his "life's work" lay in Egypt, and that, combined with the fact that he cannot admit the killing of Nahoum's brother because the admission would expose the girl, determines him to do what he can—"for Egypt." The girl whom he shielded turns out to be a prominent English lady who soon marries the Earl of Eglington, whose family are in some mysterious way connected with the Claridge family. Eglington becomes head of the British Foreign Office, has an inborn dislike for David, and consequently the possibilities of the story, with Lady Eglington sworn to help David because of what he has done for her, and Nahoum Pasha working against him, may be imagined. It turns out finally that David is the real Earl of Eglington, that he is also of legitimate

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birth; and, as the half-brother who had enjoyed the earldom dies at a convenient time, the way is open for the widow and David to consummate their love for each other. Whether they do or not, is left to the pleasure of the reader. The last chapter does not rise to its possibilities, and it provides perhaps the most unsatisfactory reading in the whole book. In the main "The Weavers" is a convincing, dramatic and powerful novel. Most readers of it will, perhaps, not question the likelihood of the Prince Pasha of Egypt immediately raising an inexperienced Quaker youth from private life to the highest public office at his command.



SIR GILBERT PARKER

Whose latest novel "The Weavers" appeared recently in a Canadian edition.

MORE THAN MOTHER

H. A. VACHELL, author of "The Hill," "Brothers," and other novels, has written an extremely dramatic piece of fiction entitled "Her Son" (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, $1.50). The chief aim of the writer in this instance has been to create a lofty type of woman, and it is perhaps not doing him an injustice to say that his means of creation have been in themselves extreme. He has succeeded, however, in portraying a woman of exceptional devotedness and phenomenal fidelity. The "son" is merely one of the means towards that end. This woman, Dorothy Fairfax, English by birth, and of fine family, falls in love with a young journalist, Dick Gasgoyne, and her love is reciprocated. But she soon learns that Dick had previously lived illicitly with a vaudeville actress who had nursed him safely through an almost fatal illness. She learns also that he had sickened of the life and had drawn away from it, but not without its result in the form of a child, which was born in an obscure French hamlet, unknown to the father. Dorothy knows of the birth, and when she discovers also that the child was ruthlessly abandoned by the mother, she recovers it and adopts it as her own son. She breaks all family ties and lives abroad in the disguise of a widow, with the sole ambition of rearing the child in a way that would have pleased the father, who, she believes, was killed during an expedition in Africa. A series of very dramatic situations follow, and in the end the "son," after he has grown to manhood, hears the truth regarding his birth, and, having heard, becomes the medium that causes a happy reunion of his father and the woman who throughout the long years since his childhood had been more than mother to him. Many will regard this novel as being unsavoury. It has already been dramatised.

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MR. RUDYARD KIPLING
The eminent author, who is paying a visit to Canada.

CITIES OF NORTHERN ITALY

A VERY handsome publication, one that serves the purpose of a guide as well as an instructive and interesting consideration of one of the most inviting parts of Europe, comes in two volumes entitled "Cities of Northern Italy," by Grant Allen and George C. Williamson (Boston: L. C. Page & Company). It belongs to the "Travel Lovers' Series" which is an output of the same publishers. The authors have approached the subject in a most sympathetic way, and while they have carried out the work with the intention of having it serve as a guide as well as a history, they have avoided the details of travel such as can be easily obtained on the spot. The volumes therefore will be of much interest to many who will not be able to take full advantage of their suggestions. There are eighty photogravure and half-tone reproductions, and altogether the setting is handsome and artistic.

STORIES ABOUT QUEBEC

ONE of the most acceptable publications of the season in Canada is "From my Quebec Scrap-Book," by G. M. Fairchild, jun., and published by Frank Carrel, Quebec. Mr. Fairchild has long been a most sympathetic writer on French-Canadian subjects and on historical subjects relating to the City of Quebec and its *environs*. Few persons have had a better opportunity to study the local colour and the characteristics of the

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habitant than he has had, and he has taken full advantage of that opportunity. As a result, articles from his pen have appeared from time to time in various forms. This latest volume, "From my Quebec Scrap-Book," gathers most of these articles together under one cover, and presents them in a very attractive form. The book contains in all thirty-five articles and dozens of illustrations, many of them reproductions of photographs.

A BLOW AT REINCARNATION

ANTONIO FOGAZZARRO'S story "The Woman," from the Italian "Malombra," has been translated by F. Thorold Dickson (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Cloth, $1.25). The story is saturated with the mysticism and fatalistic sentiment which have become so popular recently, and for this reason will probably appeal to many of the younger novel readers. The book deals a hard blow at the theories of reincarnation. Commencing as though it were intended to justify these theories, it ends by showing that they are more easily accounted for as the imaginings of a disordered mind.

The story is one of tragedy and sorrow and has in it elements of strength which if handled more forcibly and at a much less length would have resulted in a convincing and valuable book. There is far too much striving after effect, however, to please the readers of to-day. Possibly things are not the same in Italy as they are here, and books of five hundred pages, alternately made up of superlative descriptions of scenery and interpretations of fatalistic fancies, may be in demand. In Canada, fortunately, we want something more real, and more cheerful, and fortunately also our own authors are giving us stories that are more to our taste.

A FANTASY BY ALFRED NOYES

ALL who are acquainted with the work of the poet Alfred Noyes will be interested in knowing that a new volume of some of his later verse has just been issued under the title "The Flower of Old Japan"



MR. PUTNAM WEALE
Author of "The Truce in the East and Its Aftermath."

(Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, $1.25 net). Mr. Noyes is regarded as one of the foremost of living poets who write in English, and his work seems to be steadily growing in favour. "The Flower of Old Japan" is a poem that has, perhaps strange to say, no bearing whatever on the country known as Japan. It is rather a fantasy, such a picture, for instance, as a child might imagine after hearing of some things about Japan, but while the treatment is at times light and apparently frivolous, there is much seriousness and philosophy in the background.

A TALE OF THE NORTH

DILLON WALLACE, ever since he wrote "The Lure of the Labrador Wild," has been much before the reading public. He is regarded as an authority on Labrador, and therefore his work has more than a passing interest. His latest story is entitled "Ungava Bob: A Winter's Tale" (Toronto: Fleming H. Revell). Although this is a story in which adults will find much interest, it is intended to particularly delight the young people,

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MR. OWEN WISTER

Author of "The Virginians" and "How Doth the Busy Spelling Bee.

and therefore it is very suitable as a gift. *Ungava Bob* is a lad who wished to go North himself and procure a silver fox skin, so that he might thereby make enough money to send his little sister away to a climate where her health would be restored. He goes to Labrador at his own instance, for the express purpose of hunting the Bix Hill Trail, the special preserve of an Indian known as *Micmac John*. The Indian greatly resents the intrusion of Ungava Bob, and he swears vengeance on him. The incidents and adventures that follow make interesting reading for one of easy imagination, and the whole theme of the work is aided by excellent illustrations.

"THE TRAGEDY OF QUEBEC"

IT WOULD be a startling instance of the irony of fate if Roman Catholicism, which had so signal an opportunity here before the British conquest of Canada, and which, since then, has been secondary to Protestantism in this country, should soon rise up and become the dominant voice in the affairs of Church and of State. But that it might rise and place the Dominion under the thraldom of its power, seems to be the opinion of Mr. Robert Sellar, editor of *The Huntingdon Gleaner*, and author of "The Tragedy of Quebec," a work that possesses more than ordinary significance. Mr. Sellar has long regarded with apprehension the fact that in parts of that portion of the Province of Quebec which is known as the Eastern Townships, English, Irish and Scotch settlers are being displaced by French-Canadians. Of course, it has been known that such a change was taking place, but whether or not its menace to Protestantism equals Mr. Sellar's estimate is a matter of opinion. According to Mr. Sellar, it is an evidence of the power of the priesthood in Quebec, and of the dominance of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Dominion affairs. Undoubtedly to the Protestants who still remain in the Eastern Townships, the dwindling of their number causes keen regret, but that, after all, is what might be expected in the circumstances, and it is to be hoped that the final outcome will not be so disastrous, from the standpoint of Protestantism as Mr. Sellar predicts.

It might be mentioned that the author of "The Tragedy of Quebec" experienced so much difficulty in his attempts to find a publisher that he had the matter set up in newspaper type and printed and bound in a manner which, while creditable, is scarcely of equal dignity with the style of writing and the nature of the publication.

DO DOCTORS MAKE MISTAKES

A RATHER remarkable book entitled "The Major Symptoms of Hysteria," by Pierre Janet, Professor of Psychology in the College de France, has been published recently (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, $1.75 net), comprising a series of lectures on pathological psychology delivered by M. Janet to students of the Medical School of Harvard University. The author is regarded as one of exceptional attainments in the study of mental disorders, and his observations and deduc-

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tions should therefore be of great value. He cites some extremely curious cases that come under his notice. Apparently he believes that many medical men are ignorant of the symptoms and effects of hysteria, for in one of his chapters where he is lamenting the disastrous mistakes that physicians sometimes make he says:

"Do not try to count the number of arms cut off, of muscles of the neck incised for cricks, of bones broken for mere cramps, and of bellies cut open for phantom tumours. . . . These things no doubt have decreased, but they are still done every day. If I could only by calling your attention and interest to the knowledge of this disease (hysteria), contribute to diminish the number of these medical crimes, I should already have attained a very important result."



ARTHUR W. PINERO, THE CELEBRATED DRAMATIST

A CHARMING NOVELETTE

WINNIFRED KIRKLAND is the author of a novelette entitled "Polly Pat's Parish" (Toronto: Henry Frowde. Cloth, $1.00), a work that seems bound to meet with immediate favour. It is the author's first book, so we understand, but it is sufficiently bright and unusual in its character to bring her into prominence. It is the simple story of how an Anglican clergyman, a widower, with his daughter "Polly Pat," as she is nicknamed, and four younger children, came to a small factory town, and by dint of fearlessness, unconventionality, honesty and sincerity won the hearts of the upper and lower classes, brought them together on a common sympathetic plane, and finally settled a strike that promised to have disastrous results. Polly Pat had a good deal to do in an unwitting way in helping her father to adjust the trying conditions into which he had been thrust. The charm of the story lies in the simplicity and *naivété* of its narration, and in the unconscious way by which the clergyman and Polly Pat, after having shocked the community by their utter disregard of formalities, almost entirely removed local social antipathies. The book reminds one of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."



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What Others are Laughing at

NOTHING UNIQUE

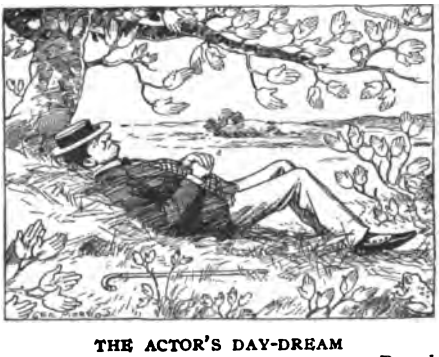
A YOUNG lady sits in our choir
Whose hair is the colour of phoir,
But her charm is unique,
She has such a fair chique,
It is really a joy to be nhoir.

Whenever she looks down the aisle
She gives me a beautiful smaisle
And of her many beaux
She most certainly sheaux
She likes me the best of all the whaisle.

Last Sunday she wore a new sacque,
Low cut at the front and the bacque,
And a lovely bouquet
Worn in such a cute wuet
As only few girls have the knacque.

Some day, ere she grows too antique,
In marriage, her hand I shall sique;
If she's not a coquette,
Which I'd greatly regruette,
She shall share my ten dollars a wique.

—*The Zazooster.*



THE ACTOR'S DAY-DREAM

—*Punch.*

A HELPLESS DINER

A DENVER man had a friend from a Kansas ranch in the city on a business deal, and at noon they went to a downtown restaurant and had luncheon together. The Kansas ranchman ate his entire meal with his knife. When he was near the end he discovered he had no fork. "Say," he said to the Denver man, "that waiter didn't give me a fork." "Well, you don't need one," replied the Denver man, seriously. "The deuce I don't," came from the Kansan. "What am I going to stir my coffee with?"—*Argonaut.*

RUSTIC CURIOSITY

"You must write me lots of postal-cards while I am away for the summer," said one young woman.

"Why postal-cards?" inquired the other.

"Oh, to make it more pleasant and sociable. The postmaster takes an interest in you and everybody is willing to go after your mail if you have plenty of postal-cards in it."—*Washington Star.*

THE DIFFERENCE IT MADE

A PARTY of wealthy automobilists were speeding along a dusty road in New England one day, when they found themselves on the wrong road. Seeing a rustic sitting on a rail fence nearby, they inquired the road to West Maden.

"Wall," said the farmer, "if I told ye I don't believe ye could find it. There's a powerful lot of curves 'tween here'n

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there." The automobilists consulted among themselves and decided to take the country man on board so no possible mistake could be made. The farmer was perfectly willing and the car started down the road at a forty mile an hour clip. Their passenger began to get nervous as the speed increased, and he asked timidly "if they weren't going too fast?"

"Oh, no," laughed the speed maniacs, "we haven't begun to go yet."

A moment later the farmer broke in again gasping: "You better slow down."

The occupants of the car laughed and inquired what difference it made to him.

"Wall," said the old fellow, gripping the seat with both hands. "It don't make no difference to me, only I'm er the sheriff! $25, please!"—*The Zazooster*.

MODERN AXIOMS

IN LIFE one must learn to count—but not upon others.

Business and religion are often found together under suspicious circumstances.

Only the rich themselves know how unhappy they are—no one else will believe it.—*The Lone Hand.*

GETTING EVEN

A BUTCHER who had a splendid reputation for sausages, annoyed one of his customers by putting his account into the hands of a lawyer. The customer made up his mind that he would get even with the butcher, so he waited for an opportunity. By walking up and down the back lanes of the town he managed to find the dead carcasses of a dog and a cat. He put the carcasses into his wood-shed, and then waited until Saturday night, when the butcher's shop was full of customers. About eight-thirty the man wrapped the carcasses loosely in a paper, with the head of the cat sticking out of one end and the hind legs and tail of the dog sticking out at the other end. When he reached the shop he walked in, placed the parcel conspicuously on a meat block, and, speaking so that every person in the place could hear him, said: "That just makes the even dozen."—*The Street.*



BLACKSMITH: "Tha knows 'im. 'E was t'mayor one year."

OLD MAN: "Nay, 'e never got as 'igh as that. 'E wor nobbut ex-mayor!"—*Punch.*

MODEST TOMMY

THE camel has nine stomachs—
I heard it at the Zoo.
Now, wouldn't I be happy
If I had only two!

Oh, yes, I'd brim with gladness
And call my life a dream,
With one for just roast turkey,
And one for just ice-cream.

—*Puck.*

A SENSIBLE REMEDY

JONES had been troubled for a long time with sleeplessness. Seemingly, no matter what he did to induce sleep, he failed. Almost every person he met had a new remedy to suggest. He was told to try eating, then, not to eat. Sliced onions with bread and butter, followed by a cold bath, was recommended. He tried walking around in a circle for fifteen minutes at a time, and then going through the motions of running rapidly, stepping high instead of wide. He even bought some chewing gum and kept his jaws going all the time, until finally his wife was as bad as he. In desperation, they both began to count sheep jumping over a fence, shutting their eyes the while and speaking aloud. At last they became almost desperate; so one night as they were putting their little boy to bed and complaining because they could not sleep like the child, the lad opened his eyes and asked: "Daddie, why don't you try going to bed?"—*R. C.*

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CONJUGAL ARITHMETIC

THE WIFE: "I can't stand your calling me, in Society, your better half. Please remember in future that I am much more than that."—*Le Sourire*, Paris.

BOUND TO STOP THEM

IN A suit lately tried in a Maryland court, the plaintiff had testified that his financial position had always been a good one. The opposing counsel took him in hand for cross-examination and undertook to break down his testimony upon this point.

"Have you ever been bankrupt?" asked the counsel.

"I have not."

"Now, be careful," admonished the lawyer, with raised finger. "Did you ever stop payment?"

"Yes."

"Ah, I thought we should get at the truth," observed counsel, with an unpleasant smile. "When did this suspension of payment occur?"

"When I had paid all I owed," was the naive reply of the plaintiff.—*Success Magazine.*

THE PORTRAIT OF MY MOTHER

IN ANALYSING the secret of King Edward's popularity among his subjects, a French writer recalls a story which is worth retelling. He relates how, when his Majesty was driving along a country road in Scotland one day, he came upon an old market-woman struggling under a load which was more than she could manage. "You might take part of this in your carriage," cried the old woman to the King, whom she did not recognise. "Alas, my good woman," replied his Majesty, "I'm very sorry, but I'm not going the same way. However, let me give you the portrait of my mother." "A lot of good that'll do me," was the reply. "Take it all the same," said the King, smiling, and he put a sovereign, bearing Queen Victoria's effigy, in the palm of the astonished old peasant.—*Buffalo Commercial.*

NOTHING ELSE TO DO

A BOSTON minister tells of a little friend of his who, one day, proudly displayed for his admiration a candy cat.

"Are you going to eat it?" the minister asked.

"No, sir; it's too pretty to eat. I'm going to keep it," the little girl replied, as she stroked it with a moist little hand.

Several days later the minister saw her again, and inquired about the cat.

A regretful look came into her eyes.

"It's gone," she sighed. "You see, I saved it and saved it, till it got so soiled that I just *had* to eat it."—*Harper's.*

THE IRONY OF FATE

THE girl you didn't marry,
 And the fish you didn't catch,
Why is it that they proved to be
 The prizes of the batch?

The horse that you forgot to back,
 The shares you meant to buy,
Why is it that one canters home,
 The others jump sky-high?

The golden chances that we miss
 Had brought a laurel wreath;
The ones we take—the gold worn off—
 Show copper underneath!

—*Pearson's.*

THE WRETCH

"THAT man Kiddem is a scoundrel—an unprincipled scoundrel!" declared the man with the harried look in his eyes.

"Can it be?" asked the other.

"Yes. The cur! He asked my wife to elope with him."

"And then——"

"And then, when she had agreed, he told her he was only fooling."

—*London Opinion.*

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"I's want more monee or I strike"—Page 130

Drawn by John Innes

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THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE
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How Salomon Scared the Indians

A Christmas Camp Reminiscence of an Octogenarian

By SIR J. M. LE MOINE
Author of The Legends of the St. Lawrence, etc.

IN the bleak, dense forests due north of Quebec there lies a deep lake, a perfect paradise for anglers of sufficient nerve and hardihood to reach it with dogs and sledge, a fifty-odd-mile trudge on snowshoes in the severest season of the year—in inexorable January. Until lately, it was deemed a kind of *terra incognita*, on account of the difficulties and hardships of access to the distant, dismal region. It has been named Snow Lake, as it was only reached when "rude Boreas" solidified the bosom of the innumerable streams and lakes intervening between it and Quebec; its access promises now to be made easier. The fish and game clubs of Quebec, and they are not few, have all heard of the *Touladi*, the monstrous trout which have been captured under the icy surface of this lake. Few at the time of my writing, perhaps one or two pioneers of the craft, had had sufficient nerve to venture there.

The Quakenbosk Fish and Game Club, which had honoured me with an honorary membership that year, had selected Gaspard Huot's rustic hostelry at Charlesbourg for their merry, annual club dinner. Christmas had been fixed as the date. Several reports had recently reached the club of the marvellous *Touladi*, the great, gray trout—*Queue Fourchue*—captured in that sheet of water. A specimen, a splendid one, weighing nineteen pounds, had been donated to me on my birthday, and as I thought it did honour to Canada, I asked leave to present it to the representative of Great Britain on our shores. The reports about this famous fish had been so *couleur de rose* that our club decided to procure all possible information of a reliable character, to be embodied in the annual report of the club. It had been found next to impossible to obtain reliable data as to the exact topography of the mysterious lake, the right time of year to fish it, and the bait required. Curiosity had been wrought to a high pitch.

Our President, by way of a surprise, had asked old Gabriel, the experienced guide and famed *raconteur* of Lake St. Charles, to favour us with the knowledge he might possess of Snow Lake, which he had visited the previous winter as guide to two daring New Yorkers, bent on visiting this unknown sheet of water. It may be well to premise that no road for winter or summer use had yet been cut

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through the deserted region; one was promised, however.

Gaspard's *chef* had prepared for his guests a most *recherché* and exquisite entertainment. The venison was superb; the wine *frappé à la Française;* the *pousse-caffé* and the *petit verre de Bénédictine* excellent. Nothing was wanting.

Our President in his usual mellow voice addressed the meeting, saying that if it were the club's pleasure he would call on one whom all knew to tell us what he had experienced at Snow Lake, visited by him the winter before. He meant old Gabriel. On Gabriel's name being mentioned, the jolly bushman issued forth from the adjoining apartment. He opened out thus:

"Messieurs. Though to be *compris* by the *gentlemen anglais* who required my services as their guide, I had to learn speak English, you must forgive me if my 'language' is not always correct. I shall try do my best.

"On Christmas morning last year, one Quebec *charretier* who know me brought to my *cabane* two *Messieurs*. They said they must go to *Lac des Neiges* at all risk, as they had a bet—*une gageure*, depending on that. It would be five dollars *par jour*, I said, for guide, sledge and dogs.

"One of the gentlemen's name was Salomon; he was the queerest built sportsman I ever met, and I have seen many. His friend called himself Abram, a fine, jolly fellow, who used to make fun of Monsieur Salomon for his toilette preparations before going to bed; when he used to take himself to pieces in a most extraordinary fashion. Soon we reached Snow Lake. One morning whilst we were making all our arrangements for a day's sport on the lake, lines, bait, dogs, etc., Prince and Carlo, our two dogs, set to barking savagely in front of our tent; and two Indians, one of a most forbidding aspect, entered our tent, after leaning their guns on our tent poles.

"They were, they said, camped close by and were on lookout for cariboo.

"As we were without arms except our hunting knives, we thought it best, *voyez-vous*, to be civil to these unwelcome neighbours, and Monsieur Salomon put his hand in the inner pocket of his fur coat to pull from it his whiskey flask to treat the redskins; in doing so hurriedly he pulled out with it the lining, upsetting on the ground a roll of bank bills, some loose silver, and two gold pieces, which twinkled in the morning sun. There was more than imprudence in this unlucky piece of business; the eye of the Indian with the repulsive countenance brightened —we positively noticed him giving his comrade a sly wink, which meant mischief, we felt sure.

"Seeing how helpless we were in the presence of these savages, far from civilisation and unarmed, we kept a close lookout whilst fishing, and on returning. 'We have not seen the last of these devils,' I observed to Monsieur Salomon; 'we won't make a long *séjour* at *Lac des Neiges*. I hope our bodies won't be lying at the bottom of that lake to-morrow morning.' I felt a little calmer when Monsieur Salomon, in his cheerful tone, said: 'My good friends, it is me who has got you into this trouble, I shall do my best to get you and myself out of it, should the rascals pay us a second visit.'

"In the meantime, the shades of evening settled on the dark forest and gleaming lake; we stirred up our camp-fire, placed there our camp kettle, and soon, having lit our pipes, we were beginning, over a brew of hot scotch, to forget the outer world, when our dogs again gave tongue, and the two identical visitors of the morning entered our tent, saying that their bark hut had been so damaged by fire that afternoon in their absence that it was uninhabitable, and that it would be an unforgettable favour if we could allow them to bring their blankets and sleep near our camp fire. This was only a ruse, we thought, to tomahawk us more surely, but how could we refuse their earnest appeal for help? Monsieur Salomon replied for all three of us that we would be most happy to grant their prayer. They left us to bring in their blankets; when striking his breast, Monsieur Salomon said: 'I be a Dutchman if I do not scare these rascals out of their seven senses—watch me and say nothing.' A short time later the two Indians returned, spread their blankets by the side of the blazing logs, stretching themselves

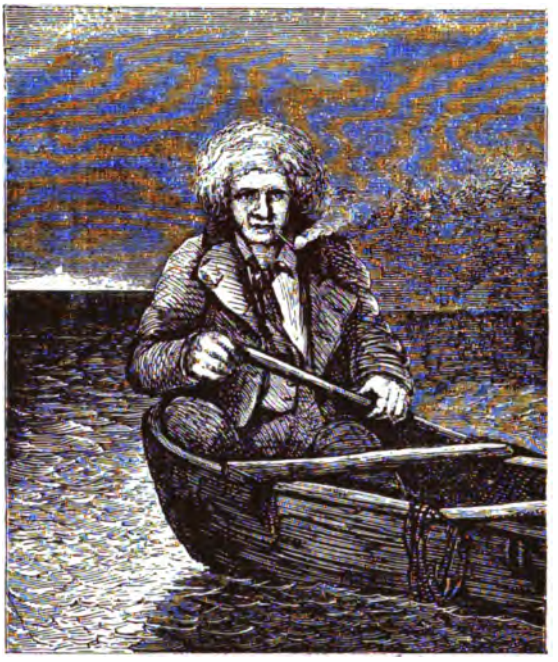
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all dressed at their full length. As they spoke English, Monsieur Salomon drew them out respecting their various forest adventures; finally, he asked them whether they had ever met the evil 'Manitou'; that he, Monsieur Salomon, being versed in *la magie blanche*, and being moreover a medicine man, he had power over the evil one, and could evoke him and make him cry out. Our guests listened attentively to all that was said, occasionally giving a grunt, as if they only half believed it.

"After yawning several times, Monsieur said he would retire for the night, and opening his mouth very wide and turning up the whites of his eyes, he demurely removed a massive set of false teeth—then, turning his back, he stooped down and unnoticed he undid the buckle holding the fastening of his wooden leg; he then resumed his former position, as he kicked it off. The leg fell in a corner of the tent far away, with a thud.

"Both visitors seemed fidgetty, uncomfortable, even alarmed at Monsieur's strange proceedings. A few minutes after, to the Indians' intense horror, Monsieur Salomon, unsheathing his hunting knife, deliberately ran the blade (the back, however) in a semi-circle twice round his head, then putting it aside, with apparently a wild effort, he pulled off—not his loosened scalp, but his wig, flourishing it, in the gloom of the dimly lighted tent, over his skinny, ghastly bald head. A violent shiver at this juncture convulsed the whole frame of the crouching Indians. Monsieur Salomon capped the climax when, in a loud, sepulchral voice he said: 'Now, my friends, I shall call on the evil Manitou to come forth.'

"'Listen! our dog Carlo will speak like a human being and tell us where we are.'



OLD GABRIEL

From a Painting by Gilbert Berling.

(Who would have thought Monsieur Salomon was a ventriloquist).

"Lo and behold! the word 'Snow Lake' seemed to come from the corner of the camp where Carlo was sitting on the ground observing us; and then Monsieur pointing to the Indian lying farthest from the fire, 'I order you to bark like a dog,' said he. Instantly there came forth from the neighbourhood of the terrorised savage a mournful, but unmistakable, 'Bow! wow, wow!' The redskins, overcome with fright, sprang to their feet, leaving their blankets behind them, rushed through the door of the tent in the darkness. We saw nothing more of them after that."

A shout of laughter and cheers, sufficient to raise the roof of Gaspard's dining saloon, rent the air. "A bumper! a bumper to Gabriel," was called for by the entire Quakenbosk Fish and Game Club! So closed that Christmas club dinner.

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Out of the Past*

By CHARLES GORDON ROGERS

Illustrations by Maud McLaren



"So it is begin to snow"

TIME: November.

SCENE: The cabin of Joseph Laplante, in the hills of Pontiac.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ: Joseph Laplante, a hunter. Alec Devine, "out of the past."

THE curtain rises on Joseph Laplante standing at window, through which snow is seen falling. A log fire burns in old-fashioned stone fireplace at one side of room. At the other, on the wall, are rods, guns, etc., and on same side a door. There is a door at back, and between it and window are shelves with dishes, etc., under which is a table. A couple of old-fashioned chairs are disposed about the room, and a clock with visible pendulum ticks above the shelves.

LAPLANTE: So! It is begin to snow. And twenty year ago to-night, *mon Dieu*, she's snow de sam', lak' that, sof' an' w'ite, out of the sky of *le bon Dieu*, and bring the devil himse'f—M'sieu Alec Devine! (draws curtain; turns slowly to fire). Twenty year! But *le bon Dieu* will not let me forget. (Sits before fire). *Sapristi!* You grow ole, Joe Laplante! For twenty year the spring she's come, an' the summer tam, an' the fall, an' the snow she's come also, until your 'air was mos' w'ite, but your mem'ry was green lak' de grass on de reever side in summer tam, an' you 'member heveryt'ing lak' it was yesterday. An' every spring for many year you mak' the voyage an' pass by on Montreal an' look an' look ever'where for heem, Alec Devine. An' w'en you come back to San Michel, de bird what hop on de tree, an' de squirrel what ron on de groun', seem like they laugh an' say: "Well, mebbe you fin' your man, Joe Laplante, an' kill heem?" An' even de reever, she's seem to laugh, an' the leaf in the tree she's w'isper, an' mock at you, Joe Laplante! (Starts up). Non, non, you cannot forget, Joe Laplante! You grow ole for sure, but you cannot forget. (Takes crumpled, faded letter from inner pocket). An' every night for mos' twenty year I have read this. An' for w'y, w'en every word is wrote on my heart? Oh, Virginie, Virginie! (Replaces letter). *Mon Dieu*, I 'member lak' it was las' night, to-night! De fire was here de sam', an' the snow was pass by on the window outside, sof' an' w'ite, de firs' snow for sure; an' Virginie—*mon cœur!*—she's move here an' dere, lak' de butterfly, w'ile she's put away de t'ings

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after supper tam, an' singin' lak' de bird w'en she's glad on de morning, an' makin' de room more bright as de fire. An' her ole *grandpère*, he sit here, wit' hees w'ite 'air, lak' me to-night, watchin' de flame. An' Virginie, she's fill hees pip', an' bring it to heem wit' a laugh. An' I sit over dere, makin' clean my gun, an' looking at her until she's say: "W'y you look at me all de tam, Joe? Was somet'ing the matter wit' my face an' my 'air?" An' I say: "*Oui, ma petite*, dere was somet'ing de matter wit' your face an' your 'air. It was the mos' lovely face an' de fines' 'air in the worl'; an' I was t'inking dat nex' mont' Mad'moiselle Valiquette will be Madame Laplante, hooraw!" An' de ole man, hees chuck', and shak' hees head, an' blow on hees pip'. Hees not so deaf sometam, her ole granfadder! An' Virginie, she's laugh, an' ron to de window, an' look hout, an' say: "She's not snow so moche now, Joe. I see one, two star shinin'. Come an' look!" An' I say: "I see two star shine wit'out lookin' out on de window, Virginie." But I lay de gun on de wall, and go an' look, just de sam', wit' my arm aroun' Virginie. An' w'ile we stan' lak' dat an' don't say notting, dere come somebody an' knock on de door, rap! tap! like he was de King himse'f! An' Virginie she's ron on de door an' mak' it ope', and she's say: "*Entrez*, M'sieu!" An' then, *diable!* a man step in, yo'ng, more yo'ng many year as Joe Laplante, wit' bright eye, an' makin' hees teet' w'ite on de grand smile. An' de star don' shine no more for me dat night, needer here nor on de sky outside. I 'member how Virginie she's look at heem w'en hees mak' the bow like de *grand seigneur*, wit' hees cap on hees han' an' hees gun on de odder, an' say: "Pardon, Mad'moiselle, but I am los' on de bush, an' I see your light, an' I mak' so bold to knock on your door to learn de way to the village of San Michel." An' my blood she's leap up quick an' hot, lak' de flame on de fire; an' I put my gun up on de rack quick, for fear somet'ing will 'appen, mebbe. An' Virginie, she's tak' hees cap an' gun, an' pull a chair on de fire, an' tell him to res' w'ile she's get him some supper, for it was two, t'ree mile to de village, she's say. An' I see her face was all flush, an' I wan' to catch her on de eye, but she's not look at me lak' I want her to, *ma belle* Virginie. An' I 'member hees ask to mak' de wash on hees han', so nice an' w'ite, an' brush on hees hair, so black an' fine, before hees sit on de supper what Virginie mak' for him. *Diable!* An' he sit by de fire, an' smile on hees w'ite teet', an' smoke de cigarette out of de case of gol', wit' the air of *le grand seigneur, saprée!* An' hees talk on de beeg city, till Virginie her eye get mos' as beeg; and then he tell about all de game what hees kill on de bush, an' Virginie she's laugh like a child w'en hees tak' the game out on hees bag—one leetle squirrel *rouge* misérable, *Baptême!* An' he hol' it up, so, till her ole *grandpère* hees laugh also, an' Virginie she's t'ink he was choke, an' get the grand scare, an' hit heem on de back. But for me, I don' laugh at all. Oh, *oui*, you were ver' fonny dat night, M'sieu Alec Devine, *mon joli garçon*, w'ile you sit dere an' warm yourse'f on de fire an' Virginie's bright eye. (Snatches locket on cord about his neck from his breast). Yes, I 'member well you look jus' de sam' lak' dat, *diable!* W'y did not *le bon Dieu* tell me for to kill you dat night? Well, mebbe you live, an' mebbe you have die. But w'ether you live or w'ether you die, M'sieu, I will meet you some day, in hell, at las'! (Starts, listening). Some one I hear? (Sharp double knock at door). *Mon Dieu!* Is it the ghos'? Twenty year ago to-night, de sam' tam on de clock, too, that knock is the same. (Knock repeated). *Diable!* (Goes to door, flings it open wide; starts).

DEVINE: Good night, old chap! Can you tell me the right way to San Michel? I've lost my whereabouts in this confounded wilderness, and thank God that I saw your light!

LAPLANTE: *Entrez, entrez*, M'sieu! I thank *le bon Dieu* that you have see it, M'sieu! Mak' yourse'f w'at you call at home on my place! Sit by de fire! The night she's fine, but she's col', M'sieu! (Devine crosses to fireplace). *Mon Dieu!* Do you dream, are you mad, Joe Laplante? *Non, non!* It is he, the same, the voice,

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"Entrez, M'sieur"

the face! He has not change ver' moche after twenty year, but the devil he's always yo'ng! An' for me, I have grow so ole, he knows me not at all. *Bon! Le bon Dieu* is kin' to me at las'. He have give heem into my han' after twenty year.

DEVINE: By Jove! It's deuced cosy in here, after that dismal bush. These old Johnny Canucks seem to know how to take care of themselves.

LAPLANTE: You are col', M'sieu? 'Ave some *w'isky blanc*. Or will you prefer the gin?

DEVINE: The *whisky blanc*, thanks. You'll take some yourself?

LAPLANTE: For sure! He does not 'member me, *non*. I have grow so ole. But to-night I am yo'ng, yo'ng as twenty year! *Salut*, M'sieu! I drink your good healt', an' long life—long life, M'sieu!

DEVINE: And yours, old chap! He seems in deuced good spirits. Solitude must have its charms for him, without spoiling his sociability.

LAPLANTE: Mak' yourse'f comfortab' on my place, M'sieu! I am a poor man, M'sieu, but I will do de bes' of my possibility for to mak' you feel all right. I will get you some supper, an' you will pass de night on my place. It will be for me the grand honour, M'sieu. An' in de morning, if you lak, I will show you the way to the village. But to-night, M'sieu, it is dark as one black cat.

DEVINE: Why, man, the stars were coming out as I came in.

LAPLANTE: *Non, non!* Pardon, M'sieu! It is because you have not eat. You have see de star on de hempty inside. An' beside, it is ten, twelve mile to San Michel, troo de bush——

DEVINE: Twelve miles? Why——

LAPLANTE: Oh, *oui*, M'sieu! For true! But now you wan' to eat——

DEVINE: By Jove! I am hungry, and that's a fact. Hungry as the bear I didn't get, I guess. And—I say! If you don't mind, I'd like to wash up; make the toilet, eh?

LAPLANTE: Oh, *oui*, M'sieu! *Avec plaisir!* A moment. (Lights candle; opens door at side). *Entrez*, M'sieu! (Exit Devine). The sam', for true!

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After twenty year! I thank *le bon Dieu!* An' I have change so moche, he knows me not at all. But wait, wait a leetle, Joe. Go slow, my fren'. After w'ile you will mak' him know. You have not wait for notting for twenty year! (Takes up Devine's gun). *Sapristi!* It is the sam', I 'member it well. Oh, I shall go mad wit' joy! I mus' be *tranquille.* (Looks at locket). Yes, he is de same, pretty near. He has change a leetle, not moche. Not so much *couleur de rose* on hees face, mebbe, an' hees eye not so bright, hees teet' not so w'ite, per'aps, an' some leetle gray on hees 'air, by the hear, but de sam' pretty moche. He has kep' yo'ng, for twenty year. An' me, I have grow old. But to-night I am Joe Laplante, yo'ng again, strong as twenty year! (Enter Devine). *Saprée!* He have wash and feex hees 'air, an' look more as the same. Pardon, a fine gun, M'sieu!

DEVINE: Yes, it's a pretty good old gun. They don't make better nowadays. What do you think of my game? (Takes red squirrel from bag).

LAPLANTE: *Bon!* Excellent! He shoot jus' de sam' as twenty year ago. Sit down, M'sieu De—*diable!* Pardon, M'sieu! It is the rheumateez. I have it ver' bad some tam'. I will get the supper. I keep the *crême* an' the porc an' the butter on the outside in the col' for to keep fresh. *Excusez-moi!* (Exit door back).

DEVINE: *Diable,* and no mistake! I thought he was going to say "Devine." It's devilish strange! I wonder if that *whisky blanc* has gone to my head? This room—the fire—the furniture—the place—even the man himself, in a vague way, seem strangely familiar to me. I've never been in the blessed country before, as far as I can remember, and yet nothing seems really new. Perhaps it's the magic of these Laurentian Mountains, which are said to be the oldest on the face of the earth. (Takes gold cigarette case from pocket, removes cigarette, places case on table). It is as if I had lived here, once upon a time, and known these things. The place grows tantalisingly familiar, as things do in a dream. It can't be the *whisky blanc,* either, because the sensation was the same the other morning, on the way up in the mail coach. The road, the hills themselves, the landmarks, the glimpses of river, seemed to come back to me, mockingly, out of a long-forgotten past, to taunt my memory, elusive as the will o' the wisp. Out of the past! But what? When? And this afternoon, in the sunshine and the twilight of the wood, and to-night again, when I saw the light of that window there, the feeling was the same. (Enter Laplante).

LAPLANTE: A col' night, M'sieu, for sure! (Sets things on table). You mus' be hongry, you mus' be starve! I will be quick as one chipmonk.

DEVINE: You are too kind. What hospitable folk these poor habitants are! Meantime, to stave off starvation, I'll smoke a cigarette. What is it Marion Crawford says, in one of his stories, about the cigarette?

LAPLANTE: Pardon, M'sieu. I don' know w'at Miss Crawford she's say on dat.

DEVINE: "Before breakfast a luxury, after breakfast a necessity." A cigarette, *mon ami?*

LAPLANTE: *Non, merci.* (Examines case). Pardon, M'sieu, but it is so ver' fine.

DEVINE: It is rather swell. It's an heirloom, you know, like the gun.

LAPLANTE: It is the sam', the ver' sam', as twenty year ago, *mon Dieu!* It is ver' fine, M'sieu. I never see one so fine lak' dat before.

DEVINE: No, I dare say not. And you won't try one?

LAPLANTE: *Non, non, merci!* It would mak' me seek. It is not for me the necessaire. I can smoke notting but *le tabac canadien.*

DEVINE: And I'm afraid *le tabac canadien* wouldn't agree with me. So we won't poach on each other's plantation, eh? "Jack Spratt could eat no fat, his wife could eat no lean," you know.

LAPLANTE: I prefer the fat; the fat leaf, M'sieu.

DEVINE: I see. Well, these are fat, too, in their way, in price. They cost ten cents apiece.

LAPLANTE: M'sieu!

DEVINE: And what's your name, may I ask, my good host?

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"An' I see her face was all flush"

LAPLANTE: My—my name, M'sieu? Oh, oh, yes! Philippe, Philippe, M'sieu. Jus' Philippe. Now, M'sieu!

DEVINE: Ready already, Philippe? (Rises, throws cigarette in fireplace).

LAPLANTE: (Securing cigarette from fireplace). M'sieu has de mon' to burn on de fire, for sure!

DEVINE: How's that, Philippe?

LAPLANTE: W'y, you have t'row away seven, height cents, M'sieu! For sure! (Holding up burned cigarette).

DEVINE: Oh, yes, I see! At ten cents apiece, I guess you're right, Philippe. "Waste not, want not," eh? Well, we won't waste any of the good things here! (Sits at table). By Jove, this looks good, Philippe! There's nothing like the bush to give a man an appetite, eh? I always get an appetite when I go hunting, Philippe!

LAPLANTE: *Oui*, M'sieu!

DEVINE: And sometimes, when I'm lucky, a red squirrel, eh, Philippe?

LAPLANTE: Oh, *oui*, M'sieu! Some tam, for sure. That is all correc'.

DEVINE: I'm a red-hot sport from the city, eh, Philippe?

LAPLANTE: Oh, *oui*, M'sieu, for true.

DEVINE: I see you are a mighty hunter, too, Philippe.

LAPLANTE: A leetle, M'sieu; a leetle, some tam'.

DEVINE: I suppose we could have a hunt together to-morrow, Philippe?

LAPLANTE: Oh, *oui*, M'sieu. *Oui*, for sure!

DEVINE: Though I'm afraid I ought to be getting back to town in the morning.

LAPLANTE: Oh, *non*, M'sieu! Pardon! The mail she's not go down from San Michel in the morning.

DEVINE: No? How's that?

LAPLANTE: *Non*, M'sieu. The beeg rain the las' two day have mak' de road ver' bad on the flat, O, ver' bad on the foothill. The driver—dat's old Jean Baptiste Bruneau, you know—she's broke a w'ippletree an' hees harness to-day, when she's come up from *le chemin de fer*, an' hees horse she's lam'.

DEVINE: And I suppose we should get a deer for our trouble, eh, Philippe?

LAPLANTE: Oh, *oui*, M'sieu! I will get some good dog, an' we will go hout on the ronway by the lak', an' you will kill a buck, for sure!

DEVINE: By the lake, eh? Well, I'll stay, Philippe.

LAPLANTE: *Bon*, M'sieu!

DEVINE: Down at the railway station

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the other morning, Philippe, they told me the name of a man who is said to be the best hunter and trapper and guide in all Pontiac. Joseph Laplante was the name. I'd like to meet him.

LAPLANTE: *Bon!* You shall meet him, M'sieu!

DEVINE: Ah! You know him, Philippe?

LAPLANTE: Oh, *oui*, I know him, I know him ver' well, M'sieu.

DEVINE: His name's familiar to me, in a way, though I don't know why it should be.

LAPLANTE: *Non?*

DEVINE: No. Is he really very good?

LAPLANTE: Good, M'sieu?

DEVINE: Yes, good! Good to hunt.

LAPLANTE: Oh, to hunt! *Oui, oui!* I onnerstan'.

DEVINE: I'm glad you do. What's the matter with the old chap? His wits seem to be half asleep. Perhaps it's past his bed time.

LAPLANTE: Pardon, M'sieu. Well, I don' know. Joe Laplante, hees hunt for twenty year, an' he don' get notting moche; not yet—not yet, M'sieu.

DEVINE: Twenty years? What does he hunt? The philosopher's stone? Perpetual motion? The elixir of life, or what?

LAPLANTE: The fox, M'sieu!

DEVINE: The fox?

LAPLANTE: *Oui*, M'sieu. The black fox.

DEVINE: The black fox? Is the old fellow speaking a parable? Or is he a little off his head? If so, we must humour him. And Joe Laplante hasn't trapped the black fox yet, Philippe?

LAPLANTE: Oh, yes, M'sieu! (Goes swiftly to door, bolts it.) He has trap de black fox at las'! (Takes up Devine's gun.)

DEVINE: (Starting up.) What does the man mean? Is he drunk or mad? Put that gun down, you fool! It's loaded!

LAPLANTE: Stand back, stand back, *M'sieu le Fox!*

DEVINE: Good God! I left a cartridge in each barrel. And the fellow's a madman!

LAPLANTE: So! Hees ver' hard to find on de bush, but I have trap de black fox for true at las', M'sieu Devine!

DEVINE: In heaven's name, how does he know mine?

LAPLANTE: Oh, *oui*, I have not forgot, M'sieu, since twenty year!

DEVINE: Since twenty years? He's clean crazy; I must humour him. Look here, Philippe, old chap, why, of course, I——

LAPLANTE: Philippe? An' so I grow so ole an' w'ite, in twenty year, M'sieu Devine, that you have forgot Joe Laplante!

DEVINE: Is the man really mad, or am I? Look here, Philippe, Joe, Joe Laplante,—whatever your name may be—for God's sake put down that gun!

LAPLANTE: And so you have forgot poor Joe Laplante for tru', M'sieu. *Mon Dieu!* You do not 'member well. Your mem'ry is ver' bad, M'sieu Devine. Well, twenty year is long tam' to 'member well some leetle t'ings for *le grand seigneur* from the beeg city lak' you, per'aps. So! I will mak' your mem'ry fresh again, M'sieu. I will tell to you a story——

DEVINE: There's some hellish mistake! Put away that gun, like a good fellow, and sit down here and let's talk it all over—tell me the story——

LAPLANTE: I will tell to you the story, M'sieu Devine, for true, an' w'en I 'ave done I will shoot you like a fox!

DEVINE: My God, is he doing this for lust of gold? Look here, Philippe—Joe—here's my purse——

LAPLANTE: A black fox, M'sieu, for true, but I not kill him for de skin. I care notting for de skin, M'sieu.

DEVINE: This skin—look here, Joe—is worth three hundred dollars. See!

LAPLANTE: *Sacré!* You mock at me wit' your mon', you? Put it back, put it back, M'sieu Alec Devine!

DEVINE: My God!

LAPLANTE: Sit down, sit down, there! Now, wait. Twenty year ago to-night you come to this cabin——

DEVINE: Twenty years ago? Man, you're clean daft! I won't be twenty years old until next year. Twenty years ago I wasn't born.

LAPLANTE: *Non?* Then you might

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wish you was born never, for you will never be twenty year ole, M'sieu. Twenty year ago you come here, same as to-night, rap! tap! An' per'aps your eye was more bright, your face was not so t'in, you have some more *couleur de rose* on your face, mebbe, you was more beeg on the shoulder, per'aps, you have no gray 'air on the head, an' mebbe your teet' was more w'ite—

DEVINE: Life in New York, in the big city, Joe, makes a man old sometimes at twenty years, you know.

LAPLANTE: An' some tam' it mak' heem ver' yo'ng, M'sieu. *Diable!* Will you mak' the beeg lie to me, you? *Sacré!* I am Joe Laplante the fool no more! You come that night, an' see my Virginie. My Virginie! But that is notting to you, *le grand M'sieu* from the beeg worl' houtside. An' you stay here, one, two, t'ree day, w'en the Indian summer tam' she's come affer de firs' snow that com' wit' you that night so sof' an' w'ite also. An' you smile an' laugh an' walk wit' Virginie on de bush, an' in the evening you eat an' smoke an' mak' de joke wit' her old *grandpère*, an' in the morning you jomp an' swim on de lak'——

DEVINE: My God! I shall go mad! That lake! I remember the strange way the sight of it affected me to-day!

LAPLANTE: Sit down! An' then, one, two, t'ree more day go pas', an' one day you are not here, an' Virginie she is not here, an' then, *Mon Dieu*, come—this! (Wrenches letter from breast and throws it at Devine's feet.) Read, read, what you have forgot in twenty year!

DEVINE (picking up and staring at letter): "Montreal, November seventeenth. Dear Joe: When you get this, Virginie and I will be far away. Do not try to find us. It will be of no use. She loves me, Joe, and I will make her happy. You must not blame her. The fault is mine. Forgive, and try to forget. Yours, Alec Devine." What terrible thing is this? My God, the handwriting is mine! And yet the thing is old! Man, if you are not mad, do you believe that I wrote this? Before God, I never saw it before! I swear it!

LAPLANTE: Pst! You mak' me mad! An' now, M'sieu, I will tell you somet'ing you do not know——

DEVINE: Something I do not know!

LAPLANTE: W'en I get that, I say notting to the ole granfadder, but I tak' him to stay at Black Lake wit' my pip' dere, w'ere I pray *le bon Dieu* he will not know, not yet. An' then I drive back fas' as I can to go on Montreal, an' I kill my mare dat day I drive so fas'. An' w'en I come on Montreal, I go ever'-where, day an' night, day an' night, an' haskin' de question of ever' one. Till bye an' bye my money she's all gone, an' my heart was wil' an' seek, an' I see it was no use, an' I walk back on de road one hundred and feefty mile. An' w'en I pass by on the village, some pip' they don' spick notting, an' look at me ver' strange. But one yo'ng girl w'en I hask for w'y, she's tell me the old granfadder was come back that morning, because he's fret an' fret on Black Lake. An' I hask her quick if she's tell the ole man w'y I go on Montreal, an' she's say she tell him notting, but mebbe some of de odder pip' they say something. An' I go on, fas', though I feel ver' seek an' weak, an' my knee she's shak', for I heat notting for two day but some bread, an' w'en I come on my cabin, I ron, an' push ope de door. An' at firs' I don' see notting, for it was come near dark, an' my head was feel ver' strange, but presently I see the old granfadder sittin' alone wit' his chin on hees breas', an' the room was col' and the fire was gone out. An' I spick to him, an' say: "*Grandpère!*" lak' I alway call him, lak' dat; but he don't say notting, an' when I touch heem he don' move at all, an' w'en I look—he was dead.

DEVINE: So help me God, Joe—

LAPLANTE: Back! An' so all winter I trap an' hunt, an' w'en the spring she's come I go on Montreal an' sell de skin, an' tak' the mon', an' look an' look an' hask, till my mon' she's all gone same as before, an' the nex' spring also. An' one ver' cold night in the winter tam, w'en one, two year have pass, I go on my door to look hout on de wedder, w'en de snow was deep on the bush an' the hice was beeg on the reever, an' there

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was some one lie on the snow on my door, an' I tak' her up and carry her in, all t'in an' w'ite, an' it was my Virginie.

DEVINE: Joe——

LAPLANTE: Stand back—you! *Diable!* Come one foot, and I will kill you now! An' all night she say notting, though I hask an' hask an' call her name, an' pray to *le bon Dieu*, an' all nex' day the same also. An' w'en the las' sun she's gone from the room on the window, and it grow dark on de bush, she die here on my arm. An' so at las', w'en the spring she's come an' the bird sing glad an' the grass is green on de water side, I bury her, by her ole *grandpère*, my Virginie!

DEVINE: Joe—Joe Laplante——

LAPLANTE: Look on dat window there, on the odder side of the road, on the bush, not so far, an' you can see two cross on two grave where the w'ite snow she's fall like to-night also for almos' twenty year.

DEVINE: Joe—old chap——

LAPLANTE: But that night, w'en she's come back to me at las', to her Joe Laplante what love her for true all de tam, I find somet'ing around her neck also what she has wear in her breas', close to her heart—*mon cœur!* (Wrenches locket from his breast.) Look, M'sieu! An' may *le bon Dieu* strike you dead before I have tam to kill if you will lie to me some more! (Throws locket at Devine.)

DEVINE: (Picks up and opens locket.) God! It grows clearer now! Clear? It is black as night. This girl he raves about must have been—my mother! And this—this man, who is myself in every feature, was—my father! He must have cast her off after I was born, but kept me from her. This, then, at last, is the secret they kept from me, the secret of my birth, my mother's shame, the thing they could not tell! *Her* shame! Betrayed, deserted, cast aside —what matters? I seem to see it all, to feel the truth to-night! By God! Were he alive now, almost I could make common cause against him with this man!

LAPLANTE: Well, M'sieu?

DEVINE: The sin of the father is indeed visited upon the head of the son. Inexorable Fate, after twenty years, has brought me here to-night into this man's hands. Fit retribution at the last!

LAPLANTE: Come, come, M'sieu! You have the lie prepare again?

DEVINE: I have—no lie.

LAPLANTE: Ah, you have pray, then, to *le bon Dieu*. You have mak' yourself prepare?

DEVINE: I am ready, Joseph Laplante. And may *le bon Dieu* give you good aim. Shoot, and be quick!

LAPLANTE: So—at las'! You are brav', M'sieu!

DEVINE: Be quick, I say! I am the man! Why do you stand there, like a fool? Are you afraid?

LAPLANTE: Afraid? I?

DEVINE: Here, I will help you. I will give you a mark. Here is an heirloom I did not show you twenty years ago. (Throws open shirt at throat. A birth mark in form of a cross is seen.)

LAPLANTE: A mark? (Starts forward; stares.)

DEVINE: Come, come, man! Is it not red enough to see? Or are all things red before your eyes to-night?

LAPLANTE: By *le bon Dieu!* I am not blind! It is a birt' mark, the mark of the mother. And it is the cross, the cross of *le bon Dieu*! It was not there twenty year ago, for I 'member well when you swim on the lak'——

DEVINE: It was there, it was there!

LAPLANTE: You lie. I 'member well. Your t'roat an' breas' was w'ite and clear. There was no mark. W'y do you lie! To mock at me? Oh, I am mad! You have lie to me only at the las'. *Mon Dieu!* W'y do you rob me at the las' of my revenge? Man, *garçon*, who are you, then, if you are not him? (Goes swiftly back, and draws bolt.) Here, tak' you t'ings (bag and cap), tak' your gun from me, an' go—go! Go, go, before I am mad for true! (Exit Devine). It is the han' of *le bon Dieu* to keep me from hell! *Mon Dieu!* I could not kill heem—heem! I see, I see! I have been fool, fool! But I am blind no more. It is Virginie, her son, her son! (Falls in chair by table with arms on table and head on arms. Curtain.)

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Rawley's Last Gamble

By SIR GILBERT PARKER

WHAT can I do, Dan? I am broke too. My last dollar went to pay my last debt to-day. I have nothing but what I stand in. I have prospects, but I can't discount prospects at the banks." The speaker laughed bitterly. "I have sown, and I am reaping, the same as you, Dan."

The other made a nervous motion of protest. "No, not the same as me, Flood—not the same. It's sink or swim with me, and if you can't help me—Oh, I'd take my gruel without whining, if it wasn't for Di! It's that knocks me over. It's the shame to her—and to you, Flood! Oh, what an ass and fool—and thief I've been!"

"Thief! Thief!"

Flood Rawley dropped the flaming match with which he was about to light a cheroot, and stood staring, his dark blue eyes widening, his worn, handsome face becoming drawn, as swift conviction mastered him. He felt that the black words that had fallen from his friend's lips—from the lips of Diana Welldon's brother—were the truth. He looked at the plump face, the full, amiable eyes, now misty with fright at the characterless hand nervously feeling the golden moustache, at the well-fed, inert body, and he knew that, whatever the trouble or the peril, Dan Welldon could not surmount it alone.

"What is it?" Rawley asked rather sharply, but not excitedly—he wanted no scenes; and if this thing could hurt Di Welldon, and action was necessary, he must remain cool; for what she was to him, heaven and he only knew; what she had done for him, perhaps neither understood as yet. "What have you done? Quick!" he added, and his words were like a sharp grip upon Dan Welldon's shoulder. "Racing—cards?"

Dan Welldon nodded. "Yes, over at Saskatoon—five hundred on Jibway, the favourite (he fell at the last fence); five hundred at poker with Nick Foljambe; and a thousand in land speculation at Edmonton on margin. Everything went wrong."

"And so you put your hand in the Canadian Pacific's money chest!"

"It seemed such a dead certainty—Jibway, and the Edmonton corner blocks too. I'd had luck with Nick Foljambe and Kennarty before; but—well, there it is, Flood."

"They know—the C.P.R. people—Van Horne knows?"

"Yes, Van Horne knows. He's at Calgary now. They telegraphed him, and he wired to give me till midnight to pay up or go to jail. They're watching me now. I can't stir. There's no escape, and there's no one I can ask for help but you. That's why I've come, Flood."

"What a fool! Couldn't you see what the end would be, if your plunging didn't come off? You—you oughtn't to bet, or speculate, or play cards. You are not clever enough. You've got blind rashness, and so you think you are bold. And Di—Oh, you beast and swine—two thousand dollars! And on a salary of a thousand dollars a year!"

"I suppose Di would help me; but I couldn't explain." The weak face puckered, a lifeless kind of tear gathered in the oxlike eyes.

"Yes, she probably would help you—she'd probably give you all she is saving to go to Europe with and study, saved

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from her pictures sold at twenty per cent. of their value; and she would mortgage the little income she has to keep her brother out of jail. Of course, she would, and of course you ought not to be damned to the deepest hell for thinking of it!" Rawley lighted his cigar and smoked fiercely.

"It would be better for her than my going to jail," stubbornly replied the other. "But I don't want to tell her, or to ask her for money. That's why I've come to you. You needn't be so hard, Flood; you've not been a saint—and Di knows it."

Rawley took the cheroot from his mouth, threw back his head, and laughed mirthlessly, ironically. Then suddenly he stopped and looked around the room till his eyes rested on a portrait drawing which hung on the wall opposite the window, through which the sun poured. It was the face of a girl with beautiful bronzed hair, and full, fine, beautifully modelled face, with brown eyes, deep and brooding, which seemed to have time and space behind, not before them. The lips were delicate and full, and had the look which suggests a smile that the inward thought has stayed. It was like one of the Titian women—like a Titian that hangs on the wall of the gallery at Munich. The head and neck, the whole personality, had an air of distinction and destiny. The drawing had been done by a wandering Duchess who had seen the girl sketching in the foothills, when on a visit to that wild West that has such power to refine and inspire those minds that are not superior to nature. A replica of the picture was carried to a castle in Scotland. This one had been the gift of Diana Welldon on a certain day not long ago, when Flood Rawley had made her a pledge, which so far he had kept; which was as vital to him and his future as two thousand dollars were vital to Dan Welldon now.

"You've not been a saint, and Di knows it," repeated the weak brother of a girl whose fame belonged to the West, whose name was a signal for cheerful looks, whose buoyant humour and impartial friendliness gained her innumerable friends, and whose talent, understood by few, gave her a certain protection, lifting her a little way from the life around her, outwardly crude and provincial, in a sense without relation to the provincialism of which Europeans speak.

When Rawley spoke it was with quiet deliberation, and even gentleness. "I haven't been a saint, and she knows it, as you say, Dan; but the law is on my side as yet, and it isn't on yours, as you say. There's the difference."

You used to gamble yourself; you were pretty tough, and you oughtn't to walk up my back with hob-nailed boots."

"Yes, I gambled, Dan, and I drank, and I raised a dust out here. My record was writ pretty big. But I didn't lay my hands on the ark of the social covenant, whose inscription is, 'Thou shalt not steal!' and that's why I'm poor but proud, and no one is watching for me round the corner, same as you."

Welldon's half-defiant petulance disappeared. "What's done can't be undone." Then with a sudden burst of anguish, "For God's sake, Flood, get me out of this somehow!"

"How? I have no money. By speaking to your sister?"

The other was silent.

"Shall I do it?" Rawley peered anxiously into Welldon's face, and he knew that there was no security against the shameful trouble being laid bare to her.

"I want a chance to start straight again." The voice was fluttered, almost whining; it carried no conviction, but the words had in them a reminder of words that Rawley himself had said to Diana Welldon only a few months ago; and a new spirit stirred in him. He stepped forward and, gripping Welldon's shoulder with a hand of steel, said fiercely:

"No, Dan. I'd rather take you to her in your coffin. She has never known you, never seen what most of us have seen, that all you have, or nearly all, is your lovely looks and what they call a kind heart. There are only you two in your family, and she has to live with you, awhile anyhow. She couldn't stand this business. She mustn't stand it. She has had enough to put up with in me; but at the worst she could pass me by on the other side, and there would be an end. It would have been said that Flood Rawley

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had got his deserts. It's different with you." His voice changed, softened. "Dan, I made a pledge to her that I'd never play cards again for money while I lived, and it wasn't a thing to take on without some cogitation. But I cogitated and took it on and started life over again. Began practising law again—barrister, solicitor, notary public, at forty. And at last I've got my chance in a big case against the Canadian Pacific; it will make me or break me, Dan. There, I wanted you to see where I stand with Di, and now I want you to promise me that you will not leave these rooms till I see you again. And I'll get you clear. "I'll save you, Dan."

"Flood! Flood!" The voice was broken.

"You've got to stay here, and you are to remember not to get in a funk, even if I don't come before midnight. I'll be here, then, if I'm alive. If you don't keep your word—but there, you will." Both hands gripped the graceful shoulders of the miscreant like a vice.

"So help me God, Flood!" was the frightened, whispered reply. "I'll make it up to you somehow, some day, Flood! I'll pay you back!"

Rawley caught up his cap from the table. "Steady, steady! Don't go at a fence till you are sure of your seat, Dan," he said. Then, with a long look at the portrait on the wall and an exclamation that the other did not hear, he left the room with a set, determined face, and with a light gone from it that had been there when Dan Welldon first entered his room.

"Who told you? What brought you, Flood?" the girl asked, her chin in her long white hands, her head turned from the easel to him, a book in her lap, the sun breaking through the leaves upon her hat, touching the Titian hair with splendour.

"Fate brought me and didn't tell me," he answered, with a whimsical quirk of the mouth and his trouble lurking behind the sea-deep eyes.

"Wouldn't you have come if you knew I was here?" she urged archly.

"Not for two thousand dollars," he answered, the look of trouble deepening in his eyes; but his lips smiling—he had a quaint sense of humour, and at his last gasp would have noted the ridiculous. And surely it was a droll malignity of Fate to bring him here to her, whom, in this moment of all moments in his life, he wished far away. Fate meant to try him to the uttermost. This hurdle of trial was high indeed.

"Two thousand dollars, nothing less?" she inquired gaily. "You are too specific for a real lover."

"Fate fixed the amount," he added dryly.

"Fate—you talk so much of Fate!" she replied gravely, and her eyes looked into the distance. "You make me think of it, too, and I don't want to do so. I don't want to feel helpless, to be the child of accident and destiny."

"Oh, you get the same thing in the 'foreordination' that old Minister McGregor preaches every Sunday. 'Be elect, or be damned,' he says to us all. Names aren't important; but anyhow it was Fate that led me here."

"Are you sure it wasn't?" she asked softly. "Are you sure I wasn't calling you, and you had to come?"

"Well, it was *en route* anyhow," he answered, "and you are always calling, if I must tell you," he laughed. Suddenly he became grave. "I hear you call me in the night sometimes, and I start up and say, 'Yes, Di,' out of my sleep. It's a queer hallucination. I've got you on the brain, certainly."

"It seems to vex you," she said, opening the book that lay on her lap, "and your eyes trouble me to-day. They've got a look that used to be in them, Flood, before—before you promised, and another look I don't understand and don't like. I suppose it's always so. The real business of life is trying to understand each other."

"You have wonderful thoughts for one that's had so little chance," he said. "That is because you are a genius, I suppose. Teaching can't give that sort of thing—the insight."

"What is the matter, Flood?" she asked suddenly again, her breast heaving, her delicate, rounded fingers interlacing. "I heard a man say once that you were 'as deep as the sea.' He did not mean it kindly, but I do. You are in trouble, and

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I want to share it, if I can. Where were you going when you came across me here?"

"To see old Busby, the quack doctor up there," he answered, nodding toward a shrubbed and wooded hillock behind them.

"Old Busby!" she rejoined in amazement. "What do you want with him? Not medicine of that old quack, that dreadful man?"

"He cures people sometimes. A good many out here owe him more than they will ever pay him."

"Is he as rich an old miser as they say?"

"He doesn't look rich, does he?" was the enigmatic answer.

"Does anyone know his real history? He didn't come from nowhere. He must once have had friends. Some one must once have cared for him—he seems such a monster now."

"Yet he cures people sometimes," he rejoined abstractedly. "And probably there is some good underneath. I'm going to try and see."

"What is it? What is your business with him? Won't you tell me? Is it so secret?"

"I want him to help me in a case I have in hand. A client of mine is in trouble—you mustn't ask about it—and he can help, I think—I think so." He got to his feet. "I must be going, Di," he added. Suddenly a flush swept over his face, and he reached out and took both her hands. "Oh, you are a million times too good for me!" he said. "But if all goes well, I'll do my best to make you forget it."

"Wait, wait one moment," she answered. "Before you go I want you to hear what I have been reading over and over to myself just now. It is from a book I got from Quebec called 'When Time shall Pass.' It is a story of two like you and me. The man is writing to the woman, and it has things that you have said to me in a different way."

"No, I don't talk like a book; but I know a star in a dark night when I see it," he answered, with a catch in his throat.

"Hush, beloved!" she said, catching his hand in hers, as she read, while all around them the sounds of summer, the distant clack of a reaper, the crack of a whip, the locusts droning, the whirr of a young partridge, the squeak of a chipmunk, toned to the harmony of the moment and her voice:

Night and the sombre silence, oh my love! and one star shining. First, warm, velvety sleep, and then this quick, quiet waking to your voice which seems to call me! Is it—is it you that calls? Do you sometimes, even in your dreams, speak to me? Far beneath unconsciousness is there the summons of your spirit to me. I like to think so. I like to think that this thing which has come to us is deeper, greater than we are. Sometimes day and night there flash before my eyes, my mind's eyes, pictures of you and me in places unfamiliar—landscapes never before seen, activities uncomprehended and unknown, bright, alluring glimpses of some second being—some possible, maybe never to be realized, future, alas! Yet these swift moving shutters of the soul, or imagination, or reality—who shall say which?—give me a joy never before felt in life. If I am not a better man for this love of mine for you, I am more than I was, and shall be more than I am. Much of my life in the past was mean and small—so much that I have said and done and been unworthy, my love for you is too sharp a light for my gross imperfections of the past. Come what will, be what must, I stake my life, my heart, my soul, on you, that beautiful, beloved face, those deep eyes in which my being is drowned, those lucid, perfect hands that have bound me to the mast of your destiny! I cannot go back; I must go forward—now I must keep on loving you or be shipwreck. I did not know that this was in me, this tide of love, this current of devotion. Destiny plays me beyond my ken, beyond my dreams.

"*O Cithæron*," turn from me now, or never, O my love! Loose me from the mast, and let the storm and wave wash me out into the sea of your forgetfulness, now, or never. But keep me, keep me, if your love is great enough, if I bring you any light or joy; for I am yours to my uttermost note of life!

"He knew, he knew!" Rawley said, catching her wrists in his hands and drawing her to him. "If I could write, that's what I should have said to you, beautiful and beloved. How mean and small and ugly my life was till you made me over! I was a bad lot."

"So much hung on one little promise," she said, and drew closer to him. "You were never bad," she added, then with an arm sweeping the universe, "Oh! isn't it all good and isn't it all worth living?" she added, her face shining.

His face lost its glow. Over in the town her brother faced a ruined life, and a dark

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humiliation and a shame which would poison her life hereafter threatened the girl beside him, unless—his look turned to the little house where the quack doctor lived. He loosed her hands. "Now for Caliban," he said.

"I shall be Ariel and follow you in my heart," she said. "And be sure and make him tell you the story of his life," she added with a laugh, as his lips swept the hair behind her ears.

As he moved swiftly away, watching his long strides, she said proudly, "As deep as the sea!" After a moment she added, "And he was once a gambler, until—until —" she glanced at the open book, then with sweet mockery looked at her hands —"until 'those lucid, perfect hands bound me to the mast of your destiny.' Oh, vain Diana! But they are rather beautiful," she added, "and I am rather happy." There was something like a gay little chuckle in her throat. "Oh, vain Diana!" she repeated.

Rawley entered the door of the hut on the hill without ceremony. There was no need for courtesy, and the work he had come to do could be easier done without it.

Old Busby was crouched over a table, his mouth lapping milk from a full bowl on the table. He scarcely raised his head when Rawley entered—through the open door he had seen his visitor coming. He sipped on, his straggling beard dripping. There was silence for a time. "What do you want?" the quack doctor growled at last.

"Finish your swill, and then we can talk," said Rawley carelessly. He took a chair near the door, lighted a cheroot, and smoked, watching the old man as he tipped the great bowl toward his face, as though it was some wild animal feeding. The clothes were patched and worn, the coat front was spattered with stains of all kinds, the hair and beard were unkempt and long, giving him what would have been the look of a mangy lion but that the face had the expression of some beast less honourable. The eyes, however, were malignantly intelligent, the hands, ill cared for, were long, well shaped, and capable, but a hateful yellow colour like the face. And through all was a sense of power, dark and almost mediæval. Secret, evilly wise, and unhuman, he looked a being apart, whom men might seek for help in dark purposes.

"What do you want—medicine?" he muttered at last, wiping his beard and mouth with the palm of his hand, and the palm on his knees.

Rawley looked at the ominous-looking bottles on the shelves above the old man's head, at the forceps, knives, and other surgical instruments on the walls—they at least were bright and clean, almost uncannily so—and taking the cheroot slowly from his mouth he said: "Shinplasters are what I want. A friend of mine has had his leg caught in a trap."

The old man gave an evil chuckle at the joke, for a shinplaster was a bill worth a quarter of a dollar.

"I've got some," he growled in reply; "but they cost twenty-five cents each. You can have them for your friend at the price."

"I want eight thousand of them from you. He's hurt pretty bad," was the dogged, dry answer.

The shaggy eyebrows of the quack drew together, and the eyes peered out sharply through half-closed lids. "There's plenty of wanting and not much getting in this world," he rejoined with a leer of contempt, and spat on the floor, while yet the furtive watchfulness of the eyes indicated a mind ill at ease.

Smoke came in placid puffs from the cheroot. Rawley was smoking very hard, but with a judicial meditation, as it seemed.

"Yes, but if you want a thing so bad that, to get it, you'll face the devil or the Beast of Revelation—the Beast of Revelation, you understand!—it's likely to come to you."

"You call me a beast!" the reddish brown face grew black like that of a Bedouin Arab in his rage.

"I said the Beast of Revelation. Don't you know the Scriptures?"

"I know that a fool is to be answered according to his folly!" was the hoarse reply, and the great head wagged to and fro in its smarting rage.

"Well, I'm doing my best, and perhaps

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when the folly is all out we'll come to the revelation of the beast."

There was a silence in which the gross impostor shifted heavily in his seat, while a hand twitched across the mouth and then caught at the breast of the threadbare black coat abstractedly.

Rawley leaned forward, one elbow on a knee, the cheroot in his fingers. He spoke almost confidentially, as to some ignorant and misguided savage, as he had talked to Indian chiefs in his time when searching for the truth regarding some crime.

"I've had a lot of revelations in my time. A lawyer or a doctor always does, and though there are folks who say I am no lawyer, as there are those who say with greater truth that you are no doctor, speaking technically we both have had 'revelations.' You have seen a lot that's seamy, and so have I. And you are pretty seamy yourself. In fact, you're as bad a man as ever saved lives, and lost them—threw them away, as it were. You have had a long tether, and have swung on it, swung wide. But you have had a lot of luck that you haven't swung high, too." He paused, and flicked away the ash from his cheroot, while the figure before him swayed animal-like from side to side, muttering to himself.

"You have brains—a lot of brains of a kind, however you came by them," Rawley continued. "And you have kept a lot of people in the West from passing in their checks before their time. You have rooked 'em, chiselled 'em, out of a lot of cash too. There was old Lamson, fifteen hundred for the goitre on his neck; and Mrs. Gilligan for the cancer—two thousand, wasn't it? Tincture of Lebanon leaves you called the medicine, didn't you? You must have made fifty thousand or so in the last ten years."

"What I've made I'll keep," was the guttural answer, and the talon-like fingers clawed the table.

"You have made people pay high for curing them, saving them sometimes; but you haven't paid me high for saving you in the courts, and there is one case you haven't paid me for at all. That was when the patient died, and you didn't."

The face of the old man became mottled with a sudden fear, but he jerked it forward once or twice with an effort at self-control. Presently he steadied to the ordeal of suspense, while he kept saying to himself, "What does he know—what, which?"

"Malpractice resulting in death, that was poor Jimmy Tearle; and something else resulting in death, that was the switchman's wife. And the law is hard in the West where a woman is in the case, and the law is quick and hard. Yes, you have swung wide on your tether. Look out that you don't swing high, old man."

"You can prove nothing—it's bluff!" came the reply in a tone of malice and fear.

"You forget. I was your lawyer in Jimmy Tearle's case, and a letter has been found written by the switchman's wife to her husband. It reached me the night he was killed by the avalanche. It was handed over to me by the post-office as the lawyer acting for the relatives. I read it. I have got it. It gives you away."

"I wasn't alone." Fear had now disappeared, and the old man was fighting.

"No, you weren't alone; and if the switchman and the switchman's wife weren't dead and out of it all, and if the other man that didn't matter any more than you, wasn't alive, and hadn't a child that does matter, I shouldn't be asking you peaceably for two thousand dollars as my fee for getting you off two cases that might have sent you to prison for twenty years, or maybe hung you to the nearest tree."

The heavy body pulled itself together, the hands clinched. "Blackmail! You think I'll stand it?"

"Yes, I think you will. I want two thousand dollars to help a friend in a hole, and I mean to have it, if you think your neck is worth it."

Teeth wonderfully white showed through the shaggy beard. "If I had to go to prison or swing, as you say, do you think I'd go with my mouth shut?" A hateful, grisly leer made his face that of a devil. "I'd not pay up alone. The West would crack. I know enough to make it sick. Go on and see. I've got the West in my hand." He opened and shut his hand

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with a grimace of cruelty that shook Rawley in spite of himself.

Rawley had trusted to the inspiration of the moment. He had had no clearly defined plan; he had believed that he could frighten the old man and by force of will bend him to his purposes. It had all been more difficult than he had expected. He kept cool, imperturbable, and determined, however. He knew that what the old quack said was true. The West might shake with scandal concerning a few who, no doubt, in remorse and secret fear, had more than paid the penalty of their offences. But he thought of Di Welldon and of her criminal brother, and every nerve, every faculty was screwed to its utmost limit of endurance and capacity.

Suddenly the old man gave a new turn to the event. He got up, and rummaging in an old chest drew out a dice box. Rattling the dice, he threw them out on the table before him, a strange, excited look crossing his face.

"Play for it!" he said, in a harsh, croaking voice. "Play for the two thousand! Win it if you can! You want it bad. I want to keep it bad. It's nice to have; it makes a man feel it warm, money does. I'd sleep in ten-dollar bills, I'd have my clothes made of them, if I could. I'd have my house papered with them; I'd eat them. Oh, I know, by all the fires of hell! I know about you, and her, Diana Welldon. You've sworn off gambling, and you've kept your pledge for nearly a year. Well, it's twenty years since I gambled—twenty years. I gambled with these then." He shook the dice in the box. "I gambled everything I had away, more than two thousand dollars—more than two thousand dollars!" He laughed a raw, mirthless laugh. "Well, you're the greatest gambler in the West. So was I, in the East. It pulverised me at last, when I'd nothing left, and drink, drink, drink! I gave up both one night and came out West. I started doctoring here. I've got money—money—plenty of money—medicines, mines—land got it for me. I've been lucky. Now you—you come to bluff me—me! You don't know old Busby—I'm not to be bluffed. I know too much. Before they could lynch me, I'd talk. But to play you, the greatest gambler in the West, for two thousand dollars—yes, I'd like the sting of it again—twos, fours, double sixes, the gentleman's game." He rattled the dice and threw them with a flourish out on the table, his evil face lighting up as by a flame of fire. "Come, you can't have something for nothing," he growled.

As he spoke a change came over Rawley's face. It lost its cool imperturbability; it grew paler, the veins on the fine forehead stood out, a new, flaring light came into the eyes. The old gambler's spirit was alive. But even as it rose, sweeping him into that area of fiery abstraction where every nerve is strung to a fine tension and the surrounding world disappears, he saw the face of Diana Welldon, he remembered her words to him not an hour before, and the issue of the conflict, other considerations apart, was without doubt. But there was her brother and his certain fate, if the two thousand dollars was not paid in by midnight. He was desperate. It was in reality for Diana's sake. He approached the table, and his old calm returned.

"I have no money to play with," he said quietly. With a gasp of satisfaction the old man fumbled in the inside coat and drew out layers of hundred dollar bills. It was lined with them. He passed a pile over to Rawley, two thousand dollars. He placed a similar pile before himself.

As Rawley laid his hand on the bills, the thought rushed through his mind, "You have it, keep it!" but he put it away from him. With a gentleman, he might have done it, with this low creature before him it was impossible. He must take his chances, and it was the only chance in which he had hope now, unless he appealed to this quack for humanity's sake, for the girl's sake, and told the truth, and it might avail. Well, that would be the last resort.

"For small stakes," said the grimy quack in a gloating voice.

Rawley nodded, and then added, "We stop at eleven, unless I've lost or won all before that."

"And stake what's left on the last throw?

"Yes."

There was silence for a moment, in which Rawley seemed to grow older, and

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a set look came to his mouth—a broken pledge, no matter what the cause, brings heavy penalties to the honest mind. He shut his eyes for an instant, and when he opened them he saw that his fellow gambler was watching him with his eyes half closed and an enigmatical and furtive smile. Did this Caliban have some understanding of what was at stake in his heart and soul?

"Play!" Rawley said sharply, and was himself again.

For hour after hour there was scarcely a sound save the rattle of the dice, and an occasional exclamation from the old man as he threw a double six. As dusk fell, the door had been shut and a lighted lantern was hung over their heads.

Fortune had fluctuated. Once the old man's pile had diminished to two notes, then the luck had changed and his pile grew larger, then fell again; but as the hands on the clock on the wall above the blue medicine bottles reached a quarter to eleven it increased steadily throw after throw.

Now the player's fever was in Rawley's eyes. His face was deadly pale, but his hand threw steadily, calmly, almost negligently, as it might seem. All at once at eight minutes to eleven the luck turned in his favour, and his pile mounted again. Time after time he threw double sixes. It was almost uncanny. He seemed to see the dice in the box, and his hand threw them out with the precision of a machine. Long afterwards he had this vivid illusion that he could see the dice in the box. As the clock was about to strike eleven he had before him three thousand eight hundred dollars. It was his throw.

"Two hundred," he said in a whisper, and threw. He won.

With a gasp of relief he got upon his feet, the money in his hand. He stepped backward from the table, then staggered, and a faintness passed over him. He had sat so long without moving that his legs swayed under him. There was a pail of water with a dipper in it on the bench. He caught the dipper full of water, drank it empty, and let it fall in the pail again with a clatter.

"Dan," he said abstractedly—"Dan, you're all safe now!"

Then he seemed to wake as from a dream and looked at the old man at the table. He was leaning on it with both hands and staring at Rawley like some animal jaded and worn from pursuit. Rawley walked back to the table and laid down two thousand dollars.

"I wanted only two thousand," he said, and put the other two in his pocket.

The evil eyes gloated, the long fingers clutched the pile and swept it into a great inside pocket. Then the shaggy head went forward. "You said it was for Dan," he said—"Dan Welldon?"

Rawley hesitated. "What is that to you?" he said at last.

With a sudden impulse the old impostor lurched round, opened a box, drew out a roll and threw it on the table. "It's got to be known sometime," he said, "and you'll be my lawyer when I'm put into the ground. You're clever all right enough. They call me a quack. Malpractice, bah! There's my diploma. James Clifton Welldon—that's all right, isn't it?"

Rawley was petrified. He knew the forgotten story of James Clifton Welldon, the specialist turned gambler, who had almost ruined his own brother, the father of Dan and Diana, at cards and dice, and had then ruined himself and disappeared. Here, where his brother had died, he had come years ago, and practised medicine as a quack.

"Oh, there's plenty of proof, if it's wanted," he said. "I've got it here." He tapped the box behind him. "Why did I do it? Because it's my way, and you're going to marry my niece, and'll have it all some day, the price of malpractice and all. But not till I've finished with it, not unless you win from me at dice or cards. But, no!" something human came into the old degenerate face. "No more gambling for the man that's to marry her—to marry Diana! There's a wonder and a beauty!" He chuckled to himself. "She'll be rich when I've done with it. You're a lucky man. Aye, you're lucky!"

Rawley was about to tell the old man what the two thousand dollars was for, but a fresh wave of repugnance passed over him, and hastily drinking another dipperful of water, he opened the door. He

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looked back. The old man was crouching forward, lapping milk from the great bowl, his beard dripping. In disgust Rawley swung round again. The fresh, clear air caught his face.

"Thank God!" he said with a gasp of relief, and stepped out into the night, closing the door behind him.

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One morning a year later the West came to know the true story of old Busby, the quack doctor, who was found dead in his bed with his overcoat on, and a blanket over him, both of which were lined with bank bills of all denominations.

But Diana Welldon remained ignorant still of the one deceit her husband practised against her. On the whole they are quits, as Dan said, and Dan had reason to know. Dan mattered, but Diana mattered more; and so the world thinks. For a girl from the West her vogue is remarkable.

Evening Boat Song

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY

WHEN the wind comes out of the gloaming west,
With the song of a sundown sea,
And the full tide flows over rock and reef,
Right merrily home sail we,
We, the lads of the rope and oar,
Next of kin to the wave and shore,
Heartsome and glad and free!
From the gray old ocean across the bar,
All beacon-led by the evening star;
On our path of sunset and sparkling foam
We come to haven and rest and home.

A misty mood in the far south-west
Has hung her silver bow;
And over the harbour's purpling rim
The evening bells in the valleys dim
Are ringing sweet and low;
But a merrier song have we to sing,
As over the rocking waves we swing,
And the flicker and glow where our homelights are
Is fairer to us than the evening star.

Behind us there on the darkling sea,
The wind is calling enticingly;
Just as it called at break of day,
When out of the harbour we sailed away;
But the day is over, the task is done,
The boats must sail in at the set of sun,
And sweet is our sleep on the quiet shore
When we come from our quest of the sea once more!

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French-Canadian Folk-Lore

By LOUIS FRECHETTE

L'Islet legend of the Mass of the Ghost, compared with a similar legend told in Brittany

THE second category comprehends other legends, also imported from the old country, but the scenes and heroes of which have become, with time, located within the boundaries of our country. Such are, for instance, the legend of Satan being forced, by a trick of a good priest, to work at the construction of a church, in the shape and form of a wild horse bridled with the good priest's own stole. One day, a mason, not knowing the nature of the animal, and moved with pity at his efforts to free himself, had the imprudence to untie the knot, in order to allow the beast to drink with ease. The charm was broken, and nobody ever could carve out of the stone the traces of the kick the Evil One gave in getting lose. The stone is still there, and can be seen at the church of St. Francis in the Island of Orleans. But it can be seen also in two or three places in France, where the legend is still related in more or less different forms.

"I was not surprised," says the late lamented Wm. McLennan, in the Preface of his last volume, "In Old France and New," "to hear a friend repeat a story told by her French-Canadian servant Philomène, which was the old legend of the monk, who, pondering on the text, 'For a thousand years are in Thy sight but as yesterday when it is past,' stopped to listen to the nightingale in the wood, and when he returned to the convent, found that a hundred years were gone and his world with them. But Philomène related it as having happened to 'Mr. Blondel, the parish priest of Sainte-Geneviève,' with every circumstantial detail of ordinary life, as if it had occurred in the lifetime of her mother, from whom she inherited the story."

Such is also the case with the legend called the *Mass of the Ghost*. This one deserves a particular notice.

In a lecture delivered before the Canadian Institute of Quebec, in 1877, the late Mr. Chauveau told us a legend, the scene of which was the Canadian parish of L'Islet. It is that of a priest dead fifty years previous, who appeared every night as the clock struck twelve, at the altar, in sacerdotal garments, to offer up a mass that he is always obliged to put off, because of the lack of an assistant to recite the responses.

This priest is headless; this mass has been imposed on him as a punishment for having indulged in frivolous thoughts at the altar during his ministry.

One night, a pupil of the Quebec Seminary, having happened to fall asleep in a pew, is unwittingly locked up in the church and witnesses the apparition. Discovered half unconscious in the morning, the boy hurries off to relate the occurrence to the *curé*, who begs him to shut himself anew in the church, and to have the courage to recite the answers of this gruesome mass. The child accepts the frightful task, and saves the unfortunate priest from

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the flames of purgatory. This story is quite popular in the Quebec districts.

Now let me tell you what I heard related in Brittany. On the left bank of the Loire, fifteen miles from Nantes, is an old chapel called the Chapel of Bethlehem, the main entrance of which is glass-paned and permits to see what may be going on in the interior.

One All-Saints day, a lady, from the Pellerin, who wished to reach Nantes early the next morning to perform her devotions of All-Soul's day, had ordered a coachman to come for her at daybreak. Strange enough, it was not twelve yet when both of them were driving out, the coachman having taken the vague light of the rising moon for the first break of dawn, and awakened the lady three hours too soon. It happened thus that they passed before the chapel at twelve o'clock precisely. To their surprise the interior was illuminated. No one had been there for years; what could it mean?

"Would you try and see what is the matter?" said the lady to her driver.

The coachman jumped down from the carriage, and went straight to the door of the chapel. But he had scarcely put his eye against the glass for a minute, when the poor fellow fell on his knees, and then precipitatingly clambered into the carriage, saying: "For God's sake, let us be off!"

Now, this is what he had seen and heard. At the gleaming of the candles lighted as for a mass, he had seen a priest in his chasuble reclining at the foot of the altar, and saying in a plaintive and lugubrious voice: "*Introibo ad altare Dei!*"

Three times the priest repeated these first words of the divine service, making a long pause after each utterance. The third time, he waited a little longer; his head sunk on his breast as if under the weight of profound despair. Then he turned slowly to look around. It was at this moment that the coachman had dropped on his knees, his hair standing on end with horror. This priest had the head of a skeleton.

In a twinkle the vision had disappeared, and the interior of the chapel was again plunged in darkness. As in the Canadian legend the witness of this strange apparition had reached home completely nonplussed, and went to tell the story to his parish priest. And also, as in the Canadian legend, he had to devote himself to save the unfortunate. The year after, at the same date and at the same hour, the brave man stood at the door of the chapel to respond to the mysterious mass, having learned the Latin words in the interval.

The mass went on to the end. At the moment of the benediction, the ghost turned around once more; the haggard and grimacing dead head had given way to a luminous face, bearing an ineffable expression of serenity. And the coachman, kneeling on the threshold, heard a voice with celestial intonation, saying:

"I was condemned to come here every year on All-Saints night, until I found a charitable soul who would assist me in saying a mass that I had neglected when on earth. It is six hundred years to-night that my punishment has lasted. Whoever you may be, I owe you my salvation; be blessed, you and yours, unto the seventh generation."

Isn't this, almost in its perfect integrity, the Canadian legend of L'Islet?

And still the person who related the story to me gave the very names of the actors, and pretended to know the families concerned, and observed that the coachman in question and his children had prospered in an exceptional manner since the strange occurrence.

In the January number Dr. Frechette will relate the Legends of the Chasse-Galerie, the Loups-Garous, the Fi-Follets and the Lutins.

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Portage La Loche Voyageurs

By JOHN PERCIVAL TURNER

A picturesque calling that has practically disappeared with the opening up of the Great West.

ALONG the wooded slopes flanking the Red River below Fort Garry the snow had disappeared beneath the warm, south winds and bright sunshine of early May. With crush and turmoil and angry roar, the fettered river had rent its winter mantle and swept the grinding ice-packs far out upon Lake Winnipeg. Overhead the wild geese passed northward in long lines; and like purple gossamer laid lightly on the uplands the wild crocus spread its fleecy bloom upon the plain.

Spring was at hand. Around the fort men chatted cheerfully after the long lethargy of uneventful winter. A few Cree Indians loafed along the sunny exterior of the palisade, and several lean, shaggy dogs idled lazily about, their long winter's work ended. Within the fort merchandise was being got ready—consisting chiefly of flour and pemmican, done up in "pieces" of approximately one hundred pounds each—and the mail packets were being sorted for the different northern posts; while from the river, where the big York boats lay hauled out upon the bank, sounds of busy preparation mingled with the gay songs of the *voyageurs* could be heard at intervals.

Directing the overhauling and refitting of the twelve cumbrous craft, which made up the two Portage La Loche brigades, were two men, Baptiste Bruce and Alexis L'Esperance, whose names were synonymous with pioneer life on the Red River, and who for many years commanded and guided the "Company's" boats between Fort Garry and Hudson's Bay. Baptiste Bruce could boast of Highland Scotch, French and Indian blood, and within his rugged frame the dauntless spirit and mettle of the old-type



BAPTISTE BRUCE

A famous guide of the Portage la Loche brigade

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YORK BOATS ON LAKE WINNIPEG

frontiersman. Born on the English (Churchill) River, he commenced his career in the boats of that district in 1826. His abilities and knowledge of the route traversed by his boats, soon gained for him the position of guide, which he held for seven years. Being of a roving, adventurous turn of mind, he spent the next twelve years in various capacities throughout the North, chiefly as pilot on the wild and treacherous Liard River. In 1848 he accompanied Dr Rae, the explorer, to Point Barrow on the Arctic coast, and in the following year, on the partition of the Portage La Loche brigade, he was appointed to the command of a division. The other—Alexis L'Esperance—a giant in strength and physique, was a resourceful Canadian of French descent. Entering the service of the Company in 1815, he began a long, strenuous life of toil upon the rivers of the North. In 1824 he accompanied Sir George Simpson, as canoeman, on his first journey to Vancouver Island, and on return was given command of the Red River brigade, running each summer to York Factory. In 1833, upon the retirement of Lawrence Cadotte, commander of the Portage La Loche brigade from the time of its formation in 1826, he succeeded to the premier position among the Canadian *voyageurs*.

Seldom was paralleled in the history of the fur trade a life of such hardship and exposure as these two stalwart figures annually faced. Before them lay the huge, grim wilderness of the North, over hundreds of miles of trackless waters stretched their course, and upon its tossing waves and foaming rapids five months of ceaseless toil awaited them.

Little time was lost in preparing the boats for their long, summer voyage. Patches were fitted where old timbers had become water-rotted or broken; seams were calked and pitched; oars repaired or new ones shaped, and by the end of May, the first brigade of boats was launched upon the turbid waters of the river. To avoid confusion on the *portages*, the brigades departed at an interval of several days. Fore and aft and amidships the cargoes were stowed away with careful precision, and the heavy-laden flotilla was ready for the start. Early on a June morning, while yet the stars twinkled, and only a faint streak of light to eastward foretold the dawn, the crews clustered round the boats. A few hurried handshakes, a wild babble of strange imprecations and barking of dogs, a last invocation and sign of the Cross against a safe return, and the men sprang lightly to their places and pushed off into midstream. Four pairs of rowers or middlemen in each boat awaited their commander's word, with oars ready. Steersmen or captains completed the crews, and towering erect over all in the stern of the first boat stood Baptiste Bruce. "*Avant, mes enfants*," shouted the commander; the oars dipped together as with one stroke, the boats leaped forward

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down the stream. "*Bon voyage, Baptiste*"....."*Bon voyage, Pierre*"..... *Adieu*.....*Adieu*".....Gradually the farewells ceased, the splashing of the oars grew indistinct, and with their measured sweep came drifting back the rollicking refrain of the old boat song:

En roulant ma boule roulant; en roulant ma boule,
Derrier chez nous ya t'un etang. En roulant ma boule,
Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant, rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.
En roulant ma boule.

For several hours the boats swept on, down the long reaches and bends of the Red River, past the few scattered settlements, along the wooded shores. Then breakfast on some sloping bank—a hasty boiling of kettles; a frugal though sustaining meal of "rubaboo" (pemmican stew), bannock and tea; a draw at the ubiquitous pipe—and away again, with grind and splash of oars. On past St. Andrew's Rapids, the high banks below the Stone Fort, the Indian settlement of St. Peter's and the broad marshlands at the river's mouth. Before them Lake Winnipeg's huge expanse now stretched northward for three hundred miles. With favourable winds, the masts were erected amidships and the big square-sails bellied out before the breeze, giving the hard-worked oarsmen an interval of rest. But should head winds prevail, the boats worked slowly, with plunging oars, across the long traverses from point to point, skirting the wild and rugged eastern shore; or failing to battle with the running seas and buffeting wind, they sought shelter in some favourable cove.

Hard was the life of the most seasoned *voyageur* upon this long and treacherous highway to the North. With straining backs bent to the groaning oars, as the heavy boats slowly pounded through the white-topped waves and the wind-lashed spray fell and soaked them to the skin, the crews pressed on and on. Then night crept out upon the lonely waters and brought its few, short hours of sleep and rest beneath the flickering stars.

Scanty were the provisions for these welcome halts on spruce-fringed shore or lonely isle. Flour and pemmican from the Company's stores, tea and tobacco provided by themselves, and now and then a fish or grouse picked up by the way, gave a monotonous sameness to the simple fare of these happy-go-lucky freighters. When drenching rains came down upon the little camp, the waterproof



TRACKING UP FRANKLIN'S RIVER

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RUNNING WITH THE WIND

"*prelarts*" sufficed as shelter for the night; at other times, the *voyageur* wrapped himself in his single blanket and slept unsheltered on the ground, till the silence of the surrounding forest was broken by the resonant voice of guide or captain summoning his faithful sea-dogs to another day of toil upon the oars.

"*Lève! Lève! Il faut partir!*"

In an instant the sleeping camp is all astir. Here and there a light flickers in the darkness, showing a dusky face behind a blackened pipe-bowl. The few camp requisites find their places in the boats; someone strikes up an old French *chanson*—perhaps *La Belle Rose*, or *La Petite Jeanneton*, strangely commingling with the many high-pitched voices round the boats. The broad keels grate upon the sand-ribbed shore; already the "chunk, chunk" of bulky rowlocks sounds over the sleeping bosom of the lake; the last boat trails off, with swish and dip of sweeping blades; and, as the sun peeps up over the spruce forests in the east, the deserted bivouac lies far behind, and the cheerful breakfast fires blaze merrily on some jutting headland.

And so, toiling with wind and wave, subjected to drenching rains and pestered by myriad hosts of flies and mosquitoes, about the tenth day out from Fort Garry, the brigade reached Norway House, at the northern extremity of the lake. Here supplies from the prairies were exchanged for articles of trade which had been previously forwarded from York Factory and consigned to the inland districts of Mackenzie and Athabasca. The boats now retraced their course, swinging southwesterly to the mouth of the Saskatchewan River. Here the gathered waters from the Great Plains and the summits of the Eastern Rockies come thundering and foaming over the Grand Rapids into Lake Winnipeg, thence to be carried down the Nelson River to Hudson's Bay.

The first *portage* and one of the stiffest on the route was made at the Grand Rapids. The boats were tracked (towed) up stream as far as possible, each crew pulling in single file upon the long tow-line attached to their boat's bow. At a spot where the seething waters tumbled over the face of a jutting point of rocks, sheltering a quiet eddy of backwater, the boats were unloaded, and now began the real test of agility and muscle. To those whose life had been largely spent under the packstrap, the work upon the *portages* was as second nature, but it never failed to arouse a

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grand show of importance, a keen sense of rivalry and an outward flourish of light-heartedness and gay mockery among the old *voyageurs*, which not only facilitated the handling of the cargoes but incited the new hands to redoubled exertions, in the fear of proving unequal to the task. Two "pieces" of merchandise, each averaging about one hundred pounds, constituted a load. No matter how slippery or rough the *portage* trail, a lighter load was never thought of, in fact it was often increased through sheer rivalry, till loads were carried which now seem almost incredible. On one occasion a noted *voyageur* named Villebrun adjusted the pack strap and called to his steersman, whose duty it was to load the men of his boat, to load away. Five "pieces" were secured on the sturdy Villebrun, but he called for more and only with the breaking of the head-band, when the seventh "piece," or approximately seven hundred pounds, had been placed upon his back, did he desist in his demands for a "proper load!" On other occasions he would stand erect on the high prow of his boat, receive his load, and hopping lightly to the ground trot nimbly away across the *portage*. This was a feat that but few could master, and was one of many which gave him a hard-earned reputation throughout the rivers of the North.



YORK FACTORY, FROM AN OLD DRAWING

The boats being lightened of their cargoes, they were further tracked as far as it was possible and were then hauled over the *portage* on rollers to the head of the rapids. From here the course up the Saskatchewan held north-westerly for two hundred and sixteen miles to Cumberland or Pine Island Lake.

Having passed the long *portage* of Grand Rapids, two more short *portages* at the Roche Rouge and Cross Lake Rapids brought the brigade to the island-studded expanse of Cross Lake, at the head of which lies the Demi-Charge—so named from the fact that York boats, in being tracked up it, only carry half cargoes. Above the Demi-Charge the finest scenery on the whole Saskatchewan route is to be seen, resembling and being quite equal to the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. Lying in all its wild, primeval grandeur, known only to the northern traveller and fur-trader, this broad sheet of racing water, widening above into the beautiful Cedar or Bourbon Lake, awaits the coming of the outside, pleasure-seeking world, less known and less travelled than was the Upper St. Lawrence in the days of the French *régime*. Here about the year 1740, Varennes de la Verandrye built Fort Bourbon, the first inland trading post in these northern wilds.

Leaving the rugged Lac Bourbon, the *voyageurs* passed the Indian settlement of Chimahawin, where the river banks recede in broad reaches of low-lying country, till lost in one huge marsh about ten miles in length, through which the river meanders in a hundred different channels. The only camping ground in this huge morass is a small island, aptly named Kettle Island, as it has always been a regular stopping place for a welcome rest and boiling of kettles in the long pull through the Chimahawin marshes. The course now lies through a long succession of lakes and marshes, past the Pas Mission and Post, Lake Atik-a-make (Whitefish) and the Big Bend, till the Sturgeon River is reached. Here a boat was dispatched for provisions to Cumberland House, a few miles west-

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ward on the lake of that name, and the others turned northward through the Sturgeon into Namew and Amisk lakes. Many shallows were now encountered, and the boats were slowly poled through lake and river to the Portage du Fort de Traite, or Frog Portage, which marks the watershed between the Saskatchewan and Churchill rivers. Another long pull up the lakes and rivers of the Upper Churchill, past many *portages*, through Sandfly, Knee and Primeau lakes, and down the broad expanse of Lac La Crosse, brought the brigade to Fort Isle a La Crosse, about five hundred miles above Cumberland. After a brief rest, the last hundred miles of the long journey westward up the headwaters of the Churchill was traversed, and passing through the Methy Lake, the twelve-mile *portage* of La Loche was reached.

Ever since the beginning of the fur trade, the Portage La Loche, or Long Portage, has formed the gateway to the North. Here the waters on the one side flow eastward to Hudson's Bay, on the other they seek the Athabasca and Great Slave lakes, thence to flow northward down the Mackenzie River to the Arctic Sea.

For two months the *voyageurs* had worked their heavy boats into the great wilderness of the fur country, and Fort Garry on the far-off Red River lay more than a thousand miles behind. For as long, the brigades from the north, bringing the winter catches of furs from Mackenzie and Athabasca, had toiled up stream to the *Great Divide*, there to exchange their precious cargoes for the merchandise brought hither by Bruce and L'Esperance from Norway House.

Day after day under the burning July sun the men toiled over the Long Portage, going half way, or six miles, with merchandise, returning with furs (the northern men reversing the order of loads), till the last heavy packages were stowed away in the boats to resume the long journeys to their distant destinations. To work with but a brief intermission through those sweltering, fly-infested days, bending forward, under the straining tumpline, across the long, rock-littered trail; to toil beneath a load which drew the leather band deep into the swollen forehead and stiffened the aching neck and shoulders; and this after months of toil, buffeting the wind-lashed waves and racing rapids, surmounting a hundred shorter *portages*, always exposed to the mercy of the elements, was not the work of weak men, and little wonder that the supreme test of manhood on those highways of the North should be the grim test of the Long Portage, which only could be mastered by the most enduring.

And now, in the early days of August, as Nature veiled the forest solitudes beneath her first autumnal flush, as the restless broods of ducks grew strong of wing and the cranberry reddened in the cooling nights, the farewell singing of departing *voyageurs* echoed o'er the waters, and as the last boat vanished 'midst the green-clad isles, the startled silence of the Methy Lake returned.

With the departure from the Portage La Loche, the backbone of the long northern journey was broken, and now running free with the current, the deeply-laden boats raced past rapids and tumbling waters till the Churchill and Saskatchewan rivers had been left behind; and once more the dipping prows ploughed the white-topped crests of Lake Winnipeg towards Norway House.

Here but a brief halt was made. Turning eastward from the Nelson River, some twenty-five miles below the fort, the boats were poled and tracked up stream to the narrow divide of the Echiomameesh (meaning in Cree, "Water flowing both ways"), beyond which a narrow river rises among low muskegs and marks the beginning of a continuous waterway, under a multitude of names and characteristics, from here to tidewater on Hudson's Bay. Entering Franklin's River —named after Sir John Franklin, who was nearly drowned there in 1819—the brigade worked easterly to the Robinson Portage, thence through a long chain of lakes to Oxford House, on the lake of that name, and down the Hayes River to York Factory, on Hudson's Bay, three hundred and forty-five miles from Lake Winnipeg. The bales of furs from the far north and west were turned over here

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to be shipped to England; and in return many articles of trade required at the inland posts and which had arrived from London by the annual vessel, were taken on, and the weary *voyageurs* turned their faces homeward towards Fort Garry—seven hundred miles inland, on the confines of the Great Prairie.

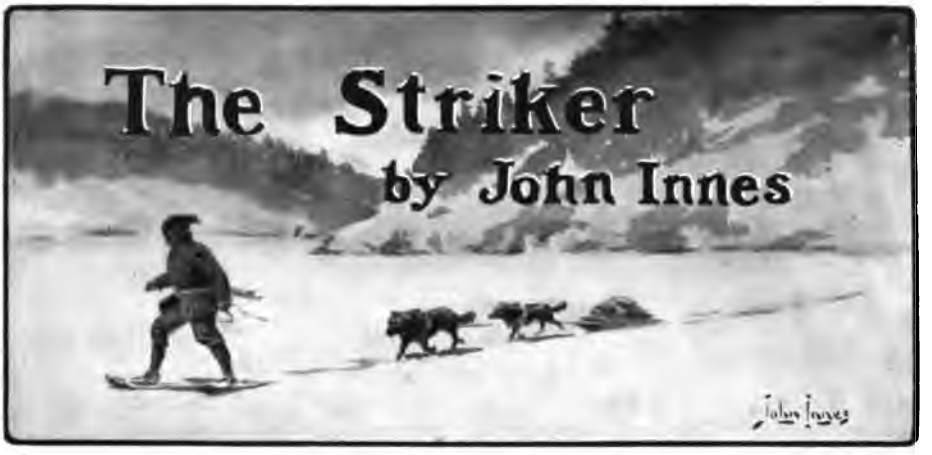
September was gone as Norway was again passed, and with favourable weather the boats approached the mouth of the Red River by the end of the first week in October.

By the time Baptiste Bruce and his follower L'Esperance, with their respective brigades, again drew near Fort Garry, the summer had come and gone, and a distance of something like three thousand miles had been traversed. Each year, with the breaking of the ice in the northern rivers, these wilderness freighters departed on their long and toilsome voyage—a voyage unique in the annals of time—the longest inland water route on the continent and one by which the frugal necessities of a country as large as Europe were supplied. Upon the individual efforts of these two great guides and their hardy *voyageurs* hung the fortunes of the buffalo hunter far out on the Missouri Couteau and the Great Plains, the guttural Chipewyan and Loucheau of the Athabasca and Mackenzie, the Eskimo on the bleak sea-coasts of the Western Arctics, the labouring missionaries and the employees of the Hudson's Bay Company scattered throughout the Great Northwest.

To-day men are lauded and championed for attempting journeys far less fraught with dangers than was the long, tortuous course on which Bruce and L'Esperance spent the hey-day of their lives. And of those wild and faithful crews at their command, who have been more often pictured as a class of lawless carousers, than as the stout-hearted argonauts of northern lake and river, on whom the great Company depended much but bestowed little, we can at least say that, in spite of their excesses during the relaxation of their hard-earned rests, they embraced all those rare qualities of manliness and pluck so truly characteristic of the pathfinders of the West.

In the half-hidden history of the pioneer West, we get vague glimpses of many varied types of men, whose very existence was essential in the long struggle against the primeval wilderness. The annals of those vanished days centre round the great achievements of these stalwart figures. The very elements with which they battled produced men of strong metal—a strange conglomerate of different virtues and many passions. Throw a man upon his own resources in the lap of untamed Nature; subject him to a life of hardship and privation; toss him hither and thither upon the whirlpool of experience; and let the grim, inexorable wilderness teach him the ethics of its free, untrammelled spirit, and you have a man possessing the simplicity and gentleness of a child, with the inherent recklessness and abandon of the savage. Cast him headlong amidst the thousand perils of his precarious existence, and he becomes the more immune from fear, or if he must, he dies as he has lived—heedless of the cost. Tame him and conventionalise him if you can, denying him the freedom of his careless life, and he sickens as the up-rooted anemone, or dies a pitiful alien in your midst. But meet him in his natural environments and you meet a *man*. Tempt him and he is at once gladly submissive; oppose him and he becomes a cruel menace and a merciless terror. Severely bitter to his foe, unswervingly loyal to his friend—such was the half-Indian *voyageur* of the bye-gone days; and thus was this purely Canadian figure fitted by nature for the part he played. Combined in this picturesque frontiersman, were the sole essentials that could equip him for his plucky life. Never before had the world produced his prototype, and never again will the forests of the North ring with his cheery song, or the silence of those lonely lakes he loved be awakened with the music of his sturdy blade.

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

THROUGH branches weighted with midwinter snows, a full moon poured broken pools of brilliant light. Silence unspeakable claimed all the northern woods, save when some far-spreading evergreen, over-laden, let fall its burden in cascades of iridescent mist.

Amid the black shadows forms appeared, and the growing swish of snowshoes drifted rhythmically. Soon Napoleon Antoine Gardeau, closely followed by his dog-team, trotted from the checkered gloom into the moonshine. For a moment he stood; then, with a snatch of French song, ran down a steep incline to where the lights of the Treadmill Lumber Camp flared redly from the buildings on the cleared land far below. Having reached the bunk-house door, he gave his huskies their daily ration of corn-meal and tallow-cake, shouldered his packs and entered.

A chorus of yells greeted him. The men were taking their ease after supper. Some played cards at the rough table; some sat swinging their feet over the edge of the bunks; some essayed to read ancient copies of various publications by the misty light of badly trimmed lanterns swinging from several vantage points. The place was heavy with smoke from pipes in many stages of decomposition; and the long line of steaming sox, hung on lines to dry ready for tomorrow's work in the bush, lent to the atmosphere an odour of peculiar distinction. But Napoleon Antoine Gardeau was accustomed to these things; besides, was he not of much importance, for did he not carry the King's mails? So he gave no sign that he noticed either smells or yells; as was quite befitting in one of his station—a public functionary on an errand of State.

All hands forsook their occupations and gathered about him as he unfastened his packs. A casual observer would have been unaware that Napoleon was there at all; for, though possessing a mighty opinion of himself and his powers, nature had satirically cast him in most insignificant mold; and, surrounded as he was by a motley aggregation of big sons of the woods, the only indication of his presence was his voice, which soon arose shrilly:

"*Mes amis*, do not poosh, you will yet get your lettairs; but first I, Napoleon, mus' take ze mail of His Majesty to ze boss, me!"

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They crowded closer, and poked each other in the ribs, grinning and winking joyously.

"Peegs!" Napoleon's voice was squeaky with rage. "Peegs, I say—many peegs! You are beeg, and you can stop me. But you cannot stop being peegs, heh?"

"Let him go there, boys." It was "Big" Joe Quinn's voice.

Joe was the shanty boss, therefore the gathering parted, and the little mail-carrier marched stiffly from their midst with his package of letters and papers, and handed them over. Then he stalked towards the cook-house, and was shortly putting an effective cap on his volcanic wrath by ladling in enormous quantities of rich pork and beans. By the time he had satisfied his appetite, he felt at peace with all the world; so, lighting his pipe, he wandered back to the bunk-house to spread his blankets.

The lumber-jacks were concluding an earnest discussion. Rory Macpherson had the floor; in his hand was one of the papers from Napoleon's mail bags.

"So ye see as I'm tellin' ye, boys, the strike is won. An' its verra richt to be so. Yon company was no keepin' faith wi' the men. They had to work o'er lang, an' couldna get leevin' wages."

A chorus of assent passed round the room, and a babble of voices arose. At length Napoleon's insistent squeak claimed their attention.

"Weel, Froggie, an' what's chewin' ye?" enquired Rory.

"You call me 'Froggee'—you—you beeg hog. But no, I will not quarrel wid you, for I want to know what ees zat strike, heh?"

"Wee, leetle mon," said Rory ponderously. "It's a strike, an' that's a' there is till't."

"*Ma foi*, Roree, you do not hunnerstan'. I want to know what *ees* a strike."

"Hark till'm, boys. Hark till'm. He's enquirin' what *ees* a strike. Weel, Skinny, if y'er oors are o'er lang, an' y'er no gettin' enough fer y'er harr'd worr'k, ye jist quit worr'kin' till they pay ye better."

"But, Roree, eef a man is not work, how can he leev, an' he's gettin' no pay?"

"Losh, lad, the union'll be lookin' oot fer a' that. An' the worr'ks got to be done; an' after a bit they take ye back an' raise y'er wages."

Still Napoleon was not satisfied, and it was with some hesitation that he asked: "But see you, Roree. Suppose some tam a man go hon strike an' say he'll not be workin' any tam till he's got more monee. An' then he's queet. An' some oder man hee's say, 'Dat fell's a beeg fool, him; I'll do dat work, me, myself!' Den dat oder man's not got any work nor any monee, any more."

"Na, na, lad. The mon wha'd do sick a treek as yon is what they ca' a strike-breaker, a scob, an' the mon on strike knocks his block off, if he don't quet. An' a' the people help the mon on strike, an' they a' heave rocks an' things at yon scob, an' scare the deevil oot o'm, an' he quets. Then the mon on strike gets his job back and gets mair pay."

"Gets more pay for sure, Roree?" queried Napoleon.

Roree jumped on the floor. "Do ye dare to doobt ma worr'd, ye wee squakin' hen o' a thing?"

"Pardon, Roree," said Napoleon, shrugging his shoulders and spreading forth his hands. "*Ma foi, non!* I ask onlee." Then he added, in an undertone: "Dose beeg Scotch peegs have not enough of the brains to lie."

The men turned into their bunks, and Napoleon rolled in his blankets, watched the dim light from the single low-turned lantern swinging in the draught, and thought, and thought. Slowly and painfully, and with much mental reference to the words of Rory, he evolved a course of action.

Gray dawn found him far from the camp of the Treadmill Lumber Company, trotting briskly on his snowshoes ahead of his dogs. He sang often snatches of ribald verse, which attested to an exhilarated frame of mind. His voice echoed through the deadly stillness of the midwinter dawn. The trees, laden with snow, crowded stiffly in the growing light, as the rhythmical crunch, crunch of the fast-moving snowshoes passed through the silent aisles, and the breathing of the dogs sounded most un-

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naturally loud. It was a scene such as was apt to affect even the trivial mind of Napoleon Antoine Gardeau; but on this occasion, so filled was he with his own importance and his new idea, that nature merely seemed to have been hushed into respectful silence by his great scheme. For he, Napoleon, mail carrier and important official, was about to go on strike. He could hardly wait till he reached the Bundy Camp, so that he might overwhelm the cook with the information of his stupendous intention. Before noon he opened the door of the clerk's office, and having delivered his mail and placed the return parcel in his sack, marched to the cook-house and entered.

"*Bon jour*, Dan."

"Hello, Napoleon, you're early."

"Eh, *oui*; I am earlie. But I am in great hurry. I go to ze pos'-hoffice to go hon strike."

"Ah, go to the devil," said the cook.

"Be gar, you laugh, heh? I, Napoleon Antoine Gardeau, tell you that I go hon strike, an' you laugh. But I, Napoleon, shall laugh also when I am give much monee for not go hon strike any more." Napoleon puffed out his chest and struck an attitude.

"What you bin drinkin'?" queried the cook.

"Noting," said Napoleon.

"An' you're goin' on strike?"

"Ah, *oui*." Again he swelled with importance.

"Then you're a fool."

Napoleon's rage overcame him.

"You are a beeg scob—scob, you!" He hissed it out. He knew the cook couldn't take his job, but felt assured that he would if he were not so fat. The thought of that corpulent individual "hiking" on snowshoes ahead of a dog-team flashed across his mind; he forgot his rage and laughed. A piece of bacon rind came "swang" against his face.

"I don't mind your French names, you rat," yelled the cook "but by the jumpin' grandmother of old bald-headed Aaron, if you laugh at me I'll skin yeh."

As he was reaching for a rolling pin, Napoleon fled, and soon was trotting up the trail towards the village, where his strike was to begin.

Before long he stopped the dogs. Since leaving Bundy's Camp his ardour had been slightly on the wane, owing to the cook's behaviour. He felt he must rehearse the situation.

"Jeem!" The lead dog sat up and wagged his tail. "You, Jeem, am ze pos'-master, and I shall talk so! I say, 'I's want more monee or I strike.' You say, 'What you geevin us?' I say, 'Sure ting.' Then I strike, and no mail go out. Den you say, 'I geeve you plentee monee, Monsieur Napoleon Antoine Gardeau, eef you'll go work hon zat mail some more.' Den I shake hands, and get marreed, and build a breec house, and buy a peeg."

The whole scheme worked out so admirably in Napoleon's mind that he chuckled and clucked to his dogs, swinging off at a lively gait, which he kept up till sunset. And at intervals, through the shocked hush of the twilight, echoed a song of transcendent ribaldry, even for Napoleon.

The stars peeped out and the lights of the village drew nigh. Napoleon met a few stragglers whom he knew, and to each he bravely shouted '*Bon soir*.' But there was a something in his heart as he neared the bespeckled and bearded old post-master that kept him from announcing his intention to strike. As he approached his objective, his pace slackened to a walk; then to a stroll. He made excuses to himself as to why he should stop and talk to people for various lengths of time on trivial subjects; then, as the red light of the post-office and general store appeared around a bend in the road, he straightened up, smote himself valiantly on the chest and said: "Napoleon Antoine Gardeau, buck up!" The dogs reached the door and lay down. Napoleon took his mail bags within.

"You're late, Sonny."

"Ah, *oui*. But what you hexpect?"

The huge and grizzled official looked down on the five-foot-two atom of humanity with a puzzled expression.

"Been drinkin'?" said he.

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Drawn by John Innes

"The strike is hon"

Napoleon rose to his full inches, "*Non, Monsieur le maitre de poste*, I have not been drink. But" (here a sudden and desperate resolve seized him), "b'gar, I *will*. I, Napoleon Antoine Gardeau, *will* drink!" Then he rushed out into the darkness.

The worthy post-master was so taken back by this unaccustomed behaviour, that he stared after Napoleon with his mouth open, regardless of the pleadings of a young and dirty inhabitant who, with dirty hands clutching dirty coppers, poutingly demanded taffy.

Meanwhile Napoleon unhitched, fed the team, and, having hauled his sleigh into the woodshed of the hotel where he was wont to stop, strode into the bar-room.

The usual crowd was there, consisting of a few "river-hogs," a couple of chaps from the village stores, the star boarder, and samples of the unloseable searcher for free drinks. Napoleon strode to the bar. "Give me whisky," he demanded, "plaintee whisky." He was accommodated with a tumbler of white "fool-killer." His courage again began to rise.

Conversation amongst the loungers waned, and an anxious silence, pregnant with expectancy, fell upon the room. Napoleon was evidently going to treat pretty soon; he always did when on his mildly innocuous sprees.

"My frands, have something hon me."

There was an eager rush, and, with the crowd, he again had a long horn. The effect of this latter was to fully stir up all his previous determination regarding the strike. He paced to the middle of the floor and struck an attitude. Everybody paid deep attention, as sympathetic listening would probably result in another libation.

"My frands," he said, "do you know what ees a strike—heh?"

They murmured assent.

"A strike, my frands, ees a t'ing what men do when dey work too long an' get

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not enough of ze monee. *N'est-ce pas?*"

"Yes, yes," they answered in chorus.

"A strike, my frands, is made by ze onion. I am an onion." The way he said it, and the important air he imparted to the deliverance would have called forth hoots of derision at any other time; but now they intuitively knew another booster was coming and controlled themselves.

"My frands, have anozer drink hon me."

This done, Napoleon again took the floor.

"I will tell you, for you are all my good frands. I, Napoleon Antoine Gardeau, I work for Hees Majestee by carrying ze mail. Every week I'm run seventy mile, me, in two day. Every week I get ten dollaire. W'at is ten dollaire to Napoleon Antoine Gardeau? Poof! It ees noding. Have anozer drink hon me."

Again they drank. Gardeau got on a chair.

"My frands, I tell you I get ten dollaire fer run seventy mile—sev-en-tee mile. Is not that what you call too mooch? I'm all alone, me, an I now tell you zat I'm go for to make ze strike. I am ze onion, an' I strike. I am also Napoleon Antoine Gardeau, and I strike some more! An' you, my frands, shall see me strike. An' if ze break-strike come, we will knock heem on hees block, an' you will all heave ze breec. *N'est-ce pas?*" (Loudly they cheered.) "An', my frands," he continued, swinging his arms, "W'en the pos'-master see no mail gon' hout, he will say to ze King: 'Your Majestee, Napoleon Antoine Gardeau is hon strike, and no mail goes hout.' An' His Majestee will say: 'Pos'-master, Napoleon Antoine Gardeau ees a great man, an' a good man, what will he take for come back?' An' dat pos'-master will say, 'Twanty dol' a week.' 'Hol right,' will say ze King. An' I will go back an' shake hans, an' get maree, an' bil' a breec house, an' buy a peeg. Congratulate Gardeau, my frands, for he will soon be reech—*reech*. Now we will have anozer drink."

Napoleon's listeners were convulsed with mirth, but he was too far gone to notice it. Again, after their "jolt," he took the floor.

"An now, *mes amis*, I ask you to come wiz me, fer I go hon strike, an' you shall see me tell zat pos'-master, by gar!"

He marched out of the door and across to the post-office. The crowd filed in; and the post-master, emerging from his living room, gazed at them in amazement. In the foreground stood Napoleon's diminutive figure. There was no need now to ask if he had been drinking.

"Meestair Pos'-master," he squealed, "I, Napoleon Antoine Gardeau, have called before dese *gentilhommes*, my ver' good frands, zat I may say to you, zat I, Napoleon Antoine Gardeau, want twanty dol' week fer carry mail zat seventee mile."

"What's the matter with him, boys?" enquired the official. Nobody answered him. Napoleon whacked the counter until the taffy bottles jiggled.

"Twanty dol' week?" he yelled.

"Don't yell at me, you little rat," shouted his irate boss, making a dive around the counter. But Napoleon was too quick for him, and by the time the post-master reached the door, the carrier was dancing and yelling in the middle of the road. The available population stuck their heads out of their various abodes to see what the row was. Napoleon addressed all and several, but especially the post-master.

"Pos'-master, I am ze onion, an' I order myself to get more monee. Twanty dol' a week or I strike."

"G'wan!" roared the irate old man, as he slammed his store door from the inside. Napoleon swung his toque in the air.

"Ze strike is hon. I am ze onion, an' I order me to strike. Come an' have anozer drink hon me." Thus was the famous strike inaugurated.

The days passed, and Napoleon received no word from His Majesty that his 'Twanty dol' a week' would be paid; therefore he pined for the brick house and the pig, and kept his dicky up with *whisky blanc* till his money ran low.

On the regular day to make his run

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he was primed for the climax with many "boosters." No "break-strike" had appeared and his feelings rose, as the fickle jade Hope flirted with his fainting heart. The voice of the hotel-keeper smote upon his ear:

"You, Napoleon, aren't you going out to-day?"

Napoleon straightened up as he replied with dignity: "I am hon strike."

"Well, strike and be hanged, but if you won't work you can't stay here. I'm not running any charity house."

The pit seemed to have opened her mouth to receive Napoleon; a lump rose in his throat.

"Hol right," he said, "have a drink hon me."

The man of destiny relented and together they drank.

But there was worse in store. As Napoleon tilted his glass he saw through the window a familiar figure at the post-office door. Also, crowning horror, a sleigh and harnessed dogs. "It is Roree," he shrieked. "Roree ees one break-strike." He rushed down the street.

Rory Macpherson smiled quizzically as he saw him coming, and winked at the post-master, who winked back. Napoleon stopped a few paces distant, the picture of impotent wrath.

"Whar you go, Roree?" he yelled.

"Weel, weel, Froggie," said the big Scot in feigned surprise, "an' what's ailin' ye?"

"Whar you go, Roree?" he again demanded, in a squeal which quickly gathered his erstwhile friends, and the rest of the population.

"Weel, little mon, I heerd ye'd quet, an' I thought I'd like a job like this mysel', din ye no ken."



"Ze onion is bus' up"

Drawn by John Innes

"Then you are a damn break-strike," shrieked Napoleon.

"Dinna ye swaur at me, Froggie," said the big lumberman, solemnly. But the little mail-carrier was beyond all council.

"Zey knock ze damn break-strike on ze block, my frands," he yelled at the crowd. "I, Napoleon, am ze onion; I am also ze strike. He," with a magnificent gesture of scorn at Rory, "ees ze break-strike. Hit heem wiz ze rock, my frands."

No one stirred.

"Zan you are cowards, and I will hit

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heem, me." Before the onlookers could realise what was happening, Napoleon's hands were clutching Rory's red beard; and Napoleon's boots were kicking a tattoo upon his mighty shins.

Then the "onion" and the "strike" were lifted high above the heads of the throng in the grasp of an iron hand, and describing the arc of a circle, turned heels up and disappeared over the fence into the post-master's refuse heap.

Napoleon Antoine Gardeau sat upon his unsavory landing place and wept. "No board, no raise of monee, no notings," he wailed.

Not long afterwards the post-master heard a timid knock at the door. He opened it, and found Napoleon contrite upon the step. "Ze strike is hovere. Ze onion is bus' up," said he.

"All right, harness yer dogs," grunted the boss.

The Prospector

BY WALTER CORNISH

I PLAYED the Game with a steadfast hand,
With the rocks and the hills for dice;
While the flame of the sun in a northern land
Burned the gathered morn on the ice.

I played the Game with a clean, strong mind,
With the law of man for guide;
When the knaves of the world were smitten blind
By the glare of the gain, and died.

I played the Game with a sturdy heart,
With the beasts of the bush for mates,
Till the flesh bled raw, and the lights went low,
And my hopes met the chill, hard fates.

I played the Game with a losing hand,
By the stakes I sought to claim;
And the darkness has dropped on my square of land,
But I know that I played the Game.



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The Narrative of Col. Fanning

Edited by A. W. SAVARY

COL. THOMAS FLETCHALL, of Fairforest, ordered the different Captains to call musters, and present two papers for the inhabitants to sign. One was to see who were friends to the King and Government, and the other was to see who would join the rebellion.

The first day of May, Capt. James Lindley, of Raebern's Creek, sent to me, as I was a Sergeant of the said company, to have his company warned to meet at his house 15th of said month. I did accordingly, and he presenting the two papers there were 118 men signed in favour of the King, also declared to defend the same, at the risk of lives and property, in July, 1775. There were several advertisements set up in every part of the said district, that there was a very good Presbyterian minister to call at the different places to preach and baptise children.

But at the time appointed, instead of meeting a minister we all went to meet two Jews by name of Silvedoor and Rapely, who, after making many speeches in favour of the rebellion, and using all their endeavours to delude the people away, at last presented revolution papers to see who would sign them; they were severely reprimanded by Henry O'Neal and many others. It came so high, that they had much ado to get off with their lives. The rebels then found that we were fully determined to oppose them. They began to embody in the last of said month; to compel all to join them, or to take away our arms. Our officers got word of their intentions. I then got orders from the Captain to warn the militia to assemble themselves at Hugh O'Neal's mill; which was done by several Captains' companies, and continued for several days under arms, and then both parties were determined on this condition, that neither party should intercept each other. This continued for some time, until the rebels had taken Thomas Brown, who after that had the honour to be Colonel of the regiment of the East Florida Rangers, at Augusta, *burnt his feet, tarred and feathered him, and cut off his hair.* After he got so he was able to sit on horseback, he came to our post, and the rebels then began to embody again. Col. Fletchall found a large camp, and marched from Liberty Springs to Mill Creek on our way towards Ninety-Six. Twelve miles from Ninety-Six the rebels found that they were not strong enough for us, and sent an express to Col. Fletchall to come and treat with them, which said Fletchall did. But the terms of their treatment I don't know. We were all dismissed until further orders. In a short time after, the rebels took Capt. Robert Cunningham and carried him off to Charlestown. Our party was then informed of his being taken off in the night time, and by making inquiry after him, we got information of a large quantity of ammunition that was there, on its way to the Cherochee Nation, for Capt. Richard Paris to bring the Indians down into the settlement, where the friends of the Government lived, to murder all they could. We intercepted the ammunition and took Capt. R. Paris, who swore to these facts. We then formed a large camp, and Col. Fletchall, being so heavy, he gave up the command to Major Joseph Robinson.

In the month of November, 1775, the South Carolina Militia, of which I was at that time Sergeant, under the com-

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mand of Major Joseph Robinson, laid siege to a fort, erected by the rebels at Ninety-Six, commanded by Col. Mason; which continued for the space of three days and three nights—at the expiration of which time the rebels were forced to surrender, and give up the fort and artillery. Major Robinson then ordered the militia to the north side of Saluda River, and discharged them for eighteen days. Afterwards orders were issued for all Captains to collect their respective companies at Hendrick's Mill, about twenty miles from Ninety-Six; the rebels having received intelligence of our intended motion, they immediately marched before us and took possession of the ground, which prevented our assembling there. But about 300 of our men met at Little River and marched thence to Reedy River, and encamped at the Big Cane Break for several days. The rebels being informed of our situation, marched unexpectedly upon us, and made prisoners of 130 of our men; the remainder fled into the woods and continued there with the Cherochee Indians until the 18th January, 1776, when I was made a prisoner by a party of rebels commanded by a Capt. John Burns, who after detaining me four days and repeatedly urging me to take the oath of allegiance to the United States, stripped me of everything, and made me give security for my future good behaviour, by which means I got clear. On the 10th of May, 1776, hearing the rebels had issued a proclamation to all the friends of Government, offering them pardon and protection provided they would return to their respective habitations and remain neutral, induced me to return to my home, where I arrived on the 15th of June.

On the 20th, the rebels being apprehensive of the Cherochee Indians breaking out, dispatched several of their emissaries among the Loyalists to discover their intentions, one of which was Capt. Ritchie, who came to me and told me he was a friend to Government, and some time before left the Indian Nation, and then wanted a pilot to conduct him to the Indian Nation again. I agreed to conduct him to any part of the country he wanted to go to, provided he would keep it secret. This he promised to do. But immediately he went and lodged information against me, and swore that I then had a company of men ready, in order to join the Indians. In consequence of this, I was made prisoner again, on the 25th, by a Capt. John Rogers, and thrown into close confinement with three sentinels over me. On the 1st of July, the Indians came down into the back country of South Carolina and killed several families, at which time, the rebel camp being in great confusion, I made my escape, and went to my own house at Raebern's Creek; but finding a number of my friends had already gone to the Indians, and more disposed so for to do, I got twenty-five men to join me, and on our arrival at Parisher's plantation, on Reedy River, in the Indian land, we formed a junction with the Indians. On the 15th inst., in the evening, the militia and the Cherochees to amount of 260 surrounded the fort built with logs, containing 450 of the rebels, and after a smart fire on both sides for two hours and a half, we retreated without any injury except one of the Indian Chiefs being shot through the hand. I then left the Indians and pursued my way to North Carolina, where, on my arrival, I was taken up again and close confined, but was rescued by my friends three different times, after which I made my escape good. I then endeavoured to go home again, and after experiencing numberless hardships in the woods, I arrived the 10th of March, 1777, at Raebern's Creek, South Carolina.

I was made prisoner again on the 11th, by a Capt. Smith, bound hand and foot, and carried under guard towards Ninety-Six gaol; after marching twelve miles, the company halted for the evening, and watching an opportunity I cut the ropes I was bound with and stripped myself when the guard was asleep; I threw myself out of the window and returned back to Raebern's Creek by a different way from that which they had carried me prisoner. I was obliged now to secrete myself in the woods, and was supplied with provisions by some Quakers and other Loyalists in the neighbourhood.

A company of Loyalists, of which I was one, was then raised by a Richard Parish, and it was determined to go to Mobile

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and join the British army, but one of the company proving treacherous, gave information to the rebels, who raised a body of troops to suppress us. They took me, with five more prisoners, and carried us to Ninety-Six gaol on the 5th August, 1777. Captain Parish escaped with some Loyalists belonging to the company, and made his way good to the British army at Mobile, in West Florida. Myself, with five others who were taken, remained in close confinement until November following, and we were tried for our lives on a charge of high treason for rising in arms against the United States of America, but were acquitted and went home. The fees and expenses of my confinement amounted to £300, Virginia money, allowing dollars at six shillings each, which I paid, and was then ordered back to the gaol for the rent of the room.

On the 1st of March, 1778, Capt. John York, of East Florida, received orders from the Commander-in-Chief for the Loyal Militia of Georgia and South Carolina to assemble themselves. Accordingly, they were embodied. The majority of the people chose me their commanding officer. We took a number of prisoners, furnished ourselves with horses, and marched to Savannah River on the borders of Georgia (two miles above Augusta). Capt. York, who was our pilot, then got discouraged, and would not suffer any of the militia to proceed with him back to East Florida except three men; we were then under the necessity of returning home, upwards of one hundred miles, through the rebel country, and betake ourselves to the woods as formerly. During our retreat we were pursued by three hundred of the rebels, but we got back home to Raebern's Creek safe. When the rebels found we were returned, they raised a body of men to take us, and for the space of three months kept so constant a look-out that we were obliged to stay in the woods; six weeks of which time I never saw a man, except Samuel Brown (who was afterwards killed at Tigo River), who shared my sufferings, and we lived entirely, without either bread or salt, upon what we killed in the wilderness. We determined, let the consequences be what they would, to proceed to the settlement of Green River, North Carolina, where we rested ourselves at a friend's house about a week. Here we parted. I then proceeded to Tigo River, where I arrived safe on the 1st of June, 1778. Myself and one Samuel Smith now associated and were taken by a company of rebels, commanded by a Capt. Going. We made our escape the second night by bribing the sentinel, and parted company. I met with one of the horses belonging to the rebels, about a mile from the house I had escaped from, and mounted him. They pursued me through the woods by the horse's tracks upwards of seventy miles, and came to Raebern's Creek where I lived. They were anxious to recover their horse from me, and promised to return one of four they had taken from me if I would deliver up the said horse. This being agreed upon, I went with them to receive my own horse back again; when we had advanced thirty miles we came near to where a rebel fort was. I desired them to go a little out of the way and avoid it, which they had promised to do before we proceeded on our journey. One of them laid hold of my horse's bridle and told me to surrender myself a prisoner, for they were determined to confine me in the fort or carry me to Ninety-Six gaol, about eighty miles off. They said I was not in that damned tory country at that time. I therefore, after some conversation, concluded to submit to be disarmed at the time, as they threatened blowing a ball through me every instant if I did not surrender, which I did. On my arrival at the fort I was stripped of my clothes and confined close till morning, when they tied my legs under a horse's belly and took me before a magistrate to commit me to gaol. However, I was admitted to bail for my good behaviour. On my return to the people who took my horse and clothes, upon asking for them I was retaken before another magistrate, and committed to gaol under a strong guard. On my proceeding towards the gaol the guard was particularly careful about securing me; and in order to do it the more effectually, tied me with a rope to a stout fellow who was one of them. When I found him asleep I took the opportunity

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to cut myself loose with a knife (or rather with a pair of horse fleames) which was accidentally left lying in the road, and throwing myself out of the window made my escape, and took to the mountains for shelter. I continued there for some time, when Col. Mills of the Loyal Militia, on knowing where I was, proposed at several meetings we had, to raise a company, which we did, of 500 men, for the purpose of going to St. Augustine. One of the company proved faithless and gave information to the rebels, who immediately embodied themselves and took Col. Mills prisoner with sixteen of the company, and carried them off to Salisbury gaol. Myself, with fourteen more, pursued about twenty miles with an intention of rescuing them, until we were in sight of Gilbert town where the rebels had a guard; and finding we could not effect our purpose at that time, our numbers being so small and theirs increasing, we returned back. The rebels pursued us all night, and in the morning we perceived them within shot of us. We fired upon them, which they returned, and continued skirmishing with them in the woods about an hour, when they retreated. What injury we did them we could not tell; on our part we suffered no loss. Here our party separated, and I made way for Holsten River, about 140 miles through the woods. I had proceeded about forty miles on my way when I was met by three men, one of whom knew me. He came to me with seeming friendship, and on taking my hand called his companions to assist him in securing me, which they did, and made me a prisoner. They tied my hands behind my back, and feet to each other under the horse's belly, and took me to Ninety-Six gaol again, where I was closely confined for seventeen days. During my confinement I got acquainted with a friend to Government, who lived there, by talking to him through the gates; he furnished me with two files and a knife, by which means I cut through the iron bars and escaped. I returned again to Raebern's Creek, and after remaining some time in the woods there I was advised by friends to make peace with Capt. Gillian, who commanded a company of rebels on the Indian lines. As I durst not be seen by any of the rebel party, I got one of my friends to go to him, desiring him to meet me alone at a particular place, and give him my word I would not injure him. We met accordingly, and passed our words not to disturb or injure each other. We continued our meetings in the woods, generally every day or two for the space of a month, until we were discovered by some of his company, who threatened to have him punished for treating with me. However, he still met me, now and then, and introduced a friend of his to me, who, he told me, I might depend upon. One day I observed an alteration in their behaviour, and asked them, when at some distance, if he meant to keep his word with me; he replied, "by all means." We were all on horseback, and I had my rifle across my saddle. When we were going to part, as I expected, he suddenly seized my rifle, and the man who was with him laid hold of my horse's bridle. He presented his rifle to my breast and told me I was his prisoner or a dead man. I was under the necessity to surrender, and they carried me again to my old quarters at Ninety-Six, where we arrived on the 11th of October, 1778. I was stripped entirely naked, thrown into irons and chained to the floor, and remained in that situation until the 20th of December following, when I again made shift to get my irons off, and having sawed one of the grates some time before, I again escaped by means of a fellow-prisoner, who supplied me with some old clothes, of which I made a rope to let me down. I received a fall in getting down, but luckily did not hurt myself. The gaoler heard me fall and presented a musket at me out of a window, but I avoided him. He alarmed the guard and they pursued me; but, however, I got clear off. I found myself much hurt by a fall I got in their chasing me. I got back to Raebern's Creek, but was taken in three days, and again introduced at Ninety-Six. I was chained and ironed as before, in the centre of a room thirty feet square, forty-five from the ground, the snow beating in through the roof, with four grates open night and day. I remained in this state eleven days. I got my chains off in the night of the twelfth. The gaoler did

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not chain me down again, but I had still part of them remaining on one of my legs, which weighed seven pounds and three-quarters. I continued loose in gaol until the 13th of February, 1779, when I took a bar out of the window in the night, and pried one of the planks out of the floor of the room and thence went down stairs. I found the door fast secured, but I went to a breach I had formerly made in the back of the chimney, and got out, and one of my fellow-prisoners escaped with me, and we kept together for some time after. We found a number of horses grazing in a field belonging to a company of rebels, under the command of Capt. Farr, who had that night come into town. We mounted each of us one and rode off to Raebern's Creek. On our way, we stopped at a house, and furnished ourselves with a rifle and a pair of pistols; we also supplied ourselves with clothing. By this time the neighbourhood was alarmed, and the rebel militia sent in pursuit of us. They laid several ambuscades, but without effect, and continued embodied for six months. But, however, I was so fortunate as to escape; but my companion was taken. The day after he was taken I was riding through a piece of timbered woods, when I discovered a party of men—they discovered me, and pursued on full speed for seven miles, but I was lucky enough to escape them, but my horse falling, threw me, and I unfortunately lost my rifle. An advertisement was then made public for apprehending me, and a reward of seventy silver dollars and 300 paper ones was offered as a reward to take me. This made me very cautious, notwithstanding which I was betrayed and fired upon by a party of rebels, in number sixteen; I received two bullets in my back, one of which is not extracted. I luckily kept my seat in the saddle and rode off. After proceeding about twelve miles I turned my horse into the woods, and remained there eight days, having no support but herbs, except three eggs, my wounds at this time being very troublesome and offensive for the want of dressing. I got my horse again and moved about twelve miles to a friend's house, where on my arrival I made a signal, which they knew, to acquaint them of my being alive, and a young girl of fourteen years old came to me; but when she came near enough to see me she was frightened so at the sight she ran off. I pursued after her on horseback, telling her who I was. She said she knew it was me, but I was dead; that I was then a spirit. I was a long time before I could get her to come to me, I looked so much like a rack of nothing but skin and bones, and my wounds had never been dressed and my clothes all bloody. My misery and situation was beyond explanation, and no friend in the world that I could depend upon. However, these people seeing me in that distressed situation, took the greatest care of me, and dressed my wounds. I then got assistance and support, and my wounds dressed and taken good care of. My horse having been seen by some of the rebel party, they concluded I was not killed, and wrote several letters, which they gave one of my friends, offering to treat with me, and advising me to surrender, threatening at the same time, in case I did not, to banish eight families of my friends out of South Carolina. A limited time was given for my answer, but it had expired before I received the letters; in consequence of which their threats were put in execution, and the people's properties were taken from them, and themselves confined. On the receipt of my letters the people were liberated, but their properties were still detained.

The second day after, I treated with the Colonel of the rebel militia, and had an express sent off to Gov. Rutledge at Charlestown. About a week after his answer came back with a conditional pardon, that which I had done should be forgotten, and that I should live quietly and peaceably at home, and be obliged to pilot parties through the woods as occasion might require.

Before I accepted of these conditions I advised with my friends and company, who all approved of it, as it conduced both to their ease and safety.

I remained at home a year and twelve days, and was repeatedly urged to accept of a company in the Continental service, which I always refused.

After the reduction of Charlestown, one William Cunningham and I con-

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cluded to embody a party of men, which we effected.

We determined to take Col. Williams of the rebel militia prisoner, and then to join Capt. Parish, who was to raise a company and assist us. Col. Williams got notice of it and pushed off, and though we got sight of him he escaped us.

We now found ourselves growing strong, and numbers flocking daily to us. I then took the King's proclamations and distributed them through the country for upwards of a hundred miles.

Capt. Parish had the command of the party and marched up to Ninety-Six, which he took possession of without firing a shot; where I found him again. The day after, we marched about twelve miles to Gen. Williamson's at Whitehall, who commanded a fort with fourteen swivels and two companies of provincial troops. On our approach he met us about three miles from the fort, attended by several officers, requesting that he might discharge the troops and have protection for himself and them.

We granted him what he requested, and took possession of the fort and their arms which they piled up; after that they marched out of the garrison.

Three days after that, Col. Pickins, with 300 men, marched in and laid down their arms.

General Robert Cunningham of the Loyal Militia now took the command, and formed a camp.

We kept scouting parties through the country and had many skirmishes, but none of consequence.

After the British-American troops had taken possession of Ninety-Six, I continued scouting on the Indian lines until Col. Innis forwarded his march up to Musgrove's Mill, on the Innoree River. I then joined them with a party of fourteen men.

The morning following the pickets were attacked by a party of rebels. Col. Innis ordered us to advance and support them, which we did, and followed them until we arrived where the main body lay in ambush, under the command of Col. Williams. Col. Innis was unfortunately wounded, with several other officers.

We engaged them for some time, and then retreated about a mile and a quarter, where we encamped, and in the night marched off towards Ninety-Six, under the command of Capt. DePeyster, and the next morning I and my small party returned back to the Indian lines. We continued scouting on the lines for some time, until I met with Capt. Parish of the British-American South Carolina Regiment, who gave me a list of several soldiers that had permission to visit their friends in the country. On the return from Florida to Ninety-Six, I was desired by him to go to give them notice to join their regiments; and on this expedition I fell in with Major Furgesson's party, which was defeated five days afterwards. The rebels after that began to be numerous and troublesome; and little or no regulation amongst us, I made the best of my way to Deep River, North Carolina, where I remained until the month of February, 1781.

I was, during this time, discovering the disposition of the people. Being informed that Lord Cornwallis was marching that way, I kept my intentions secret until I received certain accounts. I then caused this advertisement to be published, and used all my influence to get all the Loyalists to join me and defend ourselves when occasion might require. A true copy is here set forth:

ADVERTISEMENT

Any of his Majesty's loyal and faithful subjects, able and willing to serve in the Royal North Carolina Regiment commanded by Col. Hamilton, are hereby requested to repair to his encampment. The Bounty allowed for each man is three Guineas; and the terms of the engagement are that he shall serve during the rebellion and within the Provinces of North and South Carolina and Virginia only; that during his service he shall be entitled to clothing, pay, provisions, and all the advantages of his Majesty's Regular and Provincial Troops, and at the end of the rebellion, when he becomes discharged, of course, he is to receive as a reward for his services during the war a free grant of land agreeable to his Majesty's proclamation.

Of his pursuing Gen. Greene as far as Hillsboro, this struck such a terror on the rebels and was so pleasing to us, that we immediately disarmed the disaffected, and embodied about 300 men under the command of Col. Pyles. He fell in with

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a party of rebels (Col. Lee's dragoons), and lost twenty men killed, besides the wounded that died afterwards. At this time I was with a small party at Deep River, where I took two rebel officers prisoners and several soldiers. I then directed my march to the place where I left Col. Pyles and came within a little distance of the dragoons that had cut him up, when I was informed of his misfortune by some of his party that had fled; we then separated into small parties and took to the woods for some time.

The day Lord Cornwallis defeated Gen. Greene at Guildford, I was surprised by a Captain Duck, with a company of rebels, where I sustained the loss of all our horses, and arms; we had one man killed on each side.

The day following, myself and three more of the company furnished ourselves with arms, and pursued the rebels, who we discovered had parted and gone to their respective homes with their plunder. We visited one of the houses and found fourteen horses which had been taken from the friends of the Government; and discovering one of the said party in an outhouse, I fired at him and wounded him in the neck with buckshot, but he escaped. We then mounted ourselves and turning the other horses into the woods we returned back to Deep River. We kept concealed in the woods and collected twenty-five men, having scouts out continually until we proceeded to Dixon's Mills, Cane Creek, where Lord Cornwallis was then encamped. On our arrival there his Lordship met us, and asked me several questions respecting the situation of the country and disposition of the people. I gave him all the information in my power, and leaving the company with his Lordship, I returned back to Deep River in order to conduct more men to the protection of the British arms.

Two days following I returned to the army at Chatham Court House, after being surprised and dispersed by the rebel dragoons, on my bringing in seventy Loyalists. I joined my company again and went with his Lordship to Cross Creek, and as we had lost most of our horses, we determined to return to Deep River and join his Lordship when on his way to Hillsboro. General Greene followed his Lordship as far as Little River, and then returned to Ramsey's Mills on his way to Camden; his men marched in small parties and distressed the friends to Government through the Deep River settlement. I took eighteen of them at different times, and paroled them, and after that we were not distressed by them for some little time. After a little while some of us had assembled at a friend's house, where we were surrounded by a party of eleven rebels under the command of Capt. John Hinds. We perceived their approach and prepared to receive them. When they had got quite near us, we ran out of the doors of the house, fired upon them, and killed one of them; on which we took three of their horses and some firelocks. We then took to the woods and unfortunately had two of our little company taken, *one of which the rebels shot in cold blood, and the other they hanged on the spot where we had killed the man a few days before.* We were so exasperated at this that we determined to have satisfaction, and in a few days I collected seventeen men, well armed, and formed an ambuscade on Deep River at Coxe's Mills, and sent out spies. In the course of two hours one of my spies gave me information of a party of rebels plundering his house, which was about three miles off. I instantly marched to the place and discovered them in a field near the house. I attacked them immediately, and kept up a smart fire for half an hour, during which time we killed their Captain and one private on the spot, wounded three of them, and took two prisoners besides eight of their horses, well appointed, and several swords. This happened on the 11th May, 1781. The same day, we pursued another party of rebels and came up with them the morning following; we attacked them smartly and killed four of them on the spot, wounded three dangerously and took one prisoner with all their horses and appointments. In about an hour after that, we took two men of the same party, and killed one more of them. The same evening we had intelligence of another party of rebels,

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which were assembling about thirty miles off in order to attack us. As I thought it best to surprise them where they were collecting, I marched all night and about ten o'clock next morning we came up with them. We commenced a fire upon each other which continued for about ten minutes, when they retreated. We killed two of them, wounded seven, and took eighteen horses well appointed. We then returned to Deep River again. I still kept the company together and waited for another opportunity, during which time I took two rebel soldiers and paroled them, who gave me information of a Col. Dudley coming from Gen. Greene's camp at Camden, with baggage.

I mounted my men and set forward in search of them. I concealed my men by the side of the road; and I thought the time long according to information I had from the soldiers. I took one man with me, and went to see if I could make any discovery. I rode a mile and a half when I saw Col. Dudley with his baggage. I then wheeled my horse and returned to my men. When I came within a hundred yards of them, Dudley and his dragoons were nose and tail, and snapped their pistols several times. I then ordered a march after them, and after marching two and a half miles I discovered them, and immediately took three prisoners, with all the baggage and nine horses. The baggage I divided among my men, which according to Col. Dudley's report was valued at £1,000 sterling. I returned to Coxe's Mill and remained there till the 8th June, when the rebels embodied 160 men to attack me, under the command of Cols. Collyer and Balfour. I determined to get the advantage of attacking them, which I did with forty-nine men in the night, after marching ten miles to their encampment. They took one of my guides, which gave them notice of my approach; I proceeded to within thirty steps of them; but being unacquainted with the ground advanced very cautiously. The sentinel, however, discovered my party, and firing upon us retreated in, where they secured themselves under cover of the houses, and fences. The firing then began, and continued on both sides for the space of four hours, being very cloudy and dark, during which time I had one man killed and six wounded, and the guide, before mentioned, taken prisoner, *whom they killed next morning in cold blood.* What injury they suffered I could not learn; as the morning appeared we retreated, and returned again to Deep River, leaving our wounded men at a friend's house, privately.

The rebels then kept a constant scouting, and their number was so great that we had to lie still for some time; and when Collier and Balfour left the settlement, the said Col. Dudley, before mentioned, took the place with 300 men from Virginia. He took a negro man from me and sold him at public auction among themselves for £110; the said negro was sent over the mountains, and I never saw him since. At length they all began to scatter, and we to embody. William Elwood being jealous of my taking too much command of the men, in my absence, one day persuaded them that I was going to make them regular soldiers, and cause them to be attached to Col. John Hamilton's Regiment, and vindicated it by an advertisement that I had handed to several of the Loyalists that I thought had the greatest influence with the Loyalists. He so prevailed with the common sort, that when I came to camp I found most of my men gone; I then declared I never would go on another scout until there was a field officer. The majority chose me; they then drew up a petition to the commanding officer of the King's troops.

A general meeting of the Loyalists was now called, in order to appoint a commanding officer of the militia; it was still determined that I should be the person. I accordingly set off for Wilmington, 160 miles, with a petition of the people to the officer commanding at that post for his approbation. On my arrival there, Major Craigg, who was commander, treated me with every respect in his power, and approved of said petition and gave me a commission as Colonel of the Randolph and Chatham Militia—a copy of which is hereunto annexed:

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By James Henry Craigg, Esqr.; Major in his Majesty's 82d Reg., commanding a detachment of the King's Troops in North Carolina, &c., &c.

To David Fanning, Esqr.

These are to appoint you to be Colonel of the Loyal Militia in Randolph and Chatham Counties, who are directed to obey you, as such, in all lawful commands whatsoever, and you are authorised to grant commissions to the necessary persons of known attachment to his Majesty's person and Government, to act as Captains and subalterns to the different companies of militia aforesaid. As Colonel, you are hereby fully empowered to assemble the militia, and lead them against any parties of rebels or others the King's enemies, as often as necessary—to compel all persons whatsoever to join you, to seize and disarm, and when necessary to detain in confinement all rebels or others, acting against his Majesty's Gov't; and to do all other acts becoming a King's officer and good subject.

Given at Wilmington, this 5th July, 1781.

J. H. CRAIGG,
Major Commanding the King's Troops.

On the 12th July I returned from Wilmington and ordered a general muster, and then gave the following commission to the gentlemen hereinafter named, of their respective companies:

By David Fanning, Esq.
Colonel of the Loyal Militia of No. Ca.

To —— —— —— —— Greeting

Having received sufficient testimony of your loyalty and zeal for his Majesty's service, and relying on your courage and good conduct, I do hereby appoint you to be —— ——— of a company in the district of ———. You are, therefore, diligently and carefully to discharge the duty of such; obeying all orders and directions which you may receive from time to time from any superior officers in his Majesty's service, and all others; the inferior officers of his Majesty's subjects of that and every other company are directed and requested to obey you as ——— ——— of said company.

Given under my hand at Coxe's Mill this —— 1781.

DAVID FANNING,
Col. Com'g his Majesties Loyal Militia, &c.

TO BE CONTINUED

The Vision

BY VIRNA SHEARD

LONG had she knelt at the Madonna's shrine,
Within the empty chapel, cold and gray;
Telling her beads, while grief with marring line
And bitter tear stole all her youth away.

Outcast was she from what Life holdeth dear,
Banished from joy that other souls might win;
And from the dark beyond she turned with fear,
Being so branded by the mark of sin.

Yet when at last she raised her troubled face,
Haunted by sorrow, whitened by alarms;
Mary leaned down from out the pictured place,
And laid the little Christ within her arms.

Rosy and warm she held Him to her heart,
She—the abandoned one—the thing apart.

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The Enchantress

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

I FEAR Eileen, the wild Eileen—
The eyes she lifts to mine,
That laugh and laugh and never tell
The half that they divine.

She draws me to her lonely cot
Ayont the Tulloch Hill;
And, laughing, draws me to the door,
And, laughing, holds me still.

I bless myself and bless myself,
But in the holy sign
There seems to be no heart of love,
To still the pain in mine.

The morning, bright above the moor,
Is bright no more for me—
A weary bit of burning pain
Is where my heart should be!

For since the sweet, wild laugh of her
Has drawn me to her snare,
The only sunlight in the world
Is shining from her hair.

Yet well I know, ah, well I know,
Why 'tis so sweet and wild—
She slept beneath a faery thorn,
She is a faery child.

And yet I leave my mother lone,
No meal to fill the pot,
And follow, follow wild Eileen,
If so I will or not.

I fear to meet her in the glen,
Or seek her by the shore;
I fear to lift her cabin's latch,
But—should she come no more!—

O Eileen Og, O wild Eileen,
My heart is racked with fear;
Lest you should meet your faery kin,
And, laughing, leave me here!

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The Myth of Evangeline

By NEWTON MACTAVISH

The shrine of a poet's imagination, where a romance of fiction is perpetuated as a real fact of history.



EVANGELINE'S WILLOWS

The dead tree in the foreground is reputed to be the one under which Evangeline used to sit. Tourists stripped it so mercilessly for souvenirs that it finally withered and died.

EVANGELINE lives in the minds of most readers of Longfellow as a seraphic and picturesque type of femininity. Although she is but a creature of imagination, a poet's ideal of constancy, she nevertheless has a place in history more real and more lasting than have thousands of others who have lived as statesmen or died as martyrs. And why? Because she epitomises, individualises and perilously near scandalises the terrible tragedy of Grand Pré. Had Longfellow's fancy not risen to her creation, had not his subtle genius cast the halo of romance over the scene, the expulsion of the Acadians would remain to-day an almost unregarded spectacle, an incident but not a tragedy. And, yet, how dare we say that Evangeline is nothing more than a character of fiction? Were it not for her and the lover Gabriel, we could easily justify the exiling of her people, we could see that the British had good excuse for shipping them away. But these two lovers come before us as individuals and not as a people. We know them, and sympathise with them, and when the time for departure comes we are willing to see the unknown throng pass down to where the great ships lie; but we wish to see Evangeline still spinning near the well under the willows, to hear Gabriel still singing amongst the haycocks in the meadow, and to feel that while the others are about to go these two who have come into our hearts are suffered to remain.

Thus we have the great myth of Evangeline, the myth that has after all attained the dignity of a reality. For when we visit the scene do we not see the well and the willows and the dykes? —the well where Evangeline drew water, the willows where she sat in the shade, and the dykes where the tides still beat up and fall back; but, above all, we feel the impulse of *her* presence, when the sun is going down away over the hills beyond the Gaspereau, when the air is athrob with the spirit of days long gone, when the vast meadow itself is at rest, cool and serene, after the heat and toil of the day.

The expulsion of the Acadians, who until after the English conquest had been

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EVANGELINE'S WILLOWS AND WELL

Photographed from the station platform at Grand Pré. A group of American tourists are examining the well. The ground in the foreground, which is now a pasture field, has been bought by a syndicate and will be known as Memorial Park, with its Acadian characteristics at least partially restored.

colonists of France, took place in 1755. Longfellow, about 100 years later, looked back and appreciated its romantic possibilities. As a result, we have his most famous poem. But the poet did not curb his license, and although the picture he draws of the *Land of Evangeline* is acceptably faithful, the impression it leaves on one's mind is rather different from the actual scene to-day as it spreads before the visitor who is unfortunate enough to be set down on the station platform at Grand Pré, and to be confronted with its most prosaic aspects. In truth, it *was* the forest primeval, but the murmuring pines and the hemlocks have given place in the immediate vicinity to a pasture field of ordinary characteristics surrounded by an unromantic board fence. It may so happen, however, that the visitor will linger upon the scene until towards evening, when the witchery of the marvellous setting can be felt, and when courage is taken to cast the eye forward beyond the willows, whence the vast Acadian meadows stretch over towards the bluffs of Blomidon; and then backwards to the upland, where the village slumbers on the hill, and the sturdy yoke of oxen bend to the task of delivering their last burden of hay. The impulse to cross the meadow to the dykes is respected, and as one treads across the responding earth wonder is quickened by the knowledge that for 150 years the Acadians or their successors have on that very soil fought back the tides and made hay ten to thirty feet beneath the level of the sea. Knowing that, interest in the dykes themselves increases, and when at last they have been mounted, a proper appreciation of the situation begins, but it is not until they have been traversed as far as the village of Wolfville, two miles or a little more away, that the magnitude of the undertaking can be realised.

The visitor is obliged to go to Wolfville, which is the commercial centre of the community, and the place where accommodation for travellers is provided. Along the way, if the tide is out, one unconsciously stops here and there to experience the singular charm of so great a stretch of shining terra cotta ooze, where at high tide a few hours ago the spectacle was that of an enchanting river widening out into an enchanting sea. Bliss Carman's charming poem is recalled:

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A PORTION OF THE DYKES AT GRAND PRÉ

Showing where the tide has made inroads at several points. From the foreground on the left, looking past the point of land, a glimpse is afforded of the vast stretches when the tide is out. On the right are hay fields and hay barns which the dykes protect.

LOW TIDE ON GRAND-PRÉ

The sun goes down, and over all
 These barren reaches by the tide
Such unelusive glories fall,
 I almost dream they yet will bide
 Until the coming of the tide.

And yet I know that not for us,
 By any ecstasy of dream,
He lingers to keep luminous
 A little while the grievous stream,
 Which frets, uncomforted of dream—

A grievous stream, that to and fro
 All through the fields of Acadie
Goes wandering, as if to know
 Why one beloved face should be
 So long from home and Acadie!

Was it a year or lives ago
 We took the grasses in our hands,
And caught the summer flying low
 Over the waving meadow land,
 And held it there between our hands?

The while the river at our feet—
 A drowsy inland meadow stream—
At set of sun the after-heat
 Made running gold, and in the gleam
 We freed our birch upon the stream.

There down along the elms at dusk
 We lifted dripping blade to drift,
Through twilight scented fine like musk,
 Where night and gloom awhile uplift,
 Nor sunder soul and soul adrift.

And that we took into our hands—
 Spirit of life or subtler thing—
Breathed on us there, and loosed the bands
 Of death, and taught us, whispering,
 The secret of some wonder-thing.

Then all your face grew light, and seemed
 To hold the shadow of the sun;
The evening faltered, and I deemed
 That time was ripe, and years had done
 Their wheeling underneath the sun.

So all desire and all regret,
 And fear and memory, were naught;
One to remember or forget
 The keen delight our hands had caught;
 Morrow and yesterday were naught!

The night has fallen, and the tide
 Now and again comes drifting home,
Across these aching barrens wide,
 A sigh like driven wind or foam;
 In grief the flood is bursting home!

At Wolfville advice is given to go back above the village, as far as the highest point, and behold the valley of the Gaspereau, which, with its cultivated fields, curving river and tree-embowered hamlets, presents a scene of truly bewitching pastoral beauty. The Gaspereau is by no means a majestic river, but in sinuosity and alluring recesses it is difficult to rival. Its course lies back of Wolf-

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THE MODERN VILLAGE OF GRAND PRÉ

ville and back also of Grand Pré, but it flows into the Basin of Minas a little beyond the *Home of Evangeline*, and it was near its mouth that the Acadians embarked for exile.

Having obtained a familiar acquaintance with the surroundings, the very spot to which tradition attaches the spirit of Evangeline can be approached with a better understanding, with quickened imagination and with a fuller appreciation of its picturesqueness. The willows and the well should serve merely as a suggestion, as an earnest of the quaintness and primitiveness of the scene as Evangeline and Gabriel were accustomed to see it. Instead of the ordinary field, one sees in imagination the forge of Basil on one hand, the Acadian church of St. Charles on the other hand, the residence of the *curé* hard by, and the old-fashioned road that curved up into the village. Although this spot, which has now attained almost to the status of a shrine, long stood neglected by those whose greatest interest should have rested in it, thousands of Americans, inspired with curiosity by their national poet, have annually made pilgrimage to the scene. A few years ago some of the more appreciative members of the community brought a primitive well-sweep and bucket across from Cornwallis and placed them above Evangeline's well. That was the first move towards restoration, but soon an enthusiastic tourist carried off the bucket. The farmer who used the land for pasture required some means for raising the water, so he had the well-sweep replaced with a modern pump. To add to the inappropriateness of the change, the pump was painted red, and a board fence was built around it. Recently, however, a number of residents of the vicinity secured control of the property, which will hereafter be known as *Memorial Park*. The intention is to restore it as much as possible to the appearance it bore at the time of the Acadians. Already they have replaced the pump with a new well-sweep and bucket, and the well itself has been curbed with stone. In the mortar may be seen the imprints of the dates 1755–1907. Excavating for relics has begun, and some very interesting objects, such as pots, pans, axe-heads, knives, bayonets,

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THE VALLEY OF THE GASPEREAU

and various implements have been recovered. Some are very well preserved, but most of them have been badly damaged by rust.

The meadow lands of Grand Pré are valuable because of the immense crops of hay that they will produce. Some choice stretches in the vicinity are valued at $300 an acre. Three to four tons to the acre is said to be not an unusual yield, and sometimes hay is worth fifteen dollars a ton. The land has to be resown only once in every seven years. The wonderful productiveness of the soil is due to the alluvial deposits made by the tides, but in order to take advantage of it the dykes that hold the water back have to be kept constantly in repair. A dyke commissioner is maintained in order to insure the safety of all. His duty is to see that no part of the dyke is neglected, and when repairs are needed the money to pay for the work is taken from the common fund. The object in having a commissioner is to prevent any one neglectful farmer from allowing the tide to break through his dyke and imperil the crops for miles around. Renewals have to be made frequently; in fact, every spring fresh breaks are invariably found. The farmers contribute according to acreage towards the general up-keep. Although the tide has a rise of about thirty feet at Grand Pré, the dykes are only about ten feet high, the rise of land from the river-bed to the dykes making up the difference. The composition of these veritable walls is wooden piles backed with earth.

The settlers around Grand Pré and Wolfville are now all English, but the descendants of Acadians can be traced to Digby County, to near Halifax, N.S., along the northern shore of New Brunswick and to Gaspé. Some of the names familiar to these places are the same as the recorded names of some of the expelled Acadians; for instance, Le Blanc, Gotro, Boudro, Landry, Robicheau, Gaudet, Hébert, Blanchard, Melanson and Comeau.

The setting of the sun over beyond the Gaspereau is oftentimes a supremely enchanting spectacle, and, having witnessed it, one is induced to wander back

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EVANGELINE'S WELL
Village of Grand Pré in the background.

along the highway towards Grand Pré, to experience the spell of an Acadian twilight falling over the scene. The village itself is not unlike many another in various parts of the Dominion, but its associations are sufficiently romantic and its history sufficiently austere to raise it above the commonplace. From all accounts, most of the Acadians were a peace-loving people, but unfortunately they listened to the ill-advised counsels of their leaders, which meant for them anything but peace. Their descendants are now content to live under the protection of a flag whose presence was regarded by them as an insult to their nationality. Still, after all, the expulsion was merely an incident—a terrible alternative, it must be admitted—yet nevertheless merely an incident. To attempt to justify it is merely to repeat history.

As we look for the last time across to the well, to the willows, to the dykes, and to the tide-swept reaches beyond, we see with undimmed eye the great throng moving slowly towards the ships; but our hearts fill and our sympathies rise, when we see Evangeline and Gabriel, the lovers whom we know so well, passing out with the rest of their people.

Evening at Grand Pré

BY N. B. RIPLEY

ONCE thoughtfully I wandered through the meads,
Whose ample acres, by a pastoral race,
Saved from the restless sea's inundant pace,
Rich harvests yield for man's recurrent needs;
Long windrows, gathered by the patient steeds,
Stretched o'er the plain, while on its smiling face
The aftermath grew green. Ah, what a grace
Fell where the toiling swain his calling leads!
Historic ground, where far the dike-line lies,
Thy charm is on me, and will ever stay;
But over all a vision fills my eyes,
Surrounded by that fair Acadian day:
A poet's maid in modest beauty dressed,
With love undying in her throbbing breast.

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The Maple

BY WILFRED CAMPBELL

O MAPLE, tall and slender,
Filled with the sun's rich wine:
Whether on open hillside,
Or on the forest line,
You brim with your glad splendour
The June world's cup divine.

With warm light overflowing,
O, strong and stately tree,
You spread your bounteous branches
To all glad airs that be:
O, tree of all trees growing,
The dearest one to me.

All through the golden summer
Your leafy tents you spread,
When out by field and highway
The moon lies parched and red:
And out in the fields the cattle
Doze by the brook's dried bed.

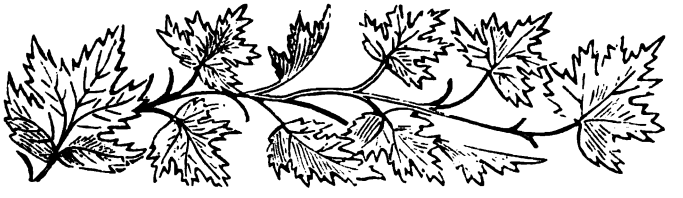
When late in ripe September
Earth's fruits are gathered in,
And wealth of glowing plenty
O'erflows each brimming bin:
You, with your flaming splendours,
The Autumn's triumphs win.

And when in late October
The frosty nuts do rain:
And earth, more grave and sober,
Hath wrapt her pall again,
Through your great boughs the storm-wind
Goes roaring like the main.

O, tree of mine own country,
I love your stately green:
Old memories of my childhood
Blow your warm leaves between,
And past your leafy radiance,
Haunts each familiar scene.

Like you upon your hillside,
Filled with earth's golden glow:
Strong, towering, proud to heaven
When happy June winds blow,
O, tree, may my young country
In days to come, outgrow.

Like you, amid the forest,
May she 'mid nations tower,
A titan proud and mighty,
Filled with earth's gladdest dower:
While 'neath her widening branches
A people's hope embower.



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The Tell-Tale Pasture

By RAYMUND H. PHILLIMORE, M.D.

IT was about two weeks before Christmas, 1898. Dr. Archibald Forbes, of Rockstowes, was seated in the cosy little library of the Reverend Charles Brewster, rector of East Owlpen, about eight miles from West Nymphsfield. It was about seven o'clock in the evening, and Dr. Forbes was indulging in a sociable smoke after dinner. Outside, the snow was gently falling, and the ground was covered with a thin layer which glistened and sparkled as the moon occasionally broke through the clouds. The rector rose from his chair, stirred the fire, and walked to the window. He drew aside the blinds and looked out.

"Snowing still?" inquired the clergyman's guest.

"Yes, doctor; it looks as if we were to have a regular old-fashioned Christmas."

Then he returned to his seat, lay back, and approximating the tips of his fingers, closed his eyes and appeared to be lost in meditation.

Dr. Forbes blew a cloud of smoke from his cigar, and watched his host for some moments, speculating upon the probable nature of his thoughts.

Suddenly the reverend gentleman looked up.

"It is strange," he remarked, "how the mind will occasionally revert to events that have long since past and gone."

"To what do you refer?"

"When I glanced out of that window a few moments ago, and saw the snow glittering across the pasture, I could not help recalling a shocking tragedy which occurred in this parish twenty-four years ago this very Christmas."

"Indeed, I never heard of it!"

"No? Well it created a great sensation at the time."

"I should be very pleased if you would relate the details. You know that the analysis of crime has been my hobby for years."

"I am aware of it, and I shall be happy to tell you the story, for it was a strange, strange case. The decanter is beside you, and I see that your glass is empty."

Dr. Forbes, having accepted the hint, the rector commenced his narrative thus:

"Christmas Eve, 1874, fell upon Thursday. At that time there dwelt in this village one Hiram Bishop, an old man who was reputed to be worth over £20,000. He dwelt in this very street—you will see the old gabled house at the north corner; it is now occupied by his nephew, Ephraim Bishop, originally a shoemaker by trade."

"I know the house well," broke in the doctor, "also the man, a staid, respectable old citizen."

"Exactly. Well, across the field, at the back of Hiram Bishop's old place, there lived in a little thatched cottage, a man named James Sellan, a lazy, good-natured sort of fellow, who spent most of his time at The Golden Fleece. Fortunately, he was unmarried; and though, as I say, he was not overfond of work, he had still never exhibited any vicious tendencies. These are the principal characters that enter into the narrative."

The rector glanced towards the window.

"Yes," he continued reflectively, "it was just such a night as this, though no snow was actually falling; and this is a most important circumstance to note, as you will see further on. After service

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on Christmas morning it was remarked by several members of the congregation that old Bishop had not occupied his usual place in the pew beneath the pulpit; for, in spite of his miserly habits, he was a regular attendant at church, though I must say his contributions did not materially assist the church in her good work."

"Was he a married man?" inquired the doctor.

"No, sir, he lived alone; cooked his own food, and was very rarely visited by any of his neighbours. He was essentially a misanthrope, as is often the case in men of this class. It was next remarked that no smoke was to be seen issuing from the chimney of the old man's house; consequently the attention of the village constable—one Grimes—was called to the circumstance. This official, in company with a number of the neighbours, myself, and Ephraim by the way, included, tried old Bishop's front door; it was locked. Upon trying the back door, however, which, as you know the house, you will remember opens into the field which I have already mentioned, it was found unfastened. I shall never forget the strange, indefinable feeling of awe which crept over me as we entered the kitchen. It seemed as if we were on the threshold of some horrible discovery. From the kitchen we proceeded to the bedroom, and there my worst fears were realised. The old man lay upon the bed with his head battered in, quite dead and cold—he had evidently been murdered several hours before."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Dr. Forbes, "and who was the murderer?"

"All in good time," replied the rector. "Upon more closely investigating the surroundings, and the position of the body, it became apparent that the old miser had been struck a violent blow with the poker while asleep; in all likelihood he was killed instantly, and the succeeding blows would seem to have been dealt out of pure savagery. For some moments we gazed on this terrible spectacle, speechless with horror. I believe that I was the first to break silence. 'Look there!' I exclaimed, glancing out of the window, and pointing to the pasture, 'look at those footprints!' All rushed to the window. And there, as each one cast his eyes over the pasture, he plainly saw footprints in the snow leading directly from Jim Sellan's cottage to Hiram Bishop's domicile! No snow had fortunately fallen during the night—they were as distinct as a man's tracks could possibly be; and, from that day to this the field has been called 'Tell-Tale Pasture.'"

"Was there a double row?" inquired Dr. Forbes, intensely interested.

"No, a single track only; but upon further examination of the premises we found that the front parlour window was unfastened, and here the murderer had evidently made his escape, jumping down into the main street, and reaching home by a circuitous route. You will understand what a sensation the affair created. The constable, with the rest of us, at once hastened to the cottage of James Sellan. The wretched man was found still in bed. He appeared almost dazed when we woke him, though he managed to pull himself together in a few moments, and angrily demanded what we meant by such a forcible entry into his dwelling; for I may say that the constable had broken open the flimsy door.

"'What d'yer mean?' says he, 'and what's the bloomin' trouble? Can't a fellow take an extry bit of sleep a Christmas mornin' without havin' the whole village to wake him up, or is it a depitation with a fat goose?' he added with assumed sarcasm.

"'Jim,' I said, approaching the bed, 'a very serious affair occurred last night, and I am afraid you will be called upon to make some explanations.'

"'What's the matter, parson?' he answered, staring from one to the other, and now evidently much alarmed at my solemn tone.

"'Old Hiram Bishop was murdered last night,' I replied, looking him steadily in the face.

"Sellan almost jumped out of the bed.

"'What's that?' he exclaimed, his face turning white as a sheet, 'old Bishop, the miser, murdered—surely you be jestin', parson?'

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"'No, Jim,' I answered, 'unhappily it's only too true.'

"'Well,' he replied defiantly, as he caught sight of the constable, and what's that got to do wi' me? D'yer suppose I did it? I left The Golden Fleece this morning at two o'clock, havin' had to rub down a horse that brought two gentlemen over from Worcester; and I ain't stirred out of bed since."

"And I must say, doctor," continued Mr. Brewster, "the man's tone was wonderfully calm and collected under the circumstances. He seemed all at once to have realised that suspicion had already fallen upon *him*."

"'Gentlemen,' he says, looking each one straight in the face, 'I swear to you, as there is a God in Heaven, I ain't had nothin' to do with the murder of old Bishop, if, as you says, he has been murdered. I'm as innercent as a babe unborn.'

"'You'll 'ave to prove it,' broke in the constable, roughly; 'anyway, my dooty is clear enough. I arrest you, James Sellan, on suspicion of 'aving murdered Hiram Bishop last night or early this morning.'

"'What proofs 'ave you?' he asked.

"'Footprints,' replied the constable.

"I wish, Dr. Forbes, I could forget the memory of that poor wretch's face. It haunts me even to-night. He gazed at the constable with a fixed, stony stare—the silence in the room was painful beyond description. Then the accused man got slowly out of bed.

"'I'll go with yer, Mister Grimes,' he says, 'but if they hang me there'll be two men murdered instead o' one; and that be gospel truth.'

The rector paused.

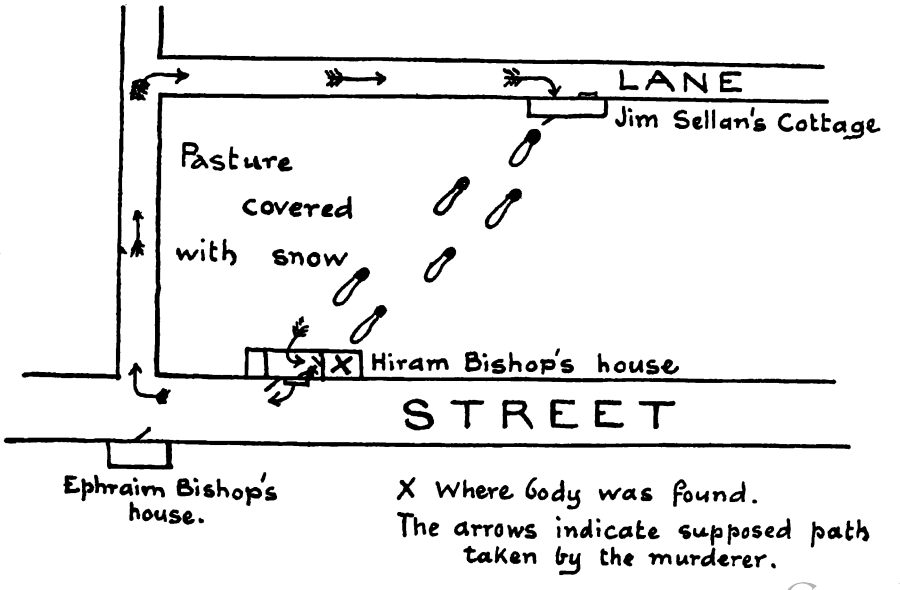
"Now, you understand the whole situation, Dr. Forbes?" he asked.

"I believe I do," answered the doctor, "but pray proceed."

"Before going any further, doctor, I should like to sketch you a plan of the locality, and the direction taken by the footsteps. You will then more fully comprehend the situation as it was placed before the jury at the trial."

The rector rose from his chair, took a pencil and sheet of paper from his desk, and drew a diagram.

"You will observe," he continued, after Dr. Archibald Forbes had occupied some minutes in a careful examination of the plan, "that the footsteps lead directly from Jim Sellan's to Hiram Bishop's house. It had not snowed for at least forty-eight hours previously—the evidence of the accused's guilt would, therefore, seem to be conclusive, especially when it was found that Jim's boots fitted *exactly*



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the impressions discovered in the snow the following morning."

"Um," replied Dr. Forbes reflectively, "but where did the motive come in—*cui bono?* What object had Jim Sellan for killing his neighbour? Had they quarrelled?"

"Yes, it was shown at the trial that the two had not been on good terms for a long time. There had been some trouble between them about a small sum of money Jim had borrowed from the old man, and which he said he had paid back. Upon one occasion, it is said, Jim had threatened to get even with 'that rascally thief,' as he called him. It was also pretty well known that old Bishop kept money hidden away in the house, and the place had certainly been ransacked the night of the murder."

"Was there any money found in Jim's house?" asked Dr. Forbes.

"Well, not exactly *in* the house; but then, of course, the murderer was cunning enough to conceal it."

"Then some money was actually discovered upon Sellan's premises?" continued the doctor.

"Certainly; a strict search was made, and upon raising the sill of the front window, outside, which was loose, they found eight sovereigns and some silver wrapped up in a piece of old newspaper."

Dr. Forbes smiled enigmatically.

"Ah, that of course was another link in the chain of evidence. The poor devil must have felt that justice was weaving a pretty tight noose round his neck when this circumstance came to light. I understand then that this money was found beneath the sill of the window facing the lane?"

"Precisely."

"And then did Jim Sellan confess his guilt?"

"On the contrary, he sullenly and obstinately declared that he knew nothing about the whole business; and that if money had been found hidden around his cottage—either inside or outside—he hadn't put it there."

"What time did he leave The Golden Fleece do you say?"

"About two o'clock in the morning, so the landlord stated at the trial, which of course substantiated the prisoner's statement."

"Had he been drinking?"

"Oh, no; Jim was not by any means what you would call a drinking man. He usually sat around the inn looking for odd jobs in connection with stable work. Indeed, this is how he practically earned his livelihood. He appears to have done this on the night of the murder."

"And who got the old miser's money?" inquired the doctor after a moment's pause.

"His nephew, Ephraim Bishop; and here I may mention a somewhat curious incident in regard to the case. At the time of the old man's death Ephraim was engaged to a pretty, dark-eyed girl living in the village, named Marguerite Everall. They had been courting for over a year, and were to have been married as soon as Ephraim was in a position to raise a mortgage which was hanging over his place."

"Excuse me," broke in Dr. Forbes, "but is that the Miss Everall who lives opposite the church? I refer to the dressmaker."

"The same person. Well, for some reason or another, which has never, as far as I know, been clearly explained, the match was broken off. Ephraim, who was always of a somewhat retiring disposition, became ten times more so after the girl had jilted him."

"That, of course, is not surprising. By the way, he was a shoemaker by trade, I think you said?"

"A shoemaker—yes. However, he did not pursue his vocation very long after his uncle's death and his own love affair. Indeed, if I remember rightly, he went abroad for five or six years, and is said to have made a fortune. I honestly believe he was passionately fond of the girl. When he returned home Miss Everall was still unmarried, and he at once renewed his suit, but all to no purpose. Finally, he settled down on his uncle's old place, where, as you probably know, he now resides—a quiet, religious, respectable member of society, living alone with an old servant, and in all respects, a model parishioner."

"And Jim Sellan?" inquired Dr.

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Forbes; "the jury, I suppose, brought in a verdict of 'Not Guilty'?"

"Not guilty!" exclaimed the rector, in astonishment; "why, bless me! how could they possibly have done that, my dear sir? The Judge summed up against the prisoner, pointing out the quarrel between the two men, and calling special attention to the tell-tale footprints, which accurately fitted the boots worn by Sellan on the night of the murder. Finally, the jury rendered the one verdict which was generally expected, viz., 'Guilty'."

"Then Jim Sellan was hanged?"

"No, doctor, he was not."

"How was that if he was found guilty of the crime?"

The rector considered a moment.

"If I recall the circumstances correctly," he answered, "one of the jurymen at first stood out for a verdict of acquittal, arguing that the proof against Jim had not been established entirely to his satisfaction—the evidence after all being purely circumstantial. In the end, however, he yielded to the majority; but only on condition that a recommendation for mercy should form a part of the verdict—upon what grounds I know not. The consequence was that the death penalty was subsequently commuted to imprisonment for life, so that Jim had a pretty close shave. And now, doctor, you have heard the strange story of the Tell-Tale Pasture."

"A strange verdict, Mr. Brewster."

"Why so? The proof of guilt to my mind seems overwhelming."

"Yes, truly; but not against Jim Sellan."

"Not against Jim Sellan! Good gracious, doctor, what a man you are for giving one the cold shivers! Do you actually think that the wrong man has been punished all these years? For Heaven's sake, don't say that!"

"That is exactly what I do say. I say deliberately that, in my opinion, Jim Sellan never murdered Hiram Bishop—there was not one jot of reliable evidence offered against him. Remember, he was an ignorant man; public opinion was against him; and circumstances, of course, pointed strongly in his direction. Imagining his case was hopeless, he probably sullenly accepted the fate which he thought was in store for him. What was his word, he would argue, against such an apparently irresistible array of evidence? The quarrel, the footsteps, the expert testimony, the money found on his premises, and no one else but himself suspected? He would at once resign himself to the inevitable."

The rector's face became very grave.

"Forbes," he said solemnly, "I have a high regard for your sound judgment as a medical jurist—there is no man's I value more so. In this case, however, I sincerely hope, and I must frankly state, that I believe you are mistaken. Look at the evidence—circumstantial, I admit; but consider it from every standpoint, what do you find?"

"As you say—consider it from every standpoint; and what *do* you find? You find a lazy, indolent fellow sentenced to death for the murder of an old miser. What would he murder him for? For his money? Is it likely that Jim Sellan, in his sober senses, after spending the early morning hours at the village inn, where he was employed attending to some horses, would all at once conceive the sanguinary design of slaying an inoffensive neighbour with whom he had had some petty difference a year or two before? Would any sane man, and one whose disposition you declare was not naturally vicious, calmly walk out of his cottage, tramp across a pasture upon which snow had recently fallen, leaving tell-tale tracks behind; commit a murder, take a few paltry pounds, hide them in a place where they would assuredly be discovered the next morning, and then go quietly back to bed, and sleep soundly until roused by the villagers? No, sir, the whole theory is contrary to reason, logic, and criminal experiences."

The rector's fingers twitched nervously.

"Then who did kill Hiram Bishop if Jim Sellan did not do so?"

Dr. Forbes rose from his chair, and walked towards the window looking out upon the pasture.

"Ask Marguerite Everall what she thinks about it," he answered quietly.

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'What!" ejaculated the clergyman, greatly agitated, "you don't mean——"

"Hush! my friend, do not forget that 'walls have ears'."

Just as he uttered these warning words, there was a ring at the bell.

"Mr. Bishop," announced the butler.

"Admit him," answered the perturbed rector; and then the stillness of death fell upon the apartment. Even the very portraits in their frames, in the subdued light of the lamp, seemed to glance expectantly towards the door.

Again it opened, and a man, somewhat past middle age, and slightly above the average height, entered the apartment. His hair was white; and, at first glance, his countenance suggested to the observer some deep-seated grief. Probably he had not recovered from the blow dealt him by the faithless Marguerite in his youth—perhaps the tragical death of his uncle had weighed upon his mind, and prematurely aged him. Or perhaps, who knows?—some deeper sorrow still was gnawing at his heart, and slowly sapping away his energies and vitality. In the soft light of the room his face looked sallow, and his eyes hollow. As he entered he paused—he had evidently expected to find the rector alone.

"Good night, gentlemen," he said respectfully; "I hope I am not disturbing you, but I wished to see Mr. Brewster on a small business matter, which, however, can readily be put off till another day."

"You are not disturbing us at all, Mr. Bishop," responded the rector; "permit me to introduce you to Dr. Archibald Forbes, of West Nymphsfield, whom you may possibly already know."

Mr. Bishop bowed.

"I have frequently met Dr. Forbes," he said.

After a short conversation between the three gentlemen had taken place, the Reverend Charles Brewster spoke up:

"If you have any desire to see me privately, I am sure Dr. Forbes will excuse me for a few minutes."

"By no means," answered the other; "my business has reference only to the proposed restoration of your church. I understand that you are short of funds, sir. If I remember rightly you require—" and he began to fumble in his pocket, apparently in search of some paper or memorandum.

"My dear sir," said the rector smiling, "as you state, we are sadly in want of money to carry on the work which it has been my ambition to accomplish for many years."

"And that sum is——"

"Five thousand, five hundred pounds."

The visitor drew out a check book, but without the slightest ostentation.

"As you are aware," he said, "I have always taken a very lively interest in the church and church work. You have a pen and ink at hand?"

The rector shot a swift and exultant glance at Dr. Forbes, who sat in his chair apparently absorbed in "Lives of Old English Worthies"; then he walked to his desk.

"Mr. Bishop," he said, "here are pen and ink—the church of St. James is already greatly indebted to you for many charitable donations; but 'he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.'"

Mr. Bishop seated himself gravely before the desk; he considered a moment, then he filled in a cheque, folded it, handed it to the clergyman, and said:

"Gentlemen, permit me to wish you 'good-night'," and without another word took his departure.

The moment the two were alone, Dr. Forbes looked up at his clerical friend—

"Come now," he said; "admit that I am gifted with second sight—that cheque is filled in for six thousand pounds."

The Reverend Mr. Brewster started—

"Six thousand pounds!" he exclaimed; "that would be a godsend, indeed."

Then he unfolded the paper, and looked at the figures.

"You are a true prophet," he announced joyfully; "it is precisely for that amount. We can now proceed with the work of restoration."

❀

The next day Dr. Archibald Forbes paid a mysterious visit to London, where he interviewed the Minister of Justice,

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with whom he was on friendly terms. In reply to a certain question addressed to him by the master of Rockstowes, the Minister answered:

"The man's time will expire in a few days; here is the order which I promised to give you. It will meet all requirements."

The following evening Dr. Forbes was once more seated in his office. His wife was sewing in an arm-chair opposite.

"Edith," commenced the doctor, "I am going to drive over to East Owlpen to-morrow."

"To visit the Rev. Charles Brewster again?"

Her husband smiled.

"No," he answered, "not the clergyman this time. I am about to interview two people—the one is Mr. Ephraim Bishop, the other Miss Marguerite Everall."

"Is that the gentleman who gave such a liberal donation towards the restoration of St. James' Church?"

"The same."

"And what is the object of this important interview?"

"My dear, I am anxious to carry out, or rather to put to a test, a certain theory which I have evolved in regard to a murder committed a number of years ago."

"Of course, for your new volume, 'A Disquisition on the Detection of Crime and Criminals'," responded his wife, laughing.

"You are always accurate, my dear," he rejoined.

"You consider it a crime," she continued jocosely, "to give so largely in aid of the church?"

"By no means," replied her husband; "but I wish, for my own satisfaction, to prove that a certain convict is not guilty of the crime for which he was condemned. It will necessitate, I am afraid, a somewhat dramatic *dénouement*; but, under the circumstances, I consider it perfectly justifiable."

"If that be the case, I sincerely trust you may succeed," Mrs. Forbes answered; "though of course I do not know the circumstances to which you refer."

"You will know later on," was the rejoinder.

The next evening Dr. Archibald Forbes drove over to East Owlpen. He directed his coachman to stop at the cottage of Miss Marguerite Everall.

Dr. Forbes descended from the vehicle and rapped at the door. It was opened by a neatly-attired, attenuated maid-servant.

"Is Miss Everall at home?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you please hand her my card?"

A minute later Dr. Forbes was seated in a diminutive parlour. The whole arrangement of the room indicated the artistic taste of the lady of the house; and, as Dr. Forbes cast his eyes around, he could not fail to observe that cleanliness, order, and method, entered largely into every detail of domestic management.

Very soon a gray-haired lady entered the room. The name of Dr. Forbes was almost a household word throughout the whole country. His wealth, his personality, his charity—all combined, sufficed to render him popular wherever he went.

Miss Everall, for this, of course, was the lady, curtsied.

After a few introductory remarks, Dr. Forbes commenced:

"You will doubtless wonder, Miss Everall, what my object really is for calling upon you. As a matter of fact I desire to procure some information which, I believe, you are in a position to give me."

Miss Everall's face slightly flushed.

"Information from me!" she exclaimed a little nervously. "Of course, if it is possible, I shall do all in my power to render you a service. But, in what respect, sir, can *I* be of assistance to you?"

"You will pardon me, I am sure, if I should appear to ask you a number of questions which, at first sight, may seem inquisitive. Still, if you consider my visit an intrusion, or my questions wearisome as I proceed, pray do not hesitate to say so."

And Dr. Forbes laughed genially.

An uneasy expression passed over Miss Everall's countenance.

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I cannot imagine——" she began.

"My dear lady," interrupted the doctor, "you have, in all likelihood, heard that, like many literary men, I have a hobby?"

"You are a great writer, doctor. All the world of course knows that, but——"

"Please do not flatter me," broke in the visitor. "I have driven over to see you this evening to secure, as I have already stated, a little information. That information, you may be sure, possesses some degree of importance, or I should not have ventured to intrude upon you."

"Proceed, doctor."

"You have lived in East Owlpen the greater part of your life, I believe, Miss Everall?"

"I was born here."

"Consequently you will be well qualified to tell me something about the history of the people?"

"It is very possible, doctor. There are few persons who have resided in this locality with whom either in the conduct of my small business, or in friendly intercourse, I have not come into contact at one time or another."

"For example, one James Sellan, who resided here twenty-five years ago?"

At the mention of this name Miss Everall's face turned as pale as marble.

"James Sellan!" she exclaimed; "James Sellan! And what can I tell you about him? It is true," she continued, recovering herself, and assuming a more dignified tone, "that we went to the village school together; but, as we grew up, we naturally drifted apart. As a boy, he was indolent, but good-natured, and was always ready to protect the weaker children from being tyrannised over by their stronger companions. I believe he is now in the penitentiary."

"Precisely, for the murder of one Hiram Bishop. Do you know"—and the doctor regarded her closely—"that I never heard of this case until a few nights ago. I may explain that I am now compiling a work, dealing with crimes and criminals, and, in gathering together certain data respecting this James Sellan, I have been induced to visit you for the purpose of verifying what information I have already obtained. I ask you then, from your knowledge and recollection of this James Sellan, Miss Everall, would you have considered him likely to have turned out a murderer?"

"I should scarcely have thought so, but then, of course, I may have been deceived," she answered in a slightly tremulous tone.

"For my own part," went on the doctor, glancing carelessly out of the window, "I must frankly confess, after hearing the details of the crime, that I do not believe James Sellan was the culprit."

It was almost with a gasp that Miss Everall replied:

"Then who do you think was the criminal?"

"We must first of all ask ourselves," answered the doctor, "who was mostly interested in the old man's death? Old Hiram, I understand, was worth a considerable sum of money?"

"I believe," responded the lady in a faint voice, "that his nephew came in for his uncle's fortune."

"Ephraim Bishop, the philanthropist?"

"Yes, sir."

"No one else?"

"Not that I am aware of."

Dr. Forbes then proceeded to discuss the character, habits, and personality of James Sellan, concerning whom Miss Everall gave a minute description as far as her recollection carried her.

The doctor then thanked her for the information; and, having apologised for having trespassed upon her time, took his leave.

"John," said he, as he stepped into his carriage, "drive to the residence of Mr. Ephraim Bishop."

Upon reaching that gentleman's house, Dr. Forbes discovered the subject of his visit sitting in the parlour.

"I have called," said the doctor, the usual salutations having been passed, "to invite you to spend Christmas Eve at my house—Christmas day falling on a Sunday this year. I am entertaining a few friends; and, although I am aware that you do not care very much for society, I shall esteem it a personal favour if you will break through your usual rule and partake of Christmas cheer at my table. I am anxious also to discuss this question

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of church restoration, as I intend to follow your praiseworthy example, and surprise your good rector. There will only be a few old cronies present, all of whom will be personally known to you, so I hope you will accept my invitation. I can promise you an interesting evening."

Mr. Bishop hesitated.

"You know, doctor," he objected, "it is a long way from East Owlpen to West Nymphsfield, and——"

"No, no!" interrupted the doctor; "no excuses, my dear sir; I shall send my carriage for you, so your objection falls to the ground."

"Really then, under these circumstances, I cannot very well decline."

"Excellent! Next Saturday then at seven o'clock, Christmas Eve."

The matter having been thus arranged Dr. Forbes drove away eminently satisfied with his afternoon's work, while Mr. Ephraim Bishop returned to his fireside wondering greatly who the "old cronies" mentioned by Dr. Forbes to meet him on Christmas Eve would turn out to be.

❧

It was a strange assembly that sat in Dr. Archibald Forbes' library on the night of December the 24th, 1898. There were nine guests in all; first, there was the rector of East Owlpen; then there was Mr. Grimes, village constable, now retired; next came the blacksmith, well over sixty years of age; the remainder were all men of a past generation. Rockstowes had probably never before witnessed so miscellaneous a gathering. The staid old butler regarded, with no small indignation, each new guest as he arrived.

"What in blazes can the maister be thinkin' of?" he snorted to himself, as he admitted them one by one; "outside o' the passon there ain't a gen'leman among 'em—they be nawt but a passel of yokels!"

Even the guests themselves were ill at ease at first. They were shown into the smoking-room, and there they sat in solemn silence—these middle-aged and old men, who had known one another for the past fifty years; and, in their boyish days, had played tip-cat and marbles together.

Gradually, however, the geniality of the host, assisted by a stiff glass of hot grog all round, thawed, as it were, the social frigidity of the atmosphere, and the conversation became freer and more animated.

All at once the retired constable glanced around the room; then he glanced round again—then a third time, observing each guest with keen attention. Finally, his countenance exchanged its wonted complacency for an expression of intense surprise. Suddenly he seemed to have made up his mind to say something, and blurted out:

"Well, gents, if this baint the most wonderful coin-ci-dence that ever *I* 'eard of!"

"What's that, Mr. Grimes?" inquired the startled smith, while the rest of the company regarded him like so many stuffed owls.

"Do you mind Christmas Day, 1874, when old Hiram Bishop was found a murdered in his bed?"

"Surely!" came from a number of voices.

"Well, gents; a lookin' over this 'ere company I do hereby declare——" for the retired constable was always very judicial in his observations—"that every man 'ere present was with me at the time that the body was diskivered!"

The eyes of each guest opened wide with astonishment.

"All exceptin' Mr. Ephraim Bishop," added the smith, "and he——"

Here the smoking-room door was abruptly opened:

"Mr. Ephraim Bishop!" grunted the old butler.

At this announcement a look of positive stupefaction spread over the countenances of those present.

"This 'ere baint a coin-ci-dence," whispered the retired constable hoarsely to his next door neighbour; "this be a hintermission o' Providence! I allus said summat was *ultra vires* in Jim Sellan's case."

Mr. Bishop cast his eyes around the room. Whether he was surprised at the social standing of the guests, or whether his lifelong acquaintance with them rendered their presence a thing only to

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be expected, we are not in a position to say. He greeted the company solemnly and wished each one in turn the compliments of the season; then he took a vacant seat beside Mr. Grimes.

"And now, gentlemen," said Dr. Forbes, glancing at his watch, "our circle is complete—we will proceed to enjoy some of the good things of this life."

He led the way into a room suitably decorated for the season. It is unnecessary to state that the table was loaded with all that is typical of an English convivial repast. There was a great roast of beef at one end of the table; a big turkey at the other; not to mention a plum pudding, and every other delicacy with which we so fondly associate Christmas cheer, and afterwards doctors' bills. It was when dinner was over, and the well-satisfied guests were enjoying their "churchwardens," and chatting away about old times, that Dr. Archibald Forbes remarked:

"Yes, gentlemen, as our worthy Mr. Grimes was saying, it *is* a curious coincidence that you gentlemen should be dining together at my house to-night; and that the same company, twenty-four years ago to-morrow morning, should have been the first discoverers of an awful tragedy. Your good rector was telling me the details a few nights ago. And, strange to say, I presume owing to the powerful impression which it created in my mind, I had the most extraordinary dream the other night.

He paused and surveyed his guests, who were listening intently.

"Well, sir," croaked the aged sexton, "and what better time to 'ear about 'orrid dreams, an' murders, an' spooks, an' witches, an' ghouls, an' churchyards, an' ghostesses, than on a Christmas Eve? Give us the wision, doctor. Christmas Eve wouldn't seem Christmas Eve as I used to spend it when I was a boy, if summat of sich like warn't told."

The rest of the company loudly applauded the speaker's sentiments, and called upon their host to relate his dream. The rector of East Owlpen, however, looked grave, and glanced uneasily in the direction of Mr. Ephraim Bishop. The latter was filling his glass with port wine, but the rector noticed that he frequently cast furtive glances towards Dr. Forbes.

Thus invited, Dr. Archibald, having sipped his wine, moistened his lips, cleared his throat, began thus:

"Well, gentlemen, as you all appear to be so anxious to hear the dream to which I have referred, and as our old sexton declares the present to be a suitable occasion for narratives bordering on the supernatural, I will ask you to give me your attention for a few minutes, and when I have concluded I think you will admit that it was a very remarkable vision, and undoubtedly, as I have suggested, had its origin in the rector's recital of the Tell-Tale Pasture tragedy."

At this point Mr. Ephraim Bishop poured out another glass of wine.

"I dreamt," proceeded the doctor, "that on a certain winter's night, when the whole country was covered with a light snow, that I was standing in a little room in some strange locality; a fire was burning brightly in the grate. There was a bedstead in one corner partly surrounded by curtains; it was one of those old-fashioned four-posters, and I distinctly remember watching a human form lying beneath the sheets. I noticed, too, how restless the figure was, tossing to and fro continually. Occasionally a head would rise up and turn in the direction of an old Dutch clock that kept solemnly ticking away on the mantelshelf. It seemed to repeat over and over again—'Mur-der—mur-der — murder.' So vivid was the phantasy that I remember the time as indicated by the clock. It was precisely two minutes to twelve—the witching hour of night, gentlemen; just the time when you might expect 'murder most foul' to be committed."

"Aye, aye; that's reet, that's reet!" broke in the old sexton, "murder most foul, just when the church clock's a striking the hour o' midnight, and ghostesses come out o' graves and scare folks. That's reet, that's reet! Go on, maister, go on! I've seed 'em."

"To continue my story," went on the doctor. "Half an hour more elapsed, and then the figure rose from the bed. Somehow, as often happens in dreams,

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probably within your own individual experiences, I could not distinguish the face of the man. I know only that I saw him get up from the bed, dress himself slowly, and go forth quietly from the room, carrying in his hand a dark lantern. From the cautious and nervous manner in which he performed these movements, I concluded that he had some evil object in view. Again, and this, too, frequently occurs in dreams, I found myself unable to follow him; so I wandered round the room. There was a cupboard in one corner, and curiosity impelled me to open it. I did not expect to find the extraordinary object which I did find—Gentlemen, what do you suppose I discovered? One guess all round."

Instantly there was a buzz of excitement. One suggested one thing, another, another, all more or less unlikely. The old sexton gleefully hinted at a "bloody axe." Finally it came to the philanthropist's turn.

"Come now, Mr. Bishop," cried the doctor cheerfully, "it has come to you. What do *you* suppose I found?"

The company then noticed that Mr. Bishop's face had turned an ashen gray—he seemed to have aged ten years in as many minutes. Beads of perspiration stood out upon his forehead, while his hand shook painfully as he tossed off another glass of wine.

"I am not feeling well," he answered in a hoarse voice. "I am afraid it is the tobacco smoke. It never agrees with me."

"Oh, you will be all right in a minute or two," replied Dr. Archibald Forbes gaily; "besides it will only take a few moments more to wind up my narrative."

"Maister Bishop do look bad, don't ee?" whispered the loquacious gravedigger to his next-door neighbour; "'is should be a 'andsome funeral wi' all the money ee's got."

"Well, to bring my dream to a close then," continued the host; "I was saying that I found something in that cupboard which greatly astonished me—nothing more nor less than *a pair of boots*, newly made, but of the most extraordinary pattern. Upon examining them I discovered that the heels and the soles were reversed, so that a man stepping forward would therefore have his tracks reversed, and anyone following in his footsteps would be actually travelling in an opposite direction!"

A murmur of astonishment followed the speaker's last words. Ephraim Bishop gazed at Dr. Forbes, his countenance twitching with horror and consternation—even his very hair seemed to be rising on end.

"Why then," went on the doctor, "could not Jim Sellan have been wrongfully accused of the murder of Hiram Bishop? What proof was there that he *did* commit the crime? The Judge said, 'tell-tale footsteps.' But, gentlemen, why could not the same ruse have been adopted in the murder of Hiram Bishop as was adopted by the man in my dream? For, in my dream, I saw him once more return to his room. His face was haggard and pale, and his teeth chattered like one smitten with the palsy. What did he do next in order to save his own neck from the hangman's noose? Gentlemen, he staggered across the room and opened the door of the cupboard. I heard him mutter: 'Another must swing for this night's deed!' Then he took the shoes with the reversed soles, and I watched him go forth a second time into the darkness, with the shoes under his arm. He afterwards, I suppose, put them on at the dead man's door, and walked to the house of the poor wretch whom he had determined to hang for the murder which he himself had committed. And after a while, gentlemen, I fancied I saw him come back—his face as white as the snow which had received his treacherous tracks. He threw himself upon his bed, but he did not sleep. He writhed, and twisted, and moaned like a martyr undergoing the torture of crucifixion. And the vision gradually faded away, and I awoke cold, and shivering, at the recollection of this phantom horror. And, somehow or other, gentlemen, it seems to me that my dream is a revelation. It urges me to cry out that some foul wrong has been committed, and that Jim Sellan, who was sentenced to death twenty-four years ago for the murder of Hiram Bishop, never committed the bloody crime. And

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if that be so what must he not have suffered during those long hours, days, weeks, months, years! I feel," and here the doctor dropped his voice, "I feel—nay, I know it—that Jim Sellan was unrighteously accused of shedding the blood of old Hiram. And if he were here this moment, standing before you men who found the battered corpse, I think he would swear before God Almighty that I speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!"

And as Dr. Archibald Forbes pronounced these solemn words, the door of the apartment slowly opened, and a man with iron-gray hair, stooping shoulders, and a pale, wan face, upon which years of silent suffering had left their indelible record, entered the room. Slowly the gaunt figure approached the table. Slowly it held up its right hand, and in a voice that quivered with passionate and suppressed emotion, exclaimed:

"Yes, gentlemen; I, James Sellan, do swear before Almighty God that I am innocent of the murder of Hiram Bishop!"

A hush fell upon the assembly; strong men breathed hard, tears trickled down weather-beaten cheeks, while Ephraim Bishop, the former shoemaker, and present philanthropist, with a groan that sounded almost like a wail fell forward on the table, his head resting upon his outstretched arms.

Dr. Archibald Forbes rose from his seat and approached the smitten guest; he touched him upon the shoulder; then he gently shook him, but there was no movement in response. The doctor took his wrist in his hand. A moment later he turned towards the pallid faces of the spectators.

"Ephraim Bishop," he said in a low voice, "is dead. Thus has Heaven established the innocence of Jim Sellan. Jim!" he continued, grasping the hand of the released convict, "from this day forth you are my property; and if, in happier years to come, there is anything I can offer that will in any way compensate you for your unjust and cruel punishment, ask and it shall be yours!"

❀

Six months later Jim Sellan was united in marriage with Miss Marguerite Everall and the two are now living happily together in the little ivied cottage which Dr. Archibald Forbes has placed at their disposal for life. And when Ephraim's will was opened it was found that he had bequeathed all his possessions to Miss Marguerite Everall, the wife of the man whom he had so cruelly injured.



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The Christmas Baby

By NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY

ROGER BARNEWALL stood up from his lonely dinner-table, pushed back his chair, gave a chuck to his waistcoat, then walked to the fireplace and stifled a sound, half-yawn, half-sigh, as his gaze wandered from the hands of the clock on the mantelshelf to get lost in a long and steady abstraction in the heart of the blazing logs. It was Christmas Eve, and he had noticed the logs before with a dim sense of gratitude to his housekeeper, who always took such care of him and saw that nothing should be wanting in that household to the due and proper celebration of the festive season. Brightly-berried holly shone on picture and chandelier, the dinner-table was decorated with shining leaves, late chrysanthemums and early narcissi; the whole room, as well as the big house of which it was only a slender part, spelt wealth and luxury, comfort, taste, and refinement.

Roger Barnewall had dined wisely, and not too well, since he was dyspeptic; and the fact of eating one's dinner alone and in silence does not tend, perhaps, to that extraction of the gastric juices so necessary to the process of good digestion. His slender slice of turbot had been food for the gods, his chicken, young and tender, had been roasted and basted to a turn. A successful and brilliant lawyer, he had everything of comfort and of peace in his home that wealth and the untiring solicitude of his manservant and two women servants could bring him; and yet, as he gazed into the embers fast paling and crumbling into gray ashes and dust, he asked himself what was the good of it all, this luxurious, empty life of his, steadily growing so hopelessly dull and lonely.

It was not that he lived selfishly, for Roger Barnewall, hard-headed man of business though he was, had a very tender heart towards all humanity, as well as towards the whole creation of dumb creatures, and everyone connected with him, from his man to his cat, might be certain of having an enviably good and soft time of it. Nor did his charity end at home, for many a hard-up and suffering fellow-creature knew the depths of his good-nature. A pile of letters lay ready for posting on a side table near the door. One contained a cheque for twenty pounds, a Christmas gift to an old clerk crippled by rheumatism; another held a donation hardly less generous for an aged servant who had waited on his mother—one and all brought a message of cheer and goodwill to some poor body in need.

But fate had been singularly unkind to him in leaving him peculiarly and absolutely alone in the world. His father and mother were dead long since; he had never had a brother, and an only and dearly-beloved sister, many years younger than himself, had gone against his wishes and quarrelled irrevocably with him in order to marry the man of her heart, a worthless and dissipated scamp. She had emigrated with her husband to a farm in Canada, and had died there a year or so after her marriage, and her brother, who, loving her with a more than common love, had ceased all communication with her from the day she had defied him, felt even still a hard resentment and jealousy, if not actually hate, towards the man who had robbed him of her affection and the comfort of her presence. Yet on this Christmas Eve, as many times lately, he felt a certain pain of remorse for his treatment of his dead

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sister and her lover. He might have helped her, have gone over, or at least have written to the husband at the time of her death. And now—it was too late.

Then there had been Alice—but that was twenty long years back, for Roger Barnewall, though still a handsome man with hardly a silver streak in his raven locks, was already nearing fifty—Alice, the one girl in the world for him, to whom he had given himself heart and soul. In those old days he had been a poor man; Alice's father would not hear of her marriage with the briefless young barrister, and his daughter was too dutiful and devoted a child to go against his wishes. But less than a year later, sad and broken of heart, she had fallen into a rapid decline; not the best medical advice nor all the care and wealth her father so freely lavished on her could now keep her with him, so the old man, as well as the despised and rejected suitor, was doomed to be lonely and desolate for the rest of his days. Even then, already too late, Roger Barnewall had set a firm foot on the ladder of success, and was mounting it surely, step by step; but from the day of Alice's death he had never looked at another woman, all the pent-up love of his heart had been lavished on his one sister, and she had cast him aside for a worthless——

"Shall I post your letters now, sir?" his man (Davis) asked, suddenly awakening his master out of the brown study into which he had fallen.

"Do," Roger answered. "Or, stay, I will stroll out and post them myself." None of the few bachelor friends who were wont to drop in and share his solicitude were likely to trouble him to-night, most of them being out of town, and the atmosphere of quiet and loneliness about him had suddenly become unbearable. His man brought in his hat and coat, and, lighting a cigar and bundling the pile of letters into one of the deep pockets, Roger Barnewall found himself a moment later striding quickly along in the frosty night.

A light sprinkling of snow had fallen, making the pathways wet and slippery and rendering pedestrianism a matter of some difficulty and caution. Waggoners guided their horses carefully down the hill leading to the village, for Roger Barnewall lived some little way out of town, and his steps, too, were directed towards the village and post-office. Stars glistened frostily in the sky, and everything seemed to foretell a spell of hard, "seasonable" weather.

"God help the poor—and the little birds!" he ejaculated, as he drew the collar of his heavy frieze coat closer about his ears. A man, half-drunk and staggering, was making his way slowly down the road in front of him; in his arms, to Roger's alarm and indignation, he carried a small child—a little fair-haired baby girl of three or four years, bareheaded and ill-clad for that bitter night. The man was talking fond, half-maudlin baby-talk to the little one, who, all unconscious of her danger, prattled back to him with an innocent, childish confidence which sent a queer pang of envy mingled with pity and indignation straight to Roger's lonely heart.

As every now and again her companion gave a sudden lurch to the right or left, the other man's heart leaped up in alarm. Roger longed to take the little one into the safety of his own arms, but being a bachelor and strangely shy of children, he felt reluctant to interfere. Then, as the cause of his perturbation mounted a slight ascent crossing the river bridge, there suddenly happened what Roger feared. The man stumbled, recovered himself, then slipped and came down heavily, still clinging to the child.

With a muttered imprecation, Roger dragged the prostrate man aside and lifted in his arms the poor little mite so rudely shaken at last out of its confidence, and now crying with all its might.

"How dare you risk your child's life in such a fashion, you ruffianly scoundrel!" Roger indignantly demanded, feeling angry enough to kick the fallen man into the gutter. Then he stopped, seeing that blood was flowing profusely from the other's head; he was breathing heavily, stertorously. It was plain that he must be seriously hurt.

Two or three people gathered, and one man with a bicycle offered to go for a policeman. Meanwhile the little one, yet more frightened by her father's

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silence, clung nervously to Roger, weeping as though her heart would break.

"There, there, poor little soul, I will take care of you," Roger found himself whispering in the child's ear. Her thin, bare arms and hands were pitifully cold; a pair of well-worn house shoes were on her feet, whilst a faded rag of a dress and a couple of threadbare petticoats were all that stood between her tender body and the biting cold blast.

"God help the poor!" Roger said again with the same mingling of pity and indignation in his breast as he looked down at the unconscious man at his feet. He was evidently a stranger to the neighbourhood, a dark-bearded man, with some traces of good looks which poverty and dissipation had not entirely removed—some poor, weak-natured beggar fallen on hard times and "gone under," Roger thought, more tolerantly, remembering his loving talk to the child.

A couple of constables arrived, carrying with them a stretcher.

"A bad case enough, and it's well if he ever gets over it," one of them said, as they lifted the unconscious stranger from the ground. Where his head had rested, beside the kerbstone, lay a large pool of blood, already half congealed.

"What's to be done with the kid?" the man asked as Roger turned the child's face away from that ugly sight. One soft, cold little hand lay in his; some queer, unsuspected instinct of tenderness had prompted him to open his great coat and fold the tiny, shivering body against his own warm heart.

One of the constables ran his hands hastily through the stranger's pockets, and drew forth three halfpennies, a broken penknife, and a small piece of lead-pencil. That was all; there was nothing to show who the man was, or to where he belonged.

"I suppose we must take her to the station till we find out who she is," the constable debated, with a questioning look at the child. "What's your name, my girl?" he went on, addressing the little one in kindly tones.

"Pamela," she lisped.

"Sounds outlandish, don't it? Pamela *what*, tell me?"

"Pamela. Dat's all. Daddie calls me 'Pam' for short."

"Well, where do you live, Pam?"

"I lives with mine daddie." No further answer could they get.

Roger's heart went out with a new tenderness towards her. Pamela! It had been his dead sister's name.

"I think—I think I should like to take charge of her, for to-night at least," he stammered, moved by a strange impulse to bring this forlorn little waif without further delay into the warmth and comfort of his own fireside, to feed her up with milk and cakes and sweets and everything that a little girl liked, to play the good Santa Claus, and to make one lost little child and his own lonely heart as happy as might be for this one Christmas. Davis would stare, to be sure, and he was not certain that his staid housekeeper would be altogether pleased with such an unconventional visitor. But Mary—yes, Mary, the soft, good-natured Irish housemaid, she would be the one to take charge of the child, he thought gratefully.

"All right, all right, sir. Most kind-hearted o' you, sir, I'm sure," the constable had said, with a wondering look, touching his helmet respectfully as he and his companion marched off with their limp and heavy burden A very few minutes later Roger had deposited his small charge on the hearthrug before his own dining-room fire, where the little creature, soon forgetting her sorrow, laughed and prattled merrily as she held out her hands to the cheering blaze.

"Bless her little heart, but she don't make a bit strange," Mrs. Walters said cheerfully, much to her master's relief, as she came in and looked at the visitor. "I'll be bound you're hungry as well as cold, my poor little one," she went on in motherly tones, "and I'd best see about getting you something to eat. But you want your face washed badly; ay, and your hands too. I'll send Mary to take her, sir," she added, as she bustled off.

Mary had little trouble in coaxing the child upstairs to the bathroom, where, in open-mouthed wonder and admiration of the shining pipes and beautiful tiled walls and floors, the little one passively per-

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mitted the maid to wash her face and hands and brush her crop of shining golden curls.

"That's better," the master of the house said as Mary brought down her charge again, and set her on the hearthrug for his inspection. But his eyes answered a questioning look in the maid's own as they fixed themselves with a disapproving glance on the child's ragged garments.

"How on earth are we going to dress her?" he asked, with a sudden sense of his own masculine inaptitude. There was certainly nothing to fit this small person in the whole of that big house. And to-morrow would be Christmas Day!

"I could run out myself, sir, and get her a few things," Mary ventured tentatively. "Being Christmas Eve, the shops will be open for a long time yet."

'The very thing," he answered, with relief. "I'm glad you thought of it. Get her a complete rig-out. You'll know what a little girl wants, and I say," as the housemaid went off carrying a handful of gold coins, "be sure to buy her some toys, and a doll, the biggest and prettiest doll you can get in the village."

Mary went off, well pleased with her commission, and Roger sat down in a low armchair, and took the child on his knee.

"Where does your mammie live, dear?" he asked, seeking again to ascertain the child's identity as the little hand crept confidingly into his own.

"In Hebben," she lisped. "God tooked her, and left nobody but daddy and me. And then daddy got lonely in America and we comed home, but daddie's money got all spended, and that made him queer and cross sometimes; but he's a very kind, good daddie," she affirmed stoutly, with something like a challenge in her shining blue eyes as she regarded her benefactor with a sidelong glance.

"I'm sure he is, my pet," the man said softly. "And when do you go to sleep, Pamela?" She had eaten a hearty meal of bread and milk, followed by a thick slice of Christmas cake. Her little eyes were already drowsing in the warmth of the fire.

"I goes when daddie goes, but sometimes I goes to bye-bye on his lap."

"You dear rogue," Roger said, hugging the child closer as the little head with its silken yellow curls drooped wearily against his breast. Long before Mary returned bringing with her a plentiful supply of small frocks and pinafores, nightdresses and petticoats, shoes and stockings, and a great wax doll that obligingly went to sleep whenever you laid it flat, Pamela had herself "gone to bye-bye" with her soft, little cheek laid close to Roger's heart; and as he looked down at the rounded outline of the baby's face, and listened to her soft, regular breathing, he experienced such a strange, tender, wistful kind of happiness as he had never known before.

A loud knock at the front door startled him out of his reverie.

"It's a constable as wishes to see you, sir," Davis said. "Shall I show him in here, sir?"

Roger had risen with a sudden feeling of shyness, still holding the child in his arms.

"Take her, Mary, and put her to bed," he said to the waiting maid, as he carefully transferred his charge to her arms. "And see that she wants for nothing, like a good girl."

The constable was shown in

"Beg pardon for troubling you so late, Mr. Barnewall," he said. "It's this chap as got hurt this evening, sir. The doctor ordered him to hospital, and he's mortal bad, not likely to last till morning. A little the worse of liquor he seems too, but as well as we could make out, sir—he got his senses only for a few moments—he says as how he knows you, sir, and was looking for your house—something about asking you to do for the child, Mr. Barnewall," with an apologetic glance. "I don't know if it's right, sir. He says his name is Perry Bertram—or, maybe, it was Bertram Perry."

Roger started. "Bertram Perry!" he cried. "Did he say that was his name? Is the child his own?"

"So it seems, sir," the constable said.

"Heavens, his child, my own sister's child!" Roger said, with no attempt to hide his emotion. "I never heard, never dreamt, that a child of hers existed." He felt stunned. How bitterly he blamed himself now that in his stubborn pride and

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jealous anger he had so utterly ignored this man, his sister's husband, even in the midst of his great trouble. He had not recognised him at the time of the encounter but the beard and moustache—in the old days Bertram Perry had been clean shaven and boyish—made a wonderful difference. Yet he might have known that head, with its crisp curls, the clear-cut forehead and weak, handsome face.

"I suppose you've no message, sir," the constable said, fingering his hat and preparing to leave.

"Yes—stay, I'll come with you," Roger answered. And when, a couple of hours later, Bertram Perry opened his dying eyes for a last look on the world, it was to meet those of Roger Barnewall resting on his face with a pitiful and forgiving gaze.

"It's all right, old fellow, I'll stand by you and the little one; I'll take good care of her," Roger told him huskily, and the other, after one look—the long, long look of a dying man—closed his eyes wearily, but with a little sigh of satisfaction.

A short time later, when all was over, and Roger had quietly arranged every detail of the dead man's funeral, he returned to his home, knelt down by the side of the baby's bed, and prayed as he had not prayed for years. His heart was full of a new happiness, tinged though it was with many a regret. He had now something to live for, something to love and work for; he felt almost as though his dead sister had been restored to him, as though Alice, or the child that might have been his, was now miraculously given into his care, to fill his lonely, dull life and the silent house with the light and joy and laughter of happy childhood. Gratefully and humbly he prayed in that solemn hour, while the Christmas bells rang out across the snow, for grace and health and strength to fulfil fittingly the dear and sacred charge that was entrusted to him.

"Pamela, my own little Pamela," he whispered, as the child stirred, and he lifted the little dimpled fist outthrust towards him to his lips and held it there, "how little I thought when I brought you home with me to-night that I was about to entertain an angel, such a dear and lovely angel, unawares."



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THE WAY OF THE TWELVERS

BY THOMAS STANLEY MOYER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JACK HAMM

A PRIMEVAL stillness was over all the country of the glen. It was a vast stillness, this quietude of the full June day—spreading, serene, leafy. The sun glowed down upon the great sweep of forest foliage, and searched in tiny streams, now a little bank of moss and now a dainty flowering cup that reared its sturdy frailty in the gladsome welcome of the mute things. From out the deep, sombre shadows of the forest a summer haze, light and ready to vanish, hung far and wide over alternating and crude fields. It was the drowsy touch of summer. In the clearings the ripening grain made frequent place for rough-hewn, blackened stumps and mighty roots. In all things was the impress of the pioneer, of the heroic, and the spirit of that waning, glowing day was serenity, and domesticity and peace.

The humming of the bees, even, was a weary, contented thing. When a sportive squirrel barked, his jarring chatter seemed but to deepen the spell of the solitude—perhaps, more truly, the spell of the sublime. The great branches dipped their wealth of foliage, with never a stirring leaf, deep into the warm, dark shadows of the wood. Over all was the great pathos of the early days. For the philosophy of the dreamer, and the imaginings of the souls of women, there was much of eloquence in it all, too, perhaps. A mute voice spoke peace—eternal peace, and yet a strange, beguiling thing, it seemed—there but to nurse the powers of preparation, to await movement of life and stern sounds of human truth. Truly thus, for when that stillness approached nearest to solemnity, and when a little of length came into the dark shadows, with an epic glory came another voice. Deep into the long, vast glen, far over the dark forests, searching the rude fields, it came, in a flash of life and joy—the triumphant blare of a bugle!

A bugle in the midst of that thrall of the primeval!

Sharp, proud, happy notes they were, such as thrilled the Greys at Waterloo; such as made Balaclava; such as wrote a Dargai on Scottish colours. Ah, the glory of those notes!

In the rude fields where breathed the scents of hay-time—a Brown, a Jones, a Smith—Saxons all!

How often—ah, how very often—it requires a Saxon to interpret a bugle!

Strange rustics, strange tillers, this trio of Saxons strong! Out there making hay in the forest plots, it appeared that Brown and Jones and Smith liked burlesque or prepared for tragedy. Upon

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each good maker of hay, a long sabre of British steel, high boots, striped breeches of the pattern of men of the horse—of the cavaliers of old Lincoln. Tunics of the days of the "Twelvers." Pretty men of the soil! On the crude fence of rugged stumps hung the three tunics that were making for themselves, in their helpless way, a reputation, an epic memory—tunics of the Lincoln Dragoons!

Close upon the staccato notes of the bugle came to the ears of the toilers the furious rapping sound of the hoofs of a flying charger.

The aisles of the forest, the vast, dark recesses of the glen rang echoing with life and the joy of arms. A crashing of brush, a great clattering of loosened stones, and then from out the wood dashed the headlong bugler.

Bare-headed, set-faced, stalwart, and in that cloth of early romance whence sprang Queenston and Niagara. In the furious boundings of the animal, the good sword of this rider leaped and tugged, and beat the charger's ribs like a mad and conscious thing. Well, were they not indeed animate things—these blades of 1812? Frightfully potent at times—burning, untameable, refusing all sheath—such blades as flamed at Waterloo when the "ravine" was passed.

Like the flight of an arrow came this man. Straight over the crude, sprawling fence in sheer lust of power, defying chance and mishap. It was the mode of 1812.

Brown and Jones and Smith had donned their tunics, and now, buttoning with one hand, they saluted sharply with the other. The panting horse stopped within a yard of them, reined back to his very haunches, pawing, trembling, frantic for more of flight and wild career. There were good steeds amongst these soldier-tillers.

"My boys, it's boot and saddle. Come! Your mounts! Every pistol you can carry! And in God's name, be quick!"

Very attuned to the spirit of the moment, these fellows—supple, dashing makers of hay—wielders of epic swords!

What a good scurrying of boots and jingling of spurs inseparable! Hearts to the matter close!

Into the stables and forth into light—a flitting moment. With each an ever-caparisoned horse. Ready horses for ready men—plunging, quivering, shuddering in the fine emotion of the higher brutal!

Ah it was a goodish setting-off—a tingling, happy, knightly thing. And then those arms, those arms of Lincoln brawn! Mighty flesh and blood! Blades of flame!

Straight off into the depths of the woods. Little now of solemnity and repose; rather an intoxicating clamour of flying, scouring, clattering life—irresistible onset of heated, bounding blood. Deep down into the depths of the glen rolled loosened stones, rattling and crashing sounds of flight. Shrill cries of flitting, fearing birds arose in the midst of the rapid swishing limb after limb of drooping foliage, and the constant rapping thud of all but a score of hoofs. Deep into the shadows rang the sounds, and following soon arose the cries of furred and feathered denizens, questioning so unseemly a clatter. A thousand voices seemed to rise.

The face of the messenger was white and set. When sober cavaliers ride wooded mountain paths at full fling of rein, with that pallor on their cheeks which was the pallor of these men, then apparently the hour of the sublime is at hand—the hour of heroics.

Interposing streams and rocks and tangled brush were many and defying, but the waters were splashed to spray, the rocks leaped, the brushwood torn to a thousand shreds. Big, genial, manly cavaliers, one and all. And how they rode!

Ever in the lead galloped he who bore the bugle. On his shoulders glittered the insignia of a King's commission. It was *his* triumph, that career of speed and glory. There was delight in its very rhythm.

Five fleeting minutes, and a mile of crude, rugged forest trail was left behind in its gloom. Then the mountain brow! Beyond was the panorama of

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the forest masses, which withdrew here and there in tiny patches to harbour the golden, nursling fields. Here the cavalcade drew momentary rein.

Far below, where the great woods began their slope to the waters of the lake, a tiny, meandering yellow thread sought its way past straggling dwellings—a road of corduroy. A glass was clapped to the eyes of the officer.

"Ah!"

That was all—a volume. The face seemed to grow a little whiter. His expression was steadfast to the point of grandeur. Brown and Jones and Smith met a look. It made them tingle. Brown, lingering an instant, thought he saw the flash of steel along that thread of corduroy, and when he spoke of it, Jones was sure he had seen patches of gray amidst the deeper green of close-hanging foliage, and Smith swore by all the gods of war that it was even so.

Then away! away!—an onset as clamorous and swift as the flight of fiends! Ahead was near to half a mile of sharp descent. Smith began to rein in. It broke the rhythm of the pace. In front the bugler heard. His eyes, seeking out one by one the uncertainties and perils of the path, did not cease their searching.

"Hasten, Smith!"

Smith at once declared that he was bound to founder his charger at so frightful a pace down hill.

"Very well! Kill him! Hasten!"

Then Smith, who was a Saxon, plunged on and on, tie with Jones, close to Brown. With pleasing exactness the bugler kept his two good lengths. It was not without its precision—this crash of horse of Lincoln.

Near the foot of the hill-path lay a boulder from an overhanging crag—an immense, jagged mass that made the good steeds prick up their ears in uncertainty. The example was in front—the man with the white face. Then it looked very much as if the example were about to be dashed to ruin at this gigantic obstacle with so sharp an incline beyond it.

Draw rein? Ha! This was old Lincoln. These men wore blades of cavaliers. Draw rein? Never! Slap over it! Free and clear! Sheer lust of confidence! Then, Brown and Jones and Smith. Crash! Crash! Crash! and the succeeding patter of the pace. Never a hoof that touched! The way of the "Twelvers!" Then the mountain road was left behind with its clouds of dust and the cries of wild and frantic forest creatures.



"A heavy body rolled to the bottom of the stairs"

At Forsyth's the bugle wound a clear and searching "*tantara, ta-ra.*" It was no longer an insensate note, but a living voice—an eloquence ineffable. There were hearts at hand to bound in rhythm. Four more goodly blades! They darted out from the homely gates and caught the pace, following close—following like a whirlwind. Ah, glory! Ah, wild career! Eight blades of Lincoln Dragoons!

They found, presently, the yellow thread that our "tillers" had seen from the heights. This road was narrow. The cavaliers were but two abreast—except the bugler. He was, as we have said, very precise with his two good lengths.

Of a sudden every one of those eight

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good chargers plunged forward yet faster in their vicious onset. Far over the echoing, clattering forest-aisles made by the road of corduroy—far beyond in the direction of the lake—had come the echoes of a fusilade of sharp, rapid shots.

The bugler seemed verily to grow all in a moment.

"God!" said he.

Warriors—plain, blunt Lincoln Dragoons—are frightfully sincere when the breath of supplication comes in that way. For a little it seemed as if this man were about to cry out in sheer agony at the impotence of his frantic pace. He leaned forward then, far down upon the charger's neck. His hand caressed it. He seemed to speak something as he stroked it. What magic then? In a flash the animal's course became a succession of long, plunging, quivering leaps—the maddest career in all the ken of cavaliers.

Frail, soft-eyed fawns, hovering in mute wonder by the narrow trail, wheeled about and off in frantic terror, flitting like arrows to depths where those mad sounds took on more of soberness, where they no longer quailed from that discordant, jarring, flying thing of nameless awe.

Another stretch of woodland road, perhaps a mile—scarce three minutes of the onset—and a little rising ground was gained. In one great sweep of triumph they mounted it, one and all. Just at its crest the field glasses of the bugler were again brought to bear in the direction of the lake. But never a tittle of the pace did he lose. Those two good lengths were his pretty whim. He had his little whims, this bugler of the Lincoln Dragoons.

"Lakeview, my boys—the colonel's. Half a troop of them, my dear fellows; they must not take him, nor—nor—" but the voice of this good knight of George the King fell to a murmur—a breath—a note of prayer. He rode—he rode—he rode.

Catching this shade, Brown's eyes caught Jones' eyes, and Brown and Jones said thereby, in their inimitable silent way:

"To the death, Brown—beside him!"

"To the death, Jones—beside him!"

Again there came a rapid crackling of gun-shots. It was much nearer now. For five good miles these steeds of Lincoln had sped on like swallows before the lightning. And the climax of their powers was not yet.

"The pistols, boys! Then, do not wait to reload—the blades!"

Yes, the blades! Near to four good feet of British steel! The blades! Brief moments then of surpassing anguish. Great beads of perspiration burst forth on eight white faces. Goodish fellows—these flying, crashing Saxons of the Lincoln Dragoons!

Five of the cavaliers were without helmets. Several had left their tunics, none knew where. They liked their sword arms free. Small need to cover those arms, in any case, albeit they revered the uniforms of their King. And it was a way of the "Twelvers."

And now came hoarse voices along with the sharp reports of carbines. Through the great trees figures could be seen flitting here and there from cover to cover, pausing often to fire from behind a great trunk, but advancing ever upon the house beyond. Their number the bugler could not tell, though the multiplicity of the shots roused a terrible strength within his being. Anxiety sickened him to the wildest desperation. Small spur did brave Brown and Jones and Smith need at his back, and small spur besides for those who followed, flying, brave Brown and Jones and Smith.

Brown's scabbard clattered ringing against a close-pressed trunk. The spanking of the many hoofs upon the moist soil of the wood had not been heard, but not so the crash of Brown's good sword. A loud shout burst from one of the besiegers. Not a hundred yards intervened. In frantic haste they gathered to the remote side of the clearing about the house. Small time then in which to curse their noisy firing or the last quiet approach of the cavaliers, who had left the corduroy for the moist, unsounding soil of the wood.

Then the foe stared with eyes that started. Eight bared heads, with blazing eyes and faces white with the pallor

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of supreme moments, bearing down upon them like a tempest!

Quick as thought the carbines of the besiegers came to the present. In a flash, eight pistol shots had crashed out from the oncoming horsemen. Sad break then in the alignment of that pretty row of carbines. But they were no craven spirits—these foes of 1812. Their volley flamed out its thunder in the very echo of the pistols of the cavaliers.

Down went good Jones—crashing, cursing, rolling; then awfully still in a crimson pool. Ah, good, brave Jones, how still! How strangely mute and low and still! Brown saw and also Smith. Then the blades of Brown and Smith leaped from their scabbards. Thus, too, the bugler's blade and the rest of the flaming steel. Brawny, supple, tingling arms, with brands of fearful flame.

Ah, the slashing, thrusting, stabbing, fearsome play of our Brown and Smith! They heard well that plea—the lowly silence of one Jones. They thrust for their fallen dragoon of Lincoln—our Brown and our Smith—the way of the "Twelvers."

A strange pause by the bugler! Of a sudden his charger bounded off to the entrance of the heavily shuttered and barricaded house He had heard a voice—a voice which was a prayer, a cry of anguish. Cavaliers of Lincoln heard well that cry. From within there came to his strained senses, so terribly alert, a fearful plunging, falling, crashing sound close upon the echoing crack of a pistol. A heavy body rolled to the bottom of the stairs. Then his good steed battered down the door with its ironed hoofs. They had their pretty tricks, these mounts of Lincoln Dragoons.

The bugler stepped over the prostrate, huddled body. It was quite still, too, with a ghastly silence. Perhaps this lowly foe communed then with our lowly Jones, sorrowing for the fearful strife. Perhaps!



"Kneeling, she bent over him"

Outside, the clash of ringing blades seemed to be receding farther into the echoing forest aisles.

The bugler dashed, sword in hand, to the top of the stairs. Another foe in gray was there, also, with sword in hand. The pistol of the dragoon was empty from the first discharge of the onset. That of the foe was loaded well. Then its crack and spitting flame and a spurt of hot, surging blood which gushed from the shoulder so near its muzzle. It was not the shoulder of the dragoon's good sword arm, however. Thank God for that! Half reeling to earth for the instant, suddenly his strength came back in a wave, back like a torrent, at the sound of that soft, trembling voice beyond the door above.

A dragoon of Lincoln was a goodly sort of foe of himself, but here was a dragoon and a trembling, faltering voice beyond a door besides, and the two—ah, the two! Well, the clashing of the blades was frightfully brief, and then

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there were two silent foes at the bottom of the stairs.

To the swimming, clouding brain of the bugler came the sounds of an occasional shot from the distant recesses of the forest. The conflict was far beyond now. The strife was flight, as it seemed, and onset was now pursuit.

The cavalier leaned upon a pillar of the door, sick with his pain, torn with his emotions. Three times a word formed upon his lips, and so little of strength they had that no sound as yet came forth from them. Then at last a weak, choking voice reached beyond the door whence that other voice had come: "Little Belle —it is I."

He sank then—smiling, faint, resisting, but down—down—down—so low.

A lock snapped. A light, tripping tread of tiny feet, and then a cry, the cry of a woman whose noble heart was torn to bleeding. What a cry!

"Oh, God! My Jack! My darling!"

With the strength which that dear voice had before aroused within him, the bugler raised himself on his good, bared sword-arm. One long, keen look about him, and then he knew her story. In her soft, small hand she still clasped the butt of a pistol. Faint threads of smoke wreathed yet about its muzzle. Through the panelling of the door was the jagged hole which the impact of a bullet makes in seasoned wood. Within the room prone upon the floor lay the body of his honoured colonel—the father of his Belle. He thanked God for the sound of a groan which came as he, too, brought forth a bitter sob for the cruel size of that pool of her father's blood. Looking deep into her streaming eyes, he knew her well for a daughter of old Lincoln. Kneeling, she bent over him.

Then, out of his faintness, the clouding of his brain, the great impotence of his mighty, humbled strength, this bleeding bugler still found means to be the cavalier, the knight, the man. For when her tender eyes came near to his, when her little hand was on his burning brow, then he—big, kindly, dashing cavalier of Lincoln—through his mists found once more his goodish sword-arm. He raised himself a little, and that arm, so fond, so gentle, encircled her tender neck in a caress of unutterable love, till he found her soft, sweet lips. He kissed his little Belle—a long, long lover's kiss—and sank away and down again.

It was the way of the "Twelvers," and he had his little whims—this bugler of the Lincoln Dragoons

Edelweiss

BY W. INGLIS MORSE

O LOVELY flower—
How few in character like thee,
Pure emblem of Humility!
Above the realm of lonely pine,
Thou yet dost bloom upon the mountain's brow,
Nursed by the eternal snow.
Such is thy power
Which rules the life divine.
Content to dwell apart,
For e'er thou art
A symbol of the Christlike heart.

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Mr. Donald Macdonald

By J. J. BELL

THE elderly postmistress of Port Sunart sub-office was in a quandary. The mail bag which the bi-weekly steamer had just put ashore contained seven letters and postcards. The addressees of six of these were familiar to her; the addressee of the seventh was not—or, rather, he was too much so. The envelope, a tightly packed business one, was directed in typewritten characters to

MR. DONALD MACDONALD,
PORT SUNART,
ARGYLLSHIRE, N.B.

The postmistress read these words aloud several times, also the postmark, which was "London, E.C." She turned the envelope and examined the back with its Oban postmark. With a sigh she laid the packet on the counter, and from a tin labelled "Finest Cough Drops" took a pair of eye-glasses with a cracked lens. Some years ago these glasses had been lost by a tourist in the neighbourhood; they had been advertised as "found" on a half-sheet of note-paper stuck on the little window of the post-office, which was also the shop of Port Sunart; six months had passed without any claim; the soiled advertisement had been taken down, and the postmistress had felt justified in regarding the glasses as her own. They made her eyes ache, but she put them on when her official duties were exceptionally trying. Fortunately for her sight this was not often.

Placing them upon her nose, which the spring gripped rather painfully, she again took the packet in her hand and gazed upon it till the tears came. But no inspiration accompanied them.

"Father!" she called.

A narrow door at the back of the shop opened, and a very old man came slowly forth.

"Here iss a letter for Tonald Mactonald," she said speaking English, as she and her father always did when the matter was official. "And I am not knowing what I am to do wis it."

She paused and the old man looked inquiringly.

"There iss the letter. Can you read it?"

He peered at the address, and slowly repeated it.

"It iss plain enough," he said. "What iss wrong wis it, Flora?"

"How many Tonald Mactonalds are in Port Sunart?" she asked meaningly.

The old man began to laugh.

"Well, well, that iss a goot joke! Five Tonald Mactonalds, and a letter for one! Got pless me! It iss fine fun you will be hafing, Flora. There iss Tonald Mactonald, Fesdale; and Tonald Mactonald, Inverewe; and Tonald Mactonald, the Ness; and——"

"Will I not pe knowing it?" cried Flora irritably.

"Haf any of them peen puying stamps the last mons (month) or two?" her father inquired.

The postmistress shook her head.

"And there haf peen no letters for any of them since little Tonald Mactonald's sister tied in Greenock. And that will pe three years and more."

"Then what iss to pe done, Flora? Could you not send pack the letter?"

"How could I send pack the letter when there iss plenty of peoples to teliver it to? Do not speak such foolishness, father! If you will help me, you will go

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to the five Tonald Mactonalds and tell them there iss a letter for one of them; but they must all come togesser to see who iss to get it."

"A fery goot observation, Flora," said the old man. "I will pe going now. Maype there will pe a fortune for one of the Tonald Mactonalds."

The five members of the ancient clan gathered in a semi-circle before the counter, behind which the postmistress, solemn and dignified, blinked through her glasses. The men replied to her questions in Gaelic. None of them had seen typewriting before. They examined and touched the packet gingerly.

"The letter wass posted in London," said the postmistress. "Haf any of you got friends in London?"

There was a long silence, broken at last by Donald Macdonald, Inverewe.

Twelve years ago, he explained, he had tried the lobster-fishing, and had sent a consignment of the crustaceans to a man in London, who had never paid for the same.

"Perhaps," he concluded, "the man has reformed, and sends me the money at long last."

"That is very likely, indeed!" said Donald Macdonald, whose croft was called Sligachan. He spoke sarcastically.

"If the letter had been from Campbeltown," began Donald Macdonald, Fesdale.

"Or California," put in Donald Macdonald, the Ness. "I once had a cousin——"

"The letter is from London," interrupted little Donald Macdonald, who had no special address. He dwelt alone in a small hut on the shore, and was no great favourite in Port Sunart. "The letter is from London," he said dryly, "so there is no use speaking about other places. I am the only Donald Macdonald whose address is nothing but Port Sunart, and I will take the letter."

A murmur rose from the others.

"Do you know anypody in London?" demanded the postmistress as a tear rolled from under her cracked lens.

"How can I tell till I see the letter?" retorted the little man, holding out his rough, weather-bitten hand.

The postmistress looked at the others. With one accord they forbade her to deliver the packet.

"What am I to do?" she said helplessly.

A tremendous discussion arose among the five, and seemed like to continue indefinitely, when the father of the postmistress, who had been watching the proceedings with an amused grin, held up his hand and called for silence. He was highly respected by the Port Sunart folk, all of whom were his customers, and not a few his debtors.

"If you cannot agree who iss to get the letter," he said, "we will send it pack to the post-office in London. Will not one of you open it and see what——"

Five hands were outstretched.

"One of you."

But that could not be arranged.

"Draw lots who is to open it," cried Donald Macdonald, Sligachan. "If it is not for him, he will give it to the right man."

After much talk the suggestion was accepted. The old merchant cut out five small pieces of paper, marked a cross on one, folded them up and shook them long and violently in an empty tin.

"The biggest man will draw first," he said, and this was agreed to in spite of little Donald's protest. "I am the oldest," said little Donald, vainly.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Donald Macdonald, Sligachan, whose mind was fertile in ideas. "I propose that the man who gets the letter stands a glass of good whiskey to each of the others before he opens it. That will make it fair for everybody."

This suggestion was also carried in the face of little Donald's objections.

The postmistress may not have approved of the method for the delivery of a portion of His Majesty's mails, but the glasses were causing her such discomfort that she could hardly consider anything else. Still, she was determined to keep them on until the business was concluded.

The drawing proceeded, and the crossed paper was the last in the tin. Little

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Donald took the letter, and sulkily led the way to the inn, while Flora doffed her glasses and wiped her streaming eyes. She was doubtful as to whether she had done right, but the old man reassured her by saying:

"If it iss for none of them, you can still send it pack."

At the inn little Donald stood treat in a surly fashion. The others laughed as the glasses of Talisker were set before them. Never before had a man in Port Sunart been treated by little Donald, who was reputed to be a miser, though what he could have found in his poor fisherman's life to amass would have been hard to tell.

"You can open the letter now," said Donald Macdonald, of Fesdale.

Little Donald said nothing, but betook himself to the farthest corner of the tap-room. There he turned his back and the others heard the tearing of paper. It took him some time to understand the contents of the envelope. When he did so he swore under his breath and scowled blackly. Gradually, however, a sly smile dawned on his bronzed, bearded countenance. He returned the contents to the envelope, and turned towards the four, who had now grown mightily curious.

"For whom is the letter?" said two of them together.

"For myself," returned the little man, grinning. "I knew it would be for myself."

There was a short silence. None of the four knew exactly what to say. Then, to their amazement, little Donald called for five glasses of the best Talisker.

"You have good news?" they exclaimed.

"It will not be bad news," said little Donald pleasantly. "But it will be private."

The whiskey was brought and paid for.

The little man raised his glass. "Your very good healths, all you Donald Macdonalds!" he said. He gulped the neat spirit and left the tap-room.

Alas for the four Donald Macdonalds! With the second glasses of whiskey four fiends, more potent than the fiery spirit entered into them and would not be at rest. In two bosoms the fiends were Curiosity; in the others they were Suspicion. What was the letter about? Was it really for the man who now possessed it? Ere long the entire adult population—happily, in this case, a small one of some thirty souls—of Port Sunart was stirred to its minds' depths. The farming and the fishing were no longer the chief topics of conversation; the kirk controversy then raging was, for the time being, allowed to lapse; the hatchet was buried under an avalanche of suggestions and suppositions regarding the mysterious letter; while the possibility of a visit from the Royal yacht during the approaching summer was scarcely discussed.

Little Donald kept more aloof than ever, but it was observed, by those who contrived to see his face at close quarters, that he smiled the smile of one who knows something.

His entering and his leaving the lonely hut were closely watched, and at night the men sneaked along the shore in the hope of making discoveries. But nothing happened.

By the end of a week the situation had become desperate. It was rumoured then that the little man had been seen purchasing a postage stamp, though no confirmation of his having posted a letter could be obtained. One bold spirit made enquiries at the post office, but the post-mistress, donning her glasses in a hurry, sent him out in quick time. His Majesty's mails, she informed him with crushing dignity, were private.

From being desperate the situation soon became unbearable. The suspicious party called for action, the merely curious echoed the call. Some suggested a deputation, others pointed out that a deputation would either alarm or irritate the holder of the secret.

Then came Donald Macdonald, Sligachan.

"Leave it to me," said he. "I will find out what is in the letter." He was of the curious party.

And that evening Donald Macdonald, Sligachan, called on Donald Macdonald, Port Sunart. To his surprise he was received in quite a friendly fashion.

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He was no hypocrite, and he came to the point at once.

"Is it a fortune?" he asked.

Little Donald stroked his grizzled beard, smiling a knowing smile.

"Well," he said slowly, "it might be a fortune to somebody."

What in all the world did he mean? thought the Sligachan Donald. Had the letter not been for the little man after all?

"I would give a bottle of the best Talisker to see the letter," he said, half to himself.

"I will let you see it for that, Donald Macdonald, of Sligachan," said the other quietly. "But you must swear to keep it a secret."

The crofter jumped at the offer.

"Where is the letter?" he cried eagerly.

"Where is the best Talisker?"

Eventually it was agreed that the bargain should be completed the following night.

"But what am I to say to the others?" asked the crofter.

"Oh, you can tell them that I give nothing for nothing," the fisherman calmly replied.

Early on the following evening the Sligachan man reached the lonely hut, his jersey bulging with his fee for knowledge.

"Come in, Donald Macdonald," said the fisherman. "You swear never to tell any soul what I show you?"

The crofter set the bottle on the table and took a solemn oath.

"Read," said little Donald, handing him the letter. "Remember, I never asked you to come here."

The other took the envelope in his big, trembling fingers. Three minutes later he flung the paper on the table, and with a fearful curse strode to the door.

As the crofter hurried homewards he met several neighbours bound for the hut. Each carried a parcel of some kind. They accosted him and endeavoured to extract information.

"It is nothing at all—nothing at all," he replied evasively.

"We will see for ourselves," they stoutly retorted.

They reached the hut and proclaimed their errand boldly.

"One at a time," said little Donald coolly. "Come you first, John MacTavish."

"I will give you this sack of potatoes," said MacTavish, slipping the load from his shoulder.

"It will do. You have offered it, remember."

John MacTavish took the oath, read the contents of the envelope, and departed cursing softly. He managed, however, to smile as he passed through the little cluster of neighbours.

"I am next," said a brawny matron at the door.

Little Donald shook his head. "I deal not with women."

She would have made trouble, but the men were in the majority, and impatient to read for themselves.

"Here are two pounds of fine butter," said Donald Macdonald, Fesdale, on gaining admittance to the hut.

"It will do."

Four minutes later Donald Macdonald went back to Fesdale, cursing.

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It was after nine o'clock when little Donald was left to himself.

"I wonder how they knew my name," he said. "It is very strange that they should have known my name in London. But I have heard that the people who send such letters as this one"—he tapped the envelope—"are very clever. Perhaps they just guessed that there was one of the name of Donald Macdonald in Port Sunart. Now I remember, there was a Sir Donald had the shooting one year. But it is no matter. It has been a good advertisement for them, whatever. Now, I am finished with it."

He emptied the envelope and threw it on the fire. It was followed by a few closely printed leaflets. Finally the flames received a neat and brightly coloured booklet. As the cover of the booklet caught fire, little Donald read the title, and repeated it.

"*What is Indigestion?*" He smiled. "I thank the good God, I do not know," he murmured, and turned to his supper.

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An Attempt That Failed

A REVIEW

By A. H. U. COLQUHOUN

ON glancing back at the Revolutionary War, the patriotic American is apt to experience one faint spasm of vexation. In the hurry of the moment, with so many things to do, Canada was not conquered. This omission has been variously explained. It was one of those errors into which even American generals occasionally fall. Victorious in nearly all directions, the founders of the Republic failed to include Canada in the wide circle of their achievements. By the enduring courage of Washington and his coadjutors, much was won. By the powerful aid of the French came the crowning fruits of the war. By the blundering of the British, a noble peace was secured, since almost everything not obtained by force was obligingly handed over by the negotiators at Paris in a spirit of amiable hospitality. Not everything, however, because Fox refused to consent to the cession of Canada. In an obstinate mood, before a British defeat became the solace of his declining years, Fox hurriedly left a Cabinet Council and affected dismay at the proposals of Shelburne's agent. The sorrowing Oswald went back to Paris to tell Franklin that Canada must be left out of the negotiations. Oswald felt the selfishness of keeping back so large a slice of the continent. It spoiled a really generous surrender. But Franklin, with a Christian resignation wholly admirable, was content to accept everything else and leave Canada to its fate.

Thus it is that a century and a quarter afterwards we find a new Empire eclipsing the fame of the old and Canada the connecting link between the Asiatic and European dominions of Edward VII. Thus it is we find industrious American historians delving into the records and trying to explain a transaction not exactly satisfactory to a new school of American Imperialists with dreams of great navies, large armies, foreign colonies, and world-power. The latest of these chroniclers is Mr. Justin Smith, of Dartmouth College, who calls his entertaining book "Our Struggle for the Fourteenth Colony."* This ingenious title—in itself a pardonable conceit—is the keynote to the author's treatment of his theme, for he writes with a fine disdain for the style of the conventional historian. Lord Macaulay declared himself cheerfully ready to bear the reproach of descending below the dignity of history and proceeded to pen so brilliant a work that captious critics cannot stem the tide of praise with hints at inaccuracies and partisanship. John Richard Green also, openly defying the drum and trumpet histories, won so much popularity for his story of the English nation that modern writers have asked themselves whether it is not time to discard all the solemn stateliness of the past and imitate the pleasing directness of the bargain counter.

Mr. Justin Smith has succumbed a little to this temptation. He is a model of good humour. He is never dull. Through how many tons of material has he not waded?—books, pamphlets, newspapers and letters,—some of them accessible, some of them unknown to all but

*G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, Publishers.

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earnest students, and some of them, thank heaven, still unpublished. With unflagging zeal he has mastered them all and presents for our edification a bracing picture of the campaign against Canada. If, despite all this weight of authority flung so deftly at your head, you entertain a doubt and begin to murmur deprecatingly: "But did not Montgomery?" —the author is pat with a crushing reply: "Look at Carleton to Dartmouth, June 7, 1775, (Pub. Rec. Off. Colon. Corres., Quebec, 11, p. 282)," and, being wise, you lay controversy aside, avoid the seductive footnotes, and read for sheer pleasure the author's vivid and captivating narrative.

That Mr. Smith knows how to produce a thoroughly readable book is undoubted. A New Hampshire man by birth he was educated at Dartmouth College and took his Master of Arts degree there. For a time he was a member of a famous Boston book firm and took charge of its editorial work. Later he travelled extensively, and having the tastes of the historical student, turned his wanderings through several continents to good purpose. His membership in such societies as the American Geographical Society and the American Historical Association is evidence of his bent. Already the author of more than one book, Mr. Smith, in "Arnold's March from Cambridge to Quebec," broke ground in the field covered by the present more elaborate work, and his mastery of the whole subject cannot be challenged. The chapters dealing with Arnold are notable for their strength and clearness. The theme, on the whole, is not the easiest for an ardent American to deal with.

In all its essentials the tale has been before us for generations. The invasion of Canada was part of the revolutionary movement which, in the early stages of over-confidence, threw itself boldly into every territory still adhering to the British allegiance. Canada might be cajoled—hence the overtures of friendship, thoroughly insincere and completely ineffective. The Canadians were not easily to be caught. The mass of the people were in a doubtful frame of mind. They had been subjects of the French king fifteen years before. To suppose them devoted to their new rulers was to assume an absurdity. There was discontent and restlessness. The taking of Quebec by Wolfe had uprooted many things besides the old *régime*. Perhaps there was enough material for a general revolt, but the emissaries from the rebellious English colonies were not the leaders best fitted to stir it up and use it. When the invading forces arrived, the Canadians found themselves in a tight place. There was a period of great peril for the British cause.

The successful march to Montreal of Montgomery's army, and the surrender of the city made the prospect darker. Arnold's detachment moved through the wilderness on Quebec, and when Montgomery joined him, the attack on the city where Carleton was entrenched, followed. Montgomery's death was the real end of the attempt, and later efforts to retain what had been secured were futile. The invasion was foredoomed to failure from the first, as posterity, with its clearer vision and fuller knowledge, has realised. But it looked quite feasible at the time. Courage was not lacking; nor military skill, such as it was; nor diplomacy, with Carroll, of Baltimore, in Montreal to argue with the Canadian priests. But every plan broke down. The rigours of the campaign were too much for the soldiers, who had a human preference for rations to orations upon liberty. The intrepid Carleton, like a true English bulldog, could not be driven out by temporary defeats, and a population not too well affected. The *habitants* had no fancy for the paper money of Congress and a ragged army. The Catholic Church continued to offer public prayers for King George with the invading army camped about the churches, and the clergy stood firm for the Parliament that had passed the Quebec Act. Such a situation was hopeless.

Fill in this picture, as Mr. Justin Smith does, with a wealth of contemporary record, add to it the colour which a regulated imagination can supply, and you have a glowing page in the history of the war. Perhaps too much can be made, in such cases, of documentary proofs. By poring over written evidence one is

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apt to lose the perspective in grasping the certainties. But the author claims no amazing discoveries, and if he shows, here and there, the bias of national pride, he is, when at his best, honest in getting at the facts, and zealous to fit them in their proper places. But one grows a trifle weary of the ardent colours. All the author's geese are swans. In the voluminous list of authorities there is no mention of Mr. Goldwin Smith's *Political History of the United States*, with its deep insight into this very period. It is an admirable corrective of Fourth of July oratory, since if there is to be a science of history the flag must at times be furled and folded away. Our author's conclusions, therefore, suffer a good deal from giving the rein to a rampant belief that freedom shrieked every time a revolutionist fell.

In these two handsome volumes, with their valuable maps, plans and plates, the results of what are candidly termed the Eight Years of Failure are thus summed up: The war drew upon the British strength and so benefited the American cause; the fathers of the Republic recorded their belief that Canada ought to form part of it; the Atlantic fisheries were gained; that portion of Canada, south of the lakes, contains to-day three times the population of the portion unconquered; Quebec is free forever from the rule of France. These are scarcely the reflections of either a scientific or a tolerant philosophy. It is hard to see the connection between the Canadian campaign and the concession of the fisheries. The old *régime* ended at the battle on the Plains of Abraham, since the mooted restoration of Canada to France was a dream which may have haunted the vision of Lord North, or captivated the inexperienced Oswald, but it could never have been seriously considered.

Far better, one would think, to regard the unsuccessful struggle and its present day consequences in a more generous spirit. Canada, twice unconquered by superior invading forces, surely teaches other lessons. A new community, free and vast, has grown up. Its future development holds no menace to the southern republic with its weighty problems, political and social, to work out. Between them there should be preserved a lasting peace, a friendly rivalry, and separate existence. To revive the past for any other purpose than to impress this truth on thinking men is to feed prejudice and misunderstanding. Among the failures of the campaigns against Canada we must regretfully include the inability of too many intelligent Americans to comprehend what actually happened.



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By
F. A. ACLAND

DISCUSSING the disturbed conditions of India before an English audience, Mr. John Morley, the Secretary for India, spoke of the difficulty of determining whether the disturbance was superficial in character or came from the depths. He gave the reassuring statement, however, that those responsible for the peace of India do not treat the matter very seriously, and are not alarmed for the future. As to this, of course, the great mutiny itself broke out after a few weeks only of threatening discord. Human foresight cannot pierce the veil of the future, and we can only hope that the increased skill and experience and humanity that have come to the British in India within the half century since the mutiny may suffice to avert a similar calamity in the future. Mr. Morley admitted the possibility of a movement towards racial unity springing from the masses of the people of India, and was not sure that this movement has not actually started, though this would appear to be a somewhat dreamish and unpractical view. Mr. Keir Hardie's speeches in India have certainly increased the difficulties of the Government, and there is little doubt that means would have been found to check his wild utterances had he not been a figure, after all, of some importance in the House of Commons and casting that influence in the main on the side of the present Government. Doubtless Mr. Keir Hardie's powers were exaggerated by the leaders of the agitation in India. When hundreds of thousands, at the lowest estimate, of Mr. Keir Hardie's fellow-countrymen implicitly accept his prophecies of a rapidly approaching era of Socialism, it is not to be wondered at that the newly fired imaginations of the Orientals should be profoundly impressed by his sturdy advocacy of a ruinous creed. It is gratifying to note that Mr. Keir Hardie before leaving India had learned wisdom and had given expression to views saner in character and more becoming to an Englishman.

WE HAVE echoes in Canada of the unrest in India in the recent articles on British rule in India, from the pen of Mr. Saint N. Sing, which would, however, tend to suggest that the trouble is superficial rather than springing from the depths of Indian life. Mr. Sing represents the tiny minority of educated Indians who find it irksome and galling to their self-esteem to be subjected to the control of another race, or to admit of the superiority of that race in any way. He makes a passionate plea for autonomy, and charges the British, in their relations with India, with broken promises, and with degrading and oppressing the people of the great dependency. The plea for autonomy should be considered apart from the charges. The charges are too obviously based on a strong antagonism to Britain; otherwise it would not be seriously argued that the people of India are not to-day in a condition, in all probability, greatly superior to that which would have been their lot without Britain, though, indeed, what precisely that alternative would have been can be no more than a matter of crude conjecture. As to autonomy, if the people of India were fit for it, that alone would be the best proof of the benefit of British rule. But many wise and liberal thinkers, both within and

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without India, realise that autonomy for India is wholly impracticable at the present time, and if attempted, could result only in the overthrow of the system of orderly administration that now prevails throughout its vast population.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL once in a famous simile compared Britain in India to a sheet of oil spread over the surface of a vast human ocean and keeping it in a sort of artificial calm. Beneath that film of oil, he declared, "lie hidden all the memories of fallen dynasties, all the traditions of vanquished races, all the pride of insulted creeds." Mr. Sing would retort that Lord Randolph Churchill was an Englishman and knew little of India, forgetting that a man of true eminence possesses an insight into human affairs that enables him to speak with authority where smaller mortals may well hold their peace. Besides, though expressed with the force of genius, Lord Randolph's sentence contained the germs of truths that are obvious to all who read and think. Moreover, more shining representatives of India than Mr. Sing confirm the views of the English statesman, while the settled and definite judgment of several generations of close study and on the whole successful administration of India on the part of English statesmen, is to the same effect. One of the leaders of Mohammedan India, Sir Syad Ahmad Khan, recently delivered a speech to a great gathering of his fellow-religionists, in which he discussed the question: "What would happen if the British left India?" "Would Mohammedans and Indians," he asks, "sit on the same throne and remain equal in power?" He replies to his own question thus: "They would fly at each other's throats. Our Mussulman brothers and Pathans would come out as a swarm of locusts from their mountain passes. Like a swarm of locusts would they come, and make rivers of blood to flow from the frontiers of the north to the rivers of Bengal. What would happen with the departure of the British would rest on the will of God; but until one nation conquered another peace could not dwell in the land." A free and unfettered parliament of a people composed of such elements, or rather of many such peoples bound together only by the British "film of oil," would hardly conduce to better government. All such animosities of race and creed must be infinitely softened and moderated before India can become a democracy; and this may take centuries of time, during which England's rule over India may pass into other hands.

TURNING from India to Africa, the Imperial outlook is hardly more satisfactory. The weary Titan is staggering always under an infinite burden. A false step at any time may be the occasion of overwhelming disaster. Yet each step is a progress into the regions that are unknown, in which no pathway has been blazed by history. The two races in South Africa stand to-day in bitterest opposition to each other. The Botha Government has presented its million-dollar diamond to King Edward, as a token of loyalty, and it may be that the intentions of the Boer administration at Pretoria are entirely honest and sincere. There are signs, however, that the anti-British spirit that prevailed before the war among the Dutch population is returning in full force and that, despite the conciliatory attitude of General Botha, the restoration of Dutch predominance means the ruin of the British settler. As to the million-dollar gift, it must be remembered that Britain has just guaranteed a loan to the Boers of five million pounds, and this in reality provides the money with which the gift is purchased. This would be a small matter, indeed, if the great gift really represented any movement towards unity on the part of the two races and a common loyalty on the part of both to the British Crown and Empire. How far this may be the case it is difficult at this distance to judge; but, if we may credit a correspondent of *The Outlook*, the British prospect is of the darkest. "Once more," he says, "one hears that expression which before the war was the stereotyped form in which the fierce racial hatred of the Boer found vent—'Verdommed rooinek!' Nothing could be more sharply significant of the real trend of

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feeling than this. Or again, you will hear as I have: 'We'll teach you damned rooineks who is going to rule the Transvaal.' 'It was you English had to ask for peace, not we Boers,' and much more of the same kind. The country, including the Orange River Colony, is being fast brought back to Boerdom. The South African Constabulary are to be abolished and superseded by the old, pernicious, Boer field-cornet system, which will at once give the Boer his military organisation. Also the Botha Government is doing its utmost to get back all the civil servants under the late President Kruger's Government, and if any symbolism be wanting of the trend of affairs, the announced intention of the Botha Ministry to rebuild the pedestal destroyed by the British in Pretoria market square, and thereon set a statue of President Kruger, is sufficient for those who know the Boer." Let us hope the correspondent of *The Outlook* is unduly pessimistic, but it is well to hear the grievances of a minority, and the British majority in the Transvaal have been forced into the position of a minority by the operation of the electoral law giving representation by territorial districts rather than by a count of population.

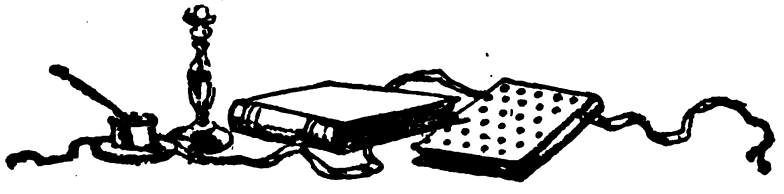
ALMOST immediately, too, the British Ministry at Capetown is expected to fall. The Jameson Ministry was enabled to hold office only by reason of the disfranchisement of the Cape Colony rebels after the war. These have now acquired the right to vote again, and may be counted on to exercise their franchise against the policy of the British party. This is reasonable enough, however unfortunate it may be for the British cause. Dr. Jameson is less highly esteemed by many than a man in his position would usually be, because of his participation, or rather leadership, in the Jameson raid of 1896. He may not have been an ideal choice for leader, but he appears to have been the only man who could unite the British. He is said, also, to have most attractive personal traits. His administration of Cape Colony for the last four years, a most critical period, has been admirable, tending to the softening of racial animosity and the development of the resources of the Colony, though the process does not appear to have gone far enough in either case to reconcile the Dutch to his premiership. One will see with regret the administration of Cape Colony also pass into Dutch hands, for this is what the success of Mr. Merriman would mean, despite his English name, but this seems to be inevitable. Let us hope that the generous treatment the race has received from the British people will combine with the expediency of the situation to hold firm to their allegiance the three provinces thus to be controlled by the Dutch. The British Empire is continually creating new precedents, and never was a precedent of harmony evolving from discord more sorely needed than to-day in South Africa.

THE event which Europe has been awaiting with more or less dread for many years seems now to be directly imminent. The Emperor Francis Joseph has been ill for weeks, and the probability of his death is publicly canvassed. He is seventy-eight, and the cares of Empire have long lain heavily upon him. It has so long been the custom to speak of the dual monarchy as dependent only on the life of the Emperor that it is comforting to hear a new note in the discussion of what will come after. That the monarchy hung on his life for many years is conceded, but it is hoped that the length of his reign, as well as the personal popularity of the now aged monarch, have done much to bind the sections of the Empire in a more permanent unity. The Ausgleich or economic agreement between Austria and Hungary has been renewed for another ten years, which is in some degree a testimony to the unifying influences of the moment. The agreement has been in force since 1867, renewable decennially, and determines the various international questions between the two countries. Under the latest form of the Ausgleich it is said that Hungary will have to pay about one per cent. more as her share of the common expenses of the Empire. Something of the future of the Empire, after the disappearance of Francis Joseph, depends upon the course of its neighbours,

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and most of all upon that of Germany. It is hardly conceivable that the Emperor William will imitate the example of his predecessor, Frederick the Great, and make the decease of the Austrian monarch the excuse for a seizure of Austrian territory. Yet none can say precisely what may happen, or what it may be conceived the interests of Germany demand.

THE remarkable rise in the cost of living witnessed during the last two or three years, and particularly during the last few months, is perhaps the most universal subject of discussion at the moment. In our own country we hear of simultaneous increases at various points in the cost of such staple commodities as milk, butter, eggs, meat and bread, and there is ample information to hand to show that these conditions are general throughout the civilised world. We know that prices in the United States are usually somewhat higher than here, and the proportion is maintained since the period of increases set in. The daily newspapers show that Europe is suffering from the same painful experience. At Belfast, bread is at the highest price for years. At Rome, the municipal council has appointed a committee to repeat the futile experiment of the French revolution and fix a maximum price for the necessaries of life, so difficult has the situation become. At Stockholm, the rise in rents has been so great that workmen have been allowed to default in their taxes. The effect is plain and universal; the precise cause is more difficult to determine. In a general way we know it to be due to the remarkable expansion that is everywhere in progress, yet it is not easy to trace the direct connection between this vague and world-wide expansion and the increased price of carrots and turkeys in York or Carleton counties. The expansion of industry provides work for many who would otherwise be workless, and increases the work and consequently the income of many others who would be workless in some degree Consequently the spending power of a large number of individuals is considerably increased, and an increased demand follows with which the increase in production does not always keep pace. The increased demand for labour on the other hand has increased the price of this product also, and has tended to put prices all round on a new and higher level. There may be some reaction, but it is not likely that the level of a year or two ago will ever be permanently regained. The upward tendency of prices has been in progress for centuries, but so startling a leap as that lately made is probably unprecedented. So, also, doubtless is the remarkable period of expansion and development that is responsible for the increased prices.



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THE BRIDEGROOM OF CANA

"There was a marriage in Cana of Galilee . . . And both Jesus was called, and His disciples, to the marriage."

Veil thine eyes, O belovéd, my spouse,
Turn them away,
Lest in their light my life withdrawn
Dies as a star, as a star in the day,
As a dream in the dawn.

Slenderly hang the olive leaves,
Sighing apart.
The rose and silver doves in the eaves
With a murmur of music bind our house.
Honey and wine in thy words are stored,
Thy lips are bright as the edge of a sword
That hath found my heart,—
That hath found my heart.

Sweet, I have waked from a dream of thee,—
And of Him;
He who came when the songs were done.
From the net of thy smiles my heart went free
And the golden lure of thy love grew dim.
I turned to them asking, "Who is He,
Royal and sad, who comes to the feast,
And sits Him down in the place of the least?"
And they said, "He is Jesus, the carpenter's son."

Hear how my harp on a single string
Murmurs of love.
Down in the field the thrushes sing,
And the lark is lost in the light above,
Lost in the infinite glowing whole,
As I in thy soul,—
As I in thy soul.

Love, I am fain for thy glowing grace
As the pool for the star, as the rain for the rill.
Turn to me, trust to me, mirror me,
As the star in the pool, as the cloud in the sea!
Love, I looked awhile in His face,
And was still.

The shaft of the dawn strikes clear and sharp;
Hush, my harp.
Hush, my harp, for the day is begun,
And the lifting, shimmering flight of the swallow
Breaks in a curve on the brink of morn,
Over the sycamores, over the corn.
Cling to me, cleave to me, prison me
As the mote in the flame, as the shell in the sea;
For the winds of the dawn say "Follow, follow
Jesus Bar-Joseph, the carpenter's son."

—Marjorie L. C. Pickthall, in the University Magazine.

BUYING A BATTLEFIELD

IT may have been asserted ere now in these columns that many daughters of Canada have done excellently, but that the women of Hamilton excel all others. It is true—howbeit in sadness a Toronto scribe admits the fact. For executive ability and that exhilarating quality of comradeship which gives spirit to any enterprise, the women of the Ambitious City are an example to the rest of us, and a bright and shining contradiction of the cynical man's remark about women quarrelling like cats.

The latest achievement which proves the progressive qualities of feminine Hamiltonians is the acquisition of the Stoney Creek battlefield. Eight years ago, Mrs. John Calder, President of the Women's Wentworth Historical Society, learned that the historic old Gage house, with about five acres of land, was to be sold. Mrs. Calder at once secured the

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property, becoming responsible for the purchase money until the necessary amount could be raised by subscription.

The property is now free of debt, and many hundred dollars have been spent in repairs and improvements. This is the only historic ground in Canada owned by a patriotic society, and but for Mrs. Calder's prompt action it would have been divided and sold for farming purposes.

On October 22nd, an ideal autumn day, hundreds of guests assembled at the famous old spot, when Mrs. Calder made a graceful speech, welcoming the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, Sir Mortimer Clark, and handing him the clear deed of the property to give to the trustees. A guard of fifty members of the Thirteenth Regiment escorted the Lieutenant-Governor, and the Minister of Militia, Sir Frederick Borden, added military dignity to the occasion. The latter said he would use his influence to secure a satisfactory grant for a monument to be erected on the hill to commemorate the Battle of Stoney Creek. Mrs. Calder and the members of the Women's Wentworth Historical Society are to be congratulated on the success of their patriotic efforts.

CORDIALITY IN THE CHURCHES

THE *Ladies' Home Journal* has created more or less of a sensation by publishing letters purporting to be from a plainly-attired young woman who visits various churches in the effort to discover whether the members show any cordiality to strangers. The matter of addressing those who are not members of a church and giving them a "welcome," is a somewhat vexed question. Some of us do not go to church with any desire of having the service followed by a series of vigorous handshakes and invitations to "come again." In all the large city churches there are hundreds of young attendants who have no home life and whose residence is the cheerless boarding-house. To these stray hearers, the salutations of the reception committee may be pleasing, but in the majority of cases official cordiality has something too effusive in its warmth.

A CANADIAN CLUB

IT HAS really happened, at last. The women of Montreal have come to the conclusion that the various Canadian Clubs throughout the land are doing such a good work and enjoying such a fine time that there is now an opportunity for starting Women's Canadian Clubs which shall have the constitution and general aims of those whose membership is masculine. It has been suggested by several Toronto women who have regarded with envious eyes the cosmopolitan intellectual menu of the Canadian Club, that the capital of Ontario also needs such an institution as a Women's Canadian Club. By all means let us have it. "But there are already so many societies and associations," objects one woman. "Very well, my dear Madam, you need not join." Only those who are more than willing to organise and sustain such a movement should be approached. "The members will quarrel like cats," said a cynical man. There is little fear of such a consummation. They are prejudiced and narrow-minded women who metaphorically tear one another's eyes out, and women who have enough interest in broad issues to desire the formation of such a club as that proposed, will be above the feline graces and vices.

"Aren't you afraid of being called unfeminine?" asked one timid woman, who confessed that she would like to belong to such a club. It is not considered unfeminine to arise at six o'clock in the morning in order to be in time for a sale of battered bargains, where would-be purchasers are jammed and pushed in a fashion that is anything but dignified. It is not called unfeminine to gamble for hours at a stretch in a stuffy drawing-room, nor is it considered unfeminine to attend Rugby football games and watch the first aid being hurried to the injured. Why, then, should there be any lack of womanliness in the wish to have an occasional

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downtown luncheon followed by a stimulating address? There are charitable, religious, literary and patriotic societies already, but the Canadian Club is quite different from these in its flavour of social democracy—not the false democracy which brags and blusters—but the true sentiment which draws together for even a brief hour those who have a genuine desire to broaden and deepen their knowledge of what the world is thinking and doing.

It has been said that women are not "clubable." Some of us know better than that and can prove it. I may be too optimistic about the movement, since I cherish a belief in the sisterhood of woman. At any rate, the experiment is to be tried, and it is quite likely that within ten years there will be a Women's Canadian Club in every city of the Dominion—non-sectarian, non-partisan, but entirely positive in beneficent effect.

A CURE FOR UGLINESS

If a fortune is to be made, the would-be maker will find an almost certain road to wealth in the concoction of a new skin food or the forming of a new theory on how to be beautiful. Every once in a while hopeful woman buys a pink brick warranted to produce a complexion of matchless youth. Then she listens to the voice of the advertiser, who tells her that a certain cold cream in an ivory jar is the only bloom of sweet sixteen. "All is vanity," said the Preacher long ago, and the modern pulpit declares the same. Some months ago I saw a daintily-wrought alabaster jar which a Canadian scholar and explorer had brought from Egypt, and which had been found in a tomb where thousands and thousands of years ago an Eastern princess had been buried. "What had the jar held?" was the natural question. Even yet there hangs about it a faint smell as of sandalwood. But it was nothing more important than a receptacle for a delicate dye which Her Royal Highness used for her eyebrows and eyelashes. Madame Eve, whom all her feminine descendants love so dearly, must have found some herb outside the walls of Eden which promised marvellous "restorations."

But the very latest high priestess of the beautifying art has arrived in Chicago. According to accounts from that enterprising city, she teaches æsthetic physical culture by Christian Science methods. If you wish to become beautiful you must have thoughts to correspond. However, thought alone is not going to accomplish the desired effect. It is necessary to perform certain exercises every morning, during which season of twisting and turning you are to be filled with sublime or, at least, pleasing sentiments. You must put away not only all uncharitable words, but all such thoughts, while jealousy and envy are not to be given the smallest cosy corner in the heart.

"But what is a tubby woman to do? Beautiful thoughts won't give her a fashionable figure," a visitor remarked.

"She'll have to diet—also take cold baths."

So it seems that for beautiful features, thoughts of a lofty nature are sufficient. But in order to obtain a graceful figure you must add to your thoughts dry toast and a cold plunge.

DICKENS' LANDLADIES

Speaking of boarding-houses, why should they be such dismal affairs? Yet one can hardly recall a pleasant establishment of the sort in literature. Dickens, who knew his London as did no other son of the Great City, has given us some memorable landladies. There was *M. Todgers*, whose grievance was the excessive demand of the commercial gentlemen for gravy. Never could that harassed creature obtain a satisfactory quantity of the thick brown fluid which adds a joy to roast beef and potatoes. She was a bony and blighted creature, poor *M. Todgers*, who was delighted to tell the *Pecksniffs* about her better days.

There was the other landlady who befriended poor little *Jemmy*, and then there was the immortal *Mrs. Bardell*, of breach-of-promise fame, who made chops and tomato sauce objects of alarm to all single gentlemen. The designing

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landlady who seeks another partner in her widower or bachelor boarder is portrayed for all time in wily *Mrs. Bardell*, who failed so ignominiously in her attempts to add *Pickwick* to her name. But, best of all these landladies was *Mrs. Lupin*, of the Blue Dragon. Who can forget the supper which *Martin* and *Mark* enjoyed on that glad night when they came back from their sojourn in the swamps of the Mississippi? One can fairly hear the logs crackling and see the rosy-cheeked widow with her cap strings gaily fluttering. There never comes a Christmas season but *Mrs. Lupin* and her cheerful *Mark* come back to those who love the writer who wrote in the Christmas spirit. What a Christmas Eve could be spent at that old inn where the firelight dances on the Spanish mahogany, and the wind creaks the old sign to and fro as the ghost stories are told in Irish whispers around the hearth! The words at the close of one of Dickens' winsome tales come back—"Lord, keep my memory green!". Not while there are hearts to love the merriment and to feel the pathos of Yuletide will Charles Dickens be forgotten.

A CANADIAN SINGER

MADAME BESSIE BONSALL entered upon her public musical career as a member of the Ovide Musin Concert Company, with whom she travelled for two seasons, visiting almost every city of this continent. At the close of her engagement with the great violinist, Madame Bonsall went to England, primarily to study oratorio with the prominent London teachers; but a meeting with Sir Arthur Sullivan resulted in an engagement at the Savoy Theatre, where, under the management of D'Oyly Carte, she remained for two seasons, successfully taking prominent contralto parts in the then popular Gilbert and Sullivan operas.



MADAME BESSIE BONSALL

Afterwards the *impresario* Vert became interested in Madame Bonsall, and booked her extensively for London concerts and drawing-room engagements, eventually filling her time so successfully that she severed her connection at the Savoy. This made it possible for her to devote more of her time to the serious study of oratorio, which she continued for two seasons under the able direction of Mr. Charles Santley, the eminent English baritone. Upon her return to America, Madame Bonsall was engaged in tour successively with Sousa, Dr. Carl E. Dufft, the Redpath Grand Concert Company, and "Banda Rossa." Since her marriage, Madame Bonsall's home has been in Toronto, where her occasional appearances in recitals are appreciated, as her voice is of that rare order, a rich and "cello-like" contralto.

Jean Graham.

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The Front Window

THE PHENOMENON OF CHRISTMAS

ALREADY from the Front Window we could at least imagine a quickening of the Christmas spirit. It may have been merely a suggestion, but for us at least there was in the faces of those who hurried by an eager anticipation of the greatest of all festivals.

"It's the same old story," said our friend, after someone had observed that Christmas would soon be upon us.

We were not so content as he was to read it as the same old story, and immediately the issue was raised, Was it quite the same? Had this age of materialism reached its limit, or were we still assuming a more and more prosaic attitude? There was agreement that the festival itself, apart from its religious aspect, presents a most profound phenomenon, the development of a custom that was in an earlier stage but the secularisation of a religious observance. Disagreement arose, however, on the assertion that the spirit of Christmas had been reduced to the level of commercialism. Was it now not an occasion of giving and receiving rather than of adoration? Was it not clear to every observant person that there was a growing obligation to give, that Christmas was becoming an occasion for solicitation and even demand? Were not the postman, the milkman, the newsboy, and the score of others creating a sentiment that tolerates the practice of giving, but that dwarfs the affections and degrades the true purpose of the festival?

These were some of the points on which we did not agree, but as we ourselves have the audience just now, we are unfair enough to insist that, whether for weal or for woe, the material side of Christmas dominates. The occasion is regarded in altogether too practical a light. Even among children the removal of Santa Claus from the range of imagination so acute as theirs destroys one of the most charming illusions of childhood.

FOR children, after all, Christmas is the ideal occasion for merrymaking, and it is from children that most response is received. Who of us has been so unfortunate that he cannot recall the delightful impression of a full stocking on Christmas morning? Our friend of the non-secular Christmas had no recollection of such rhapsody, and he was therefore a champion of the practice of setting children right regarding the myth of Santa Claus. He had been set right himself early in life (in our opinion, too early), and he therefore knew nothing of the peculiar delights of a stocking bulging with all that is dear to a child's heart. But we who were of a less modern school have still so fond a remembrance of the visits of a great but unknown benefactor that we are unable not to wish that every person might have

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the same experience. For us Christmas was a time of tremendous importance, and small quarter was given to anything that did not happen to be in sympathy with it.

THE village store was invariably an outstanding evidence that the time of rejoicing was near at hand. Undemonstrative to a degree in the usual course of events, it nevertheless blossomed forth with unwonted enthusiasm as the festival approached, and made display of trinkets and sweetmeats such as were never seen at any other time during the whole year, at least not short of the county seat. It was no uncommon thing to see candy dogs with blue noses and chocolate rats with tails of extreme length. And there was a kind of pasteboard cat, covered with paint that had a most delightful Christmasy smell. Sometimes, perhaps only in fancy, we can smell that paint even yet, and to us it is still of all things the most suggestive of Santa Claus. The painted cat had a close rival in a highly-coloured bird, that perched on the end of a long yellow or red stick and chirped in quite an effective manner if well shaken. Peppermint and conversation lozenges, gum drops, bulls' eyes, mixed, and the regular line of sticks at six for five cents made up most of the staple confections, and it was indeed an off season if there was not a pretty liberal supply of candy hearts and harps, with mottoes, printed on highly-coloured paper, stuck near the centres. A luxury for older folk came in the form of oblong tins of oysters, but all who could eat them were suspected of having an extraordinary palate.

HAVING regarded these things with envious eyes—all but the oysters—for weeks before Christmas, we children of the village were as a rule pretty well posted on the ability of the store to furnish delicacies of a nature sufficiently varied to satisfy the demands of a somewhat exacting community. We had a pretty fair idea, too, of what gain there was in buying ten cents' worth of stick candy at the *Grange*, rather than at the store, where there was, of course, the alternative of the chocolate rats. But two sticks more on an annual purchase of so considerable an amount as ten cents' worth was in itself almost a recompense for the two-mile walk to the roadside building where they would be counted out on a certain specified day, once a week, to a Member in good standing, or to any one holding a certificate from a Member. To go to the *Grange* afforded also an opportunity to drop into the store of the village on the next concession and just take a look around for anything extra that might happen to be on exhibition there. It is a fair saying that distant hills look green, and so it is quite as fair to say that to the childish imagination distant stores have peculiar attractiveness. There was also a well-defined impression that the store farther away accepted eggs as a medium of exchange at a cent or two more a dozen than could be obtained for the same produce at our very door. So that it was no unreasonable thing for a robust youngster to trudge through snow and wind to the next nearest village with a full assurance that he would return with at least one stick more for his ten cents or dozen of eggs than he could at best procure at home, even though he should not continue his investigation as far as the *Grange*. There was also the hope that the hoof marks in the roadway would reveal a horseshoe, a thing that was worth at least something to the smith. It was worth a good deal more to the finder, however, should the hind corks happen to be seen first; for, at worst, to come upon a horseshoe was a trusted omen of good luck. But invariably there was the satisfaction of getting back to the home store with enough loyalty left to once more favourably regard the front window and its display of fat raisins, lemon peel and mixed pickles, and to rest in Santa Claus a good, strong hope that the candy hearts, the chocolate rats, the painted cat and the chirping canary (or ones much like them) would be distributed with unfailing promptness at the proper time.

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Strange as it may seem, old Santa frequently left gifts that closely resembled some of the things we had already beheld with longing eyes at the store, but, of course, he was a personage of extraordinary discernment, one who on occasion could tell to a nicety just what was wanted, but it must also be said of him that at times he failed lamentably. His failures, however, were oftener than otherwise due to the naughtiness of certain children, for in all fairness to the great benefactor it should be recorded that in the end it could always be calculated that he had given according to desert. So that if a child particularly desired a chocolate rat, his conduct during the few weeks preceding Christmas would decide the issue.

Of course, these things had all to do with the spirit of Christmas. Our friend of the non-secular celebration had but little sympathy with them. His experience had been different, and therefore it could scarcely be thought that he would have fallen in with our enthusiasm. He still stood at the Front Window, maintaining that the eagerness, the happiness and the anxiety apparent in the faces of the shoppers was due as much to a proper appreciation of the religious aspects of the festival as to cost, suitability and advisability, or to roasts, joints, nuts and raisins, wines and cigars. He did not ignore the secular spirit, but he steadfastly declined to acknowledge its dominance. Doubtless he had been reared in the school that pits the reality of the Nazarene against the myth of Santa Claus, and that sees in the Star and the Manger of Bethlehem greater reason for joy and celebration than in the fabrication of the sled and the reindeer. Perhaps it were better for all of us had we come by the same school, but still for some the fact remains that the material side of Christmas is the side that asserts itself, and that the great festival is in our day more secular than religious. That is our training, and it is to the awakening on Christmas morning, rather than to the lesson at Sunday school, that our memory most readily reverts.

Christmas morning was a time of first-class felicity. At best, even before unkind remarks in the child's presence had aroused suspicion of the genuineness of the transaction, doubts would arise, but the greatest of all misapprehensions was the dreaded possibility that old Santa might get away without seeing the stockings, taking it for granted that there were no little children in the house. That was good reason for trying to stay awake to give warning in case such a calamity threatened. But sleep always intervened, and Christmas morning broke for the final test. It would be still almost dark when the little arms would reach out to feel for the stockings, and few things have ever come since to rival the ecstasy of the moment in those far-off days when Santa Claus and his benefactions became a magnificent reality. The fulness of the stockings, the crackling of paper inside, the scattering of nuts and lozenges, the smell of the painted cat, the length of the tail of the chocolate rat and the delightful chirping of the canary on the stick, all come back to the memory with peculiar vividness. Who had dared to hint that there was no such person as Santa Claus? And who had dared to say that he might not be around this year? If the contents of the stockings had not been sufficient assurance of his visit, did not the bits of paper on the floor attest his real presence, and was not the pencil which he had left behind, after having marked down what he had given, all that any reasonable person could demand as a final proof that old Santa had not yet grown weary of his hobby.

The disillusionment was cruelly sure to come. A cousin, older than we, one of the non-secular school perhaps, but not our friend of the Front Window, in a moment of commanding mischievousness had let out a suggestion that

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it might be a wise thing to lie awake and weigh the personality of Santa Claus in the balance. Curiosity had already been aroused to know what the old fellow really looked like, and it needed only the cousin's whetting to set the whole inquisitive machinery in motion. Thus it came to a tussle with sleep. To lie awake in those days for two hours or more was not an easy task, but it simply had to be done, even if the creaking of the bedroom door at the crucial moment came just in time to prevent an utter failure of the whole undertaking. The creaking of the door was of itself sufficiently agitating, but when two figures appeared instead of one, the effect was extremely petrifying. At first there was a suspicion of two Santa Clauses, but when the sound of a familiar voice was heard in the words "the little darlings," the bubble was indeed ruthlessly burst.

The morning dawned quite like other Christmas mornings, and the contents of the stockings were quite as enticing, but the glamour of romance had been removed, and two more young minds began an appreciation of this materialistic age.

And yet are we quite sure there is no such person as Santa Claus? Looking out from the Front Window, we are not fully convinced. We are almost persuaded that Santa Claus presents a most striking phenomenon and that he might be located in the Spirit of Christmas.

The Editor



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MR. ROBERTS BELOW PAR

AFTER reading "The Young Acadian, or the Raid from Beauséjour," by Charles G. D. Roberts (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, illustrated, 50 cents), there is excuse for regret that so excellent an opportunity to produce a first-class historical romance was lost. It is, however, perhaps fair to an author so distinguished as Mr. Roberts is to acknowledge the probability that he wrote the book for the sole purpose of presenting in a plain yet interesting way some incidents of Acadian life immediately prior to the expulsion by the English, throwing in a little spice in the form of fiction. If that was his object, it was not the usual object of a conscientious artist. The work is lacking in originality and literary distinction, for although the author has shown superb qualities as a poet, his prose in this instance at least is commonplace. The work has no historical value, because the facts are easily available elsewhere, but there is the addition of some fiction, an Acadian youth, who takes part in a bloodthirsty raid, rescuing a little English girl and by so doing saving his own life. The purpose of the work may be to instruct juveniles, but the author might have attained his purpose much better by giving his young readers literary finish as well as plainness. Mr. Roberts is a poet in the true sense of the word, and for that very reason one regrets to see his name to a piece of work that strikes one as not being worthy of it. Hack-writing is a pitfall that those in particular who have reached an exalted position in literature should avoid.

THE WORK OF GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

PROF. GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE, a Canadian who has been distinguishing himself, particularly in the United States, as a poet and *litterateur*, is the author of two recent publications of conspicuous merit. The first is entitled "Some Reminiscences and Early Letters of Sidney Lanier," which was published by the Sidney Lanier Daughters of the Confederacy. As Prof. Clarke was for a number of years professor of English at Mercer University, Macon, Ga., the birthplace of Lanier, he had an opportunity to gather much original material regarding the poet, and besides that he contributes an appreciative review of Lanier's work. A more pretentious volume by the same author is entitled "Shelley: Selected Poems" (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Linen, with portrait of Shelley, 50 cents net). This volume represents a great deal of discriminative selection and the result of a close and sympathetic study of Shelley and his art. It aims at giving the different phases and periods of the poet's work, thus enabling the reader to form a comprehensive opinion for himself. There is also an illuminating introduction and scholarly criticism of the various aspects of the subject. Prof. Clarke is a graduate of McMaster University, and a contributor to THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

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SYMPATHETIC VERSE

DR. WM. J. FISCHER, a young Canadian writer, author of "Songs by the Wayside," has published a second collection of verse under the general title of "The Toiler" (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, illustrated, $1.25). He continues to show a keen appreciation of the more ennobling sentiments and emotions, and indeed it is a distinguishing feature of his work that it displays but little that even suggests or illuminates a page from the gross or vicious avenues of life. There has been in the production of the book a conscientious search for pleasing or uplifting themes, with the result that we have, if not a profound or deeply psychological collection of verse, at least a chaste, wholesome volume. Many of the poems are well worthy of a quotation, for instance, "The Garden and the Child," "A Prayer for To-day," "After Parting," and "Night on Lake Ontario," but on this occasion "After Parting" will perhaps suffice to show that while most of the poems in the book deal with nature, there are others that appeal to the human affections in a more intimate way.

AFTER PARTING

The wind blows cold down the dark lane to-night,
And here alone, I wonder that my heart
Should beat so wildly, for when I did part
With him, my poor, old, trembling heart felt light
And gladly hopeful. Am I thinking right?
O will he like the noisy, troubled mart,
And will the city's red crimes, glaring, smart
His white, white soul, so lily-like and bright?

O God! I wonder, when the shadows fall,
Will he forget to breathe the prayer I taught
His childish lips long, long ago, when naught
But joy was mine? Nay, he will surely call
Thee, Lord, to father him, when sin-befraught,
And I will mother him with prayers—MY ALL!

Dr. Fischer would have strengthened his volume had he more assiduously avoided repetition of thought and phraseology, particularly in his poems on nature subjects, for as it is he impresses the critic with a dearth both of original ideas and means of expression. In



DR. WILLIAM J. FISCHER, AUTHOR OF "THE TOILER"

some instances he shows a tendency to be unpoetic in his choice of words, and occasionally a line is encountered that is unnecessarily commonplace. Dr. Fischer, however, possesses, after all, a great attribute—sympathy. He feels perhaps more than he can express. Some men express more than they feel. In the rare instances where we find a writer of both feeling and expression, we find also that subtle quantity called genius.

PEMBERTON'S NEW BOOK

WHEN "The Lodestar," by Sidney R. Kennedy, appeared for commendation, it was considered by certain literary critics to be a Connecticut story of doubtful merit, and largely due to this, was placed on similar footing to that held by some books whose authors have not as yet proved their knowledge of any particular phase of human life. It is hardly likely that full sentiment of the foregoing will follow Max Pemberton's novel of the same name (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.), which will assuredly be instrumental in adding materially to this writer's steadily increasing number

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of admirers. His story touches on the grim struggle for existence that takes place in the underworld of London, and also deals slightly with the life of persons who know something of that city's brighter sections. A phase of modern revolutionary Russia enters into its make-up, and Warsaw is used as a centre for some exciting and rather revolting scenes. The hero, Alban Kennedy, an English lad of good material, becomes part and parcel of life in the so-called underworld, before destiny ushers him forth to enjoy, if only in a questionable way, the luxury of a millionaire. A Polish girl figures as heroine, and the love story affecting these two is unique and is nicely told. The narrative is not lacking in dramatic incident, and a few spicy chapters appear, in which the reader can hardly be other than interested in "Willy Forest," who possesses a fund of slang phrases, and who frequently concludes a sentence with an amusing "Eh, what?" which the reader might learn to expect, but seldom does. The book has twenty illustrations by Maurice Greiffenhagen, which add greatly to its attractiveness.

AN ANGLO-AMERICAN ROMANCE

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT is a writer with several "successes" to her credit. Her latest work of fiction, "The Shuttle," (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited. Cloth, $1.50), will probably be popular and rank among the best selling novels of the United States cities, for is not the heroine the radiantly beautiful and fabulously wealthy "American" girl with whom lesser novelists have made us familiar? The book concerns itself with the love-affairs of the two daughters of *Reuben Vanderpoel*, the "multiest" millionaire in modern fiction. His elder daughter, *Rosalie*, who is a Nineteenth Century edition of *Patient Griselda*, becomes the wife of *Sir Nigel Anstruthers*, a vicious aristocrat of an ancient type. In fact, *Sir Nigel* makes the depravity of the traditional wicked earl seem a poor thing. About twelve years after this unfortunate wedding, *Betty Vanderpoel*, the beautiful and opulent heroine aforementioned, goes to England and undertakes the rescue of her luckless sister. Of course *Betty* has a romance of her own, in which an impoverished and somewhat irritable "lord" figures as the hero. The story is tawdry and hackneyed, and the style in which it is written will not recommend "The Shuttle" to those who care for literature. It is a striking example of the shrieking note in American fiction to which the *Saturday Review* recently drew attention.

AMONG BAVARIAN INNS

SO MANY books of travel are written about what might be regarded as the popular countries of Europe, from the standpoint of the tourist, that it is a pleasure to occasionally happen on something that goes off the beaten track. "Little Pilgrimages Among Bavarian Inns," by Frank Roy Fraprie (Boston: L. C. Page and Company. Cloth, $2), is an account of little journeys to the Bavarian Highlands and to various quaint inns and hostelries in and out of the ancient towns, together with reminiscences of student and artist life in Munich. Bavaria stands apart from those countries of the "Continent" that are mostly affected by tourists, and therefore it is not generally so well known, nor have its people, according to Mr. Fraprie, become extortionate in their treatment of visitors. The volume is splendidly illustrated.

CLEVER CHARACTER SKETCHING

"THE Loves of Pelleas and Etarre," by Zone Gale (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, $1.25), is a collection of stories, most of which have been appearing during the last six months in the popular magazines. The ordinary writer of romance would consider that the author has chosen unpromising material—the household of a Darby and Joan who have reached the golden wedding mark, and whose old Italian servant, Nichola, is a Latin edition of Mrs. Poyser. But a more delicately charming volume than the chronicles of this old-fashioned trio could not be found in the modern book-store. In-

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deed, it is necessary to go back to "Prue and I" to find a companion for Pelleas and Etarre. The author's delightful sense of humour keeps the sentiment from degenerating into sickliness, while Etarre's gentle fashion of making fun of their elderly foibles takes the reader into her wise confidence and soothes the weariest book reviewer into appreciation of the charms of the old-world drawing-room. But one must not forget Nichola, who "was born upon the other side of every argument. In her we can see the history of all the world working out in a miniature of wrinkles. For Nichola would have cut off her gray hair with Sparta, hurled herself fanatically abroad on St. Bartholomew's Day, borne a pike before the Bastille, broken and burned the first threshing-machine in England, stoned Luther, and helped to sew the stars upon striped cloth in the kitchen of Betsy Ross."

POPULAR HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

THERE is so much to be learned about English literature, its history and its makers, that persons ordinarily placed might well despair of ever attaining a comprehensive knowledge of it. With that fact in view, a work entitled "The Bookman Illustrated History of English Literature" was recently completed by Thomas Seccombe and W. Robertson Nicoll (London: Hodder and Stoughton. Cloth, $1.85). The work is published in two splendidly typed volumes, and it is well illustrated with full-page *Rembrandt* photogravures. The first volume deals with the subject from Chaucer down to Dryden, while the second volume follows on from Pope to Swinburne. But there are in all seven distinct books. The first is devoted to a study of the King's English as Caxton and the early English writers knew it, and from then on down the development of literature is traced as far as 1900. The work may therefore be regarded as well up to date. It was written, not for specialists or scholars, but for the general public, and it is an historical survey rather than an exhaustive study of the English language. Most attention has been directed to the biographical element, and the environment and personality of the authors is well set forth.

A HIGHLY DRAMATIC TALE

ONE of the most intensely dramatic tales of this season, one indeed that already has been dramatised and performed at the Savoy Theatre in London, is entitled "The Shulamite," by Alice and Claude Askew (Toronto: Copp, Clark Company. Cloth, $1.25). The principal characters are Deborah, wife of a Boer farmer in South Africa; Simeon Krillet, her husband; Robert Waring, a young Englishman, and "Tant Annie," Krillet's sister. They form a collection of four extremely interesting personalities, complex and varying. The story is that of a narrow, mean existence at a farm on the veldt, where Deborah, the embodiment of Solomon's description of the Shulamite, is subjected to the merciless treatment of her unappreciative husband. There she comes to know Robert Waring, and the mutual affection that is nourished between them lays the foundation for a very sad and tragic end. The renouncement by Deborah of all hope of a happy life, even after the death of Krillet, as it is, provides a most intense example of long-suffering humanity.

GENESIS OF CHURCHES

THE latest publication by Mr. James Croil, author of "The Missionary Problem" and "The Noble Army of Martyrs," is entitled "Genesis of Churches in the United States of America, in Newfoundland and the Dominion of Canada" (Montreal: James Croil. Cloth, illustrated, $1). In many respects it is a very valuable volume, embracing as it does in condensed form the chief points of interest regarding the various denominations on the American continent. It represents a great deal of earnest work by the author, who has taken infinite pains to remove what might be regarded as the ponderous parts of church history. It is well illustrated with repro-

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MISS ETHELWYN WETHERALD

Whose forthcoming volume of poetry entitled "The Robin and Other Poems" is said to possess exceptional merit.

ductions of photographs of many of the chief church edifices in North America.

BOOK BY A GREAT SPORTSMAN

SPORTSMEN the world over will be interested in a volume entitled "Hunting Trips in North America, by F. C. Selous, the famous hunter (London: Witherby and Company. Cloth, 16s. net). Mr. Selous might be called the hunter *par excellence*, but he is, as well, the author of several volumes, besides his latest, dealing with travel and sport. "Hunting Trips in North America" might well have been changed to "Hunting Trips in Canada," although there is one chapter that deals with woodland caribou in Newfoundland, and another that describes a trip to King George's Lake in the same country. The rest of the volume deals almost entirely with hunting trips in Canada, particularly in Northern Ontario, Northern Quebec and the Yukon. The pages are devoted mostly to large game, such as moose, and there are valuable hints and instructions regarding equipment, arms, ammunition, etc. The volume is well got up. It contains sixty-five reproductions of photographs.

NEW SETTING FOR THE CRANE

ONE of the handsomest publications for the holiday season is Longfellow's "The Hanging of the Crane," in a beautiful setting (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Ornamented cover, $2). This poem is one of Longfellow's best, and it can be much more fully appreciated after being read in a setting such as this, because Mr. Arthur I. Keller, whose paintings are reproduced at full-page size in colours, has caught the spirit of the poem in an exquisite way. These paintings have added interest in the fact that they have as a background the Craigie House at Cambridge, where Longfellow hung his own crane in 1843.

NOTES

—Mr. R. H. Paget, who is well known by publishers in Canada, has been appointed publisher for the great firm of Cassell and Company, of London, who have recently opened a Canadian branch at Toronto with Mr. H. Button as manager. This is a big position for so young a man, but Mr. Paget has had ten years of rather unusual experience in the publishing business, serving in succession with the Macmillan Company of London, the Oxford University Press, Archibald Constable and Company, and Cassell and Company, first as American representative and later as manager of the foreign department, which position he still holds.

—It is reported by the Canadian publishers of "The Letters of Queen Victoria" (Montreal: The Cambridge Corporation, Limited), that the sale of the work has reached enormous proportions, the delivery to the publishers, even early in November, having reached 500 tons.

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What Others are Laughing at

EXCELSIOR—MODERN VERSION

THE sun had streaked the east with flame,
When to a restaurant there came
A youth who, somewhat overwrought,
Had burning in his mind this thought,
Excelsior.

"What wish you?" did the maiden say,
"We've shredded planks and devilled hay,
"Or bloated bran, or grated cobs."
But still he answered 'tween his sobs,
Excelsior.

They laid him on a modern bed,
With ample pillows 'neath his head.
What filled those pillows, fair to view,
What filled that luscious mattress, too?
Excelsior.

Such living was our hero's end,
And when they packed him home to send,
He looked so frail, and yet so grand,
They used with an unstinted hand,
Excelsior.

And now he's in the churchyard laid,
Beneath the yew tree's useless shade,
One single word upon his tomb
Tells his ambition and his doom,
Excelsior.

—*Toronto News.*

A BOY'S CHRISTMAS COMPOSITION

"CHRISTMAS comes every year and it is the best day in the year exceptin' fourth of july which is a better day to fire off guns and pistols Hookey fired off an old gun one fourth of july and it kicked him agin a hidrent and an awful bunch growed on his head and he didn't know much for two hours Christmas is the best time to get presents my sister Lucy hung up her stockin' and I put a mud-turtule in it and she was fearful mad you bet if my aunt Rachel should hang up her stockin' it would hold a dump-cart full of things William Bradshaw eat so much candy and puddin' one Christmas that his folks had to put him in a grave after he died I should like to see old Dudley the truant officer in a grave and so would all the boys I should like to have it Christmas and fourth of july all the time."—*The Kazooster.*

PITFALLS



WILLIE: "Papa, will you tell me a story?"
PAPA: "Yes. What shall it be?"
WILLIE: "Oh, tell me that story over again about when you was fishing up in Maine."
MOTHER (calling from next room): "Willie, come out here this instant! Don't you know your papa joined the church last week on probation?"—*The Kazooster.*

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THE ETERNAL LOTTERY

GOVERNOR VARDAMAN of Mississippi tells an amusing instance of the negro's attitude toward matrimony.

A darky clergyman in the State named had married two negroes; and after the ceremony the groom asked, "How much yo' charge fo' dis?"

"I usually leave that to the groom," was the reply. "Sometimes I am paid five dollars, sometimes ten, sometimes less."

"Five dollahs is a lot o' money, pahson," said the groom. "Ah'll give yo' two dollars, an' den ef ah finds ah ain't got cheated, ah'll give yo' mo' in a monf."

In the stipulated time the groom returned. "Pahson," said he, "dis here arrangement's a kind o' spec'lashun, an' ah reckon youse got de worst of it. Ah figgers that yo' owes me a dollah an' seventy-five cents."—*Harper's Weekly.*

HARD ON ONTARIO

THE consumption of whiskey is steadily increasing, which is easily explained by the fact that Ontario in the last few years has had an unusually large number of elections.—*Montreal Star.*

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

THE story of a suit for damages recently decided in a German village reads like a revised version of "The House that Jack Built." In this case a cat was chased by a dog, and ran into a stable and jumped on to the back of a cow that was being milked, and the cow was frightened and kicked the milk-maid off the stool, and the milk-maid's feelings were hurt, and she sued Captain Schorn, owner of the dog, and her employer, Dairyman Herr Kameler, owner of the cow, for damages, and the court awarded her £7, and each defendant had to pay one-third. So there you have the whole matter in a breath. As the local poet wrote:

This is the dog of Capt. Schorn
That chased the cat of Herr Von Dorn
That scratched the cow with the crumpled horn
That kicked the maiden all forlorn
Whose testimony duly sworn
Of feelings hurt and clothing torn
Impelled the judge all shaven and shorn
To mulct and fine that very morn
The dairyman and Herr Von Dorn
As well as gallant Capt. Schorn
Who owned the dog
That worried the cat
That scratched the cow
That kicked the maid
That milked in the barn at Redwitz.
—*Selected.*

NERVY

"TOMPKINS has got more nerve than any man I ever met."

"What now?"

"He came over to my place yesterday to borrow my gun, saying he wanted to kill a dog that kept him awake nights."

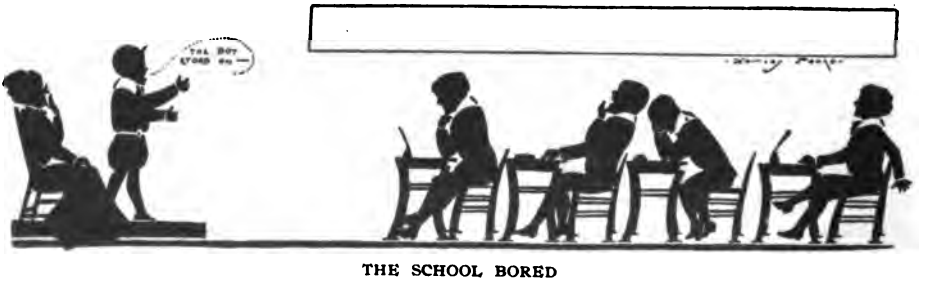
"Well, what of it?"

"It was my dog he killed."—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

MORE PARTICULAR

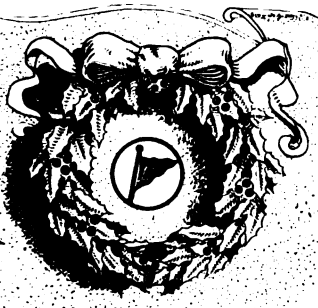
COMMERCIAL GENT (travelling in tobacco): "That, sir, is a cigar you could offer to any of your friends."

HOTEL PROPRIETOR: "Ah, yes; I can see that. But the point is, have you got any that I could smoke myself?"—*Punch.*



THE SCHOOL BORED

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Fight between La Tour and D'Aunay
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ANNAPOLIS BASIN, N.S., SHOWING GOAT ISLAND, WHERE THE SECOND FRENCH SETTLEMENT WAS MADE AND A FORT BUILT

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JAN 4 1908

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXX TORONTO, JANUARY, 1908 No. 3

Metal Mining in Canada

*By RALPH STOKES**

A critical and descriptive review of the chief mineral fields of Canada

UPON glancing back over the histories of the great self-governing colonies of the British Empire, we find that the two "Dominions," Canada and New Zealand, stand together in their lack of supreme indebtedness to the mining industry for their early commercial development and for the establishment of those forces of expansion responsible for their strength and prosperity of to-day. British Columbia, it is true, has long been regarded as a *mineral province* in the world of mining, but even there we can find no parallel to the history of Western Australia, the *Cinderella State,* whose prominence dates only from the discovery of Coolgardie & Kalgoorlie fifteen years ago; of Victoria, whose famous Bendigo was the great factor of progress in the early days; of Tasmania, saved from ruin by the development of mining on the wild west coast; of South Africa, whose fortunes, good and bad, have been inextricably interwoven with the history of its gold and diamonds.

The most zealous of mining enthusiasts do not fail to recognise the greater promise of enduring stability



NATURAL SHEET OF SILVER, COBALT

* Mr. Stokes is the late Mining Editor of the *Rand Daily Mail,* Transvaal. Lately he completed a two years' tour of the chief mineral fields of South Africa, India, Ceylon, Straits Settlements, Australia New Zealand and Canada on behalf of the Chicago *Mining World*

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AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF MINING ENGINEERS AT COBALT

enjoyed by a country or province supported by agriculture or other pursuits not based on an exhaustible mineral deposit—for there are few mines able to foresee a dozen years—but it is the common function of mining centres to build up other industries, at first subsidiary, later independent, which stand when the limits of profitable mining have been reached in the field to which they owe their birth. It is indeed the most regrettable feature of the Transvaal's development—if this were a political discussion, perhaps a feature more deplorable could be found—that there has been almost a total lack of substantial new industries, not wholly and directly dependent on the mines for their very being. What is the natural sequence? Prosperity on the Rand—and five colonies are also prosperous. Tamper with that unique gold field, restrict its growth, let the stick of Downing street antagonism be maliciously placed between its legs, and the cloud of adversity casts its distressful shadow from the Zambesi to the Cape.

In Canada, a happier condition prevails. The industrial pillars, though agriculture may provide immeasurably the most important, are many, divers and strong, one being capable of receiving a greater burden should another weaken. In the commercial expansion of this country, mining has been almost incidental and supplementary. Unlike agriculture, whose growth has been fostered and accelerated by Government activity and liberality, it has been generally allowed to look after itself and work out its own salvation. That this should have been the case, is no misfortune, no discredit to Canadian administrative departments, which, indeed, do more to draw the attention of the world to mineral possibilities than other colonial governments. The

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principal requirement of sound mining is just and sympathetic legislation; it advertises itself. Although the investor may require considerable encouragement to undertake, directly or indirectly, a ranching, lumber, agricultural, fishing or fruit-growing venture, the difficulty frequently arises to prevent him from flinging his money into valueless mining properties without investigation or forethought, from gulping at the alluring bait held out by the magnificent advertisements or more insidious "private" appeals of the audacious promoter.

The mining boom is a symptom, not of mental disease, but of the weakness of human nature. Like most spasmodic manifestations of intense feeling, it is followed by dull reaction. There comes disgust and an indiscriminate condemnation of mining in general on the strength of an unfortunate acquaintance with a totally distinct "industry"—the manufacture of scrip. To put it bluntly, the Canadian speculative investor is not yet fully educated to the ways of mining, and he is gaining that valuable knowledge through the costly school of experience. Were it otherwise, promoters and agents would not dare to advertise such palpably ridiculous propositions as we frequently see in the newspapers, offering $1.00 face value and $0.00 true value stock at twenty cents, "till the end of the month only"—as though it were a bargain sale in drapers' remnants. These fellows will be sending out free samples soon—of scrip, not silver.

Chance plays an important role in all mineral enterprises, but was it chance that placed the two most successful and important metal-producing regions of Canada—the Boundary copper field and the Sudbury nickel field—almost wholly into the hands of capitalists across the border? It is no cause for surprise that the Dominion, in its childhood as a nation and primarily dependent on the fruits of its rich soil, should be in its infancy as a mining country. Of late, however, the growth of mineral production has been eminently satisfactory, as records well reveal. Wishing this review to be read by those not necessarily concerned in the subject, I will not inflict upon the reader a mass of comparative statistics, but it is needful to introduce a few comprehensive figures in indication of the progress achieved and of the relative significance of the several great sources of production.

During 1906, the aggregate value of Canada's mineral yield, including metallic and non-metallic products and structural materials, such as cement, bricks, granite, etc., approximated $80,000,000. The totals for certain representative years previous were:—

1905	$68,600,000
1904	60,000,000
1900	64,600,000
1897	28,700,000
1895	20,600,000
1890	16,800,000
1886	10,200,000



BRITANNIA COPPER CONCENTRATOR, B.C.

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ROSSLAND, SHOWING LE ROI MINE

From 1900 to 1904, inclusive, the rate of production was more or less constant, whilst the last two years have shewn admirable progress.

Of all classes of yield, coal heads the list, with $17,600,000 in 1905 and $20,000,000 in 1906. The tendencies of change in the more interesting metallic outputs during the last two years may be shown as under:—

Increases:

	1905.	1906.
Copper	$7,420,000	$10,994,000
Nickel	7,551,000	8,949,000
Silver	3,606,000	5,723,000
Lead	2,634,000	3,066,000
Pig iron ...	1,048,000	1,724,000
Iron ore (exported)...	125,000	149,000
Cobalt, etc...	280,000	350,000
Totals	$22,664,000	$30,955,000

Decrease:

	1905.	1906.
Gold—		
Yukon	$8,327,000	$ 5,600,000
All other....	6,160,000	6,424,000
Totals	$14,487,000	$12,024,000
Grand totals.	$37,151,000	$42,979,000

The steady decline in the gold yield of the renowned Yukon, which is passing rapidly from the sphere of small working parties, applying the simplest placer methods, to that of the well-equipped company, holding extensive areas and treating enormous yardages, has lately appeared as a strong curb on the progress of Dominion mining, collectively regarded. But even at the present rate of production, the field has a life of several years assured, apart from the promise of new discoveries.

Omitting this single retrograde factor, it will be observed that every branch of mining is on the upgrade; but it is necessary to go beyond this table of figures to perceive the true measure of progress achieved of late and the scope of expansion now lying before the principal centres of activity.

Once more contrasting conditions in Canada and South Africa, although the Transvaal gold industry is of infinitely greater importance than any metal mining district of Canada, having recorded a yield of $125,000,000 and over $25,000,000 in dividends in 1906, it is marked by the defect of over-centralisation. Canadian fields are well distributed over extensive areas, giving support to many independent populations. British Columbia and Ontario rival each other for the right to be termed "The Mineral Province," a title once held securely by the Western region.

The four most productive metal areas of to-day, which are responsible for roughly two-thirds of the Dominion's aggregate, are the Sudbury nickel-copper and Cobalt silver-cobalt-nickel fields of Ontario, and the Boundary copper-gold and Rossland gold-copper regions of British Columbia. By examining the position at these centres one perceives how absolutely assured is the rapid progress

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of Canada to a higher level of distinction in the mining world, without regarding the bright prospects of new industries or calling upon the assistance of mere prophecy. The history and achievements of the Canadian Copper Company in the Sudbury district — a "copper" company paradoxically producing about sixty per cent. of the world's nickel — bear the most striking testimony to the possibilities of this country for foreign investment. Even Canadians fail to realise the great importance of the copper-nickel sulphide deposits through which the Canadian Pacific Railway cut its track in 1884 upon its progress to the Northwest. Of late years, the field has not maintained the significance in the public eye that is its due. The wane of interest is not inexplicable. Closely controlled by two companies with head offices in New York and London, free from the influences of competition, of stock market fluctuations or labour disturbances, the field has quietly and steadily advanced without seeking or receiving the questionable advantage of public appreciation. The failures of many enterprises checked the flow of new capital to the district, which, mineralogically considered, still provides scope for enormous expansion, but which is nevertheless confined almost to the bounds represented by the operations of the Canadian Copper and Mond Nickel Companies by the unfortunate limitations of the world's nickel market.



VIEW OF PHOENIX, BOUNDRY DISTRICT, BRITISH COLUMBIA

As in the case of Cobalt, railway construction led to the discovery of the Sudbury field. Before the cutting had been made through the ridge near the present Murray mine, four miles west of Sudbury, a man named Dr. Howey had chanced to detect the ore-like outcrop, but his observation did not lead to a true recognition of the discovery's importance. But when the track was cut and the deposit revealed, showing good copper values, the field soon attracted prospectors and capitalists. Many discoveries followed, east and west, and, in due course, several flotations. Only the copper was known, and for the purpose of exploiting some of these deposits the Canadian Copper Company was formed in Ohio with a capital of $2,000,000. In 1886 work was commenced in the Copper Cliff mine. At first the ore was shipped in a crude state to New Jersey, where the Orford Copper Company, in the course of metallurgical operations, detected the presence of nickel in the slag or "waste" product of the furnaces. Thus was an entirely new aspect given to the Sudbury field, which to-day produces more than twice as much nickel as copper.

The many difficulties encountered by this company, not only in regard to the successful separation of the nickel in pure metallic form from the associated metal, but also in the expansion of the market for its valuable product, are of a manifold and complex character. All other efforts made by independent companies to establish

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RICH SILVER VEIN, COBALT

themselves upon the field have, with one exception, failed, owing either to lack of administrative ability or to the insufferable difficulties encountered in the final stages of their task, technical and commercial. The exception noted is the Mond Nickel Company, whose history is essentially unlike that of the pioneer concern. For this venture commenced with a patent process, whilst the Canadian Copper Company first obtained their mines, then discovered the nickel and evolved a method of treating it.

In 1889, Dr. Ludwig Mond discovered his carbon monoxide method of separating copper and nickel before he knew of Sudbury's existence, and not till several years later did he acquire properties in that region for the commercial application of the new principles. To-day the Mond Company is working two mines and treating at its small smelters at Victoria Mines, twenty-two miles west of Sudbury, some 50,000 tons a year, with profitable results.

It may be news to the majority of mining men, even those conversant with conditions in other parts of the world, that the Sudbury field contains the most productive and most profitable metal mining enterprise in the British Empire, eclipsing the greatest gold mines of Kalgoorlie, Waihi or the Rand, the Mt. Lyell Copper Company of Tasmania and the Broken Hill Proprietary, New South Wales. There is, moreover, no single company in the world producing any of the more important metals, which influences so powerfully the market of its product. These are big claims to advance and they can be supported by detailed evidence. Yet how many Canadians will not see the great smoke-stack over the Copper Cliff smelter, on their journey between Sault Ste. Marie or Winnipeg and the East, and confess their ignorance of the very function of the works? Industrial expansion has proceeded so unostentatiously that the average citizen knows considerably more of a dozen "great potentiality" properties (realisations nil) near Cobalt or Larder Lake than of this weighty factor in the commercial world.

Sudbury has long been a happy hunting ground of geological controvertists, and the greatest divergence of opinion prevails as to the genesis of the line of ore deposits so intimately associated with a certain type of rock. This, a dark-coloured quartz-norite, occurs in a more or less basin-like sheet of great thickness, fifteen miles across and thirty-five miles long. The deposits, containing copper, nickel and iron as sulphides, are generally found along the lower edge of this eruptive mass, from which, many authorities believe, they settled out in response to the laws of specific gravity and mutual attraction. Though a highly scientific one, the question of origin is of great practical importance. The prospector, (who, of course, clever in theories!) is apt to ridicule the surmises of the geologist. The practical significance of the hypothesis mentioned is the indication

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it provides of the lines on which future exploration should be conducted. It points to the probability of ore deposits anywhere around the edge of this enormous basin and to the good chances of success for workers on the yet meagrely prospected northern line. Along the south, a great many mines have been found. The Creighton mine constitutes the greatest deposit of nickel ore in the world. It combines the qualities of richness and size.

The ore, when mined, containing upwards of five per cent. nickel and two per cent. copper, is first "heap-roasted" for the elimination of the excessive sulphur. This system involves the bedding of the ore in heaps of 1,500 to 3,000 tons and the utilisation of the heat evolved in the process of oxidisation started by the application of kindling. Thence it is transported to the blast furnaces at Copper Cliff and, by means of a considerable percentage of coke, the ore and its fluxes are smelted down so as to yield a "matte" or heavy compound of copper, nickel, iron and sulphur. This matte, containing about forty per cent. of the two important metals, is then treated in a "converter" or "Bessemerised," the iron and more of the sulphur being removed until a final product, heavy, grey and metallic, is recovered containing roughly twenty-two per cent. copper and fifty-seven per cent. nickel. This is final so far as concerns Canada, for the operation of separating the nickel and copper, which has been brought to a high state of efficiency after years of trial and modification, is undertaken in New Jersey.

One of the most noteworthy events in the history of the Canadian Copper Company was the formation of the International Nickel Company of New York, of which it became the most important constituent part. The International Nickel Company, with holdings also in New Caledonia (Canada's only competitor in the nickel world) was formed to control the market of this ill-distributed metal. Truly, it has attained its objects. Exact figures for 1906 for the French Penal Settlement are yet unavailable, but Sudbury's yield alone appears to have been sixty to seventy per cent. of the world's aggregate, and the Canadian Copper Company accounted for eighty-five to ninety per cent. of the Sudbury output. The International Nickel Company has the supply of the metal well in hand, but it can not force the demand or greatly increase the use of nickel without reducing the price below the best economic limit. The value of nickel to-day is about forty-five cents a pound, twice that of copper, more than that of tin. A factor of strength enjoyed by present large producers lies in the necessity of a steady, unfailing supply to the consumers, who would not dare to risk a contract with new and untried ventures, until convinced of their ability to fulfil their promises.

Since 1896 and excepting only a year of misfortune, 1904, the yield of nickel from Sudbury has shown an unbroken record of increasing value. In 1896 the output of nickel was worth, upon final separation, $1,190,000, and in 1906 $8,949,000; in 1886, practically nil. New Caledonia, formerly the sole producer of moment, has since taken a place of subordination to Canada, so that the Sudbury tale of progress is not reflective of a proportionate advance of the world's nickel industry. Nevertheless, there has been a steady growth in the world's demand.

Nickel, of small commercial importance until an historic paper on nickel-steel was read by Mr. James Riley before the English "Iron and Steel Institute" in 1889, and drew the attention of the world of this wonderful alloy, can scarcely be called a new metal. A coin of the composition of the U. S. A. five-cent piece was used by a Bactrian king two thousand years B.C., and the Chinese employed an alloy called "pack-

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fong," similar to "German silver," long centuries before the advent of Confucianism. Pure nickel has for some years been used for small coinage by Austria, Switzerland, France, Hungary and Italy. Canada of all countries in the world should displace the dirty, evil-smelling copper cent and two-cent pieces and the diminutive five-cent piece by coins of this national metal, which possesses the peculiar qualities of great resistance to wear, enduring brightness, difficulty of counterfeiting and high scrap value upon withdrawal from circulation. The advantage to the Canadian public would be more pronounced than the benefit to the industry, which must depend for its expansion upon the wider adoption of nickel-steel. The first important uses to which this alloy was put were in the construction of naval armour plates and heavy ordnance, which still provide a significant market in no may weakened by peace conferences. Steel with a small percentage of nickel possesses the properties of hardness, tensile strength, great durability, homogeneousness, and high limit of elasticity. Consequently it finds a large diversity of applications in machinery parts, such as axles, propeller shafts, piston rods, etc., subjected to hard usage. At the present day the most promising opening for greatly increased employment appears to be in the manufacture of nickel-steel rails, whose extra initial cost, high authorities contend, is more than balanced by the greater strength and longer life assured.

Of the three great mineral discoveries of the present century, the Premier diamond mine of the Transvaal, the Goldfield-Tonopah district of Nevada and the Cobalt silver field, the precocious child of Northern Ontario has indubitably gained the widest celebrity. Even in 1904, the writer was discussing with a restless friend in Johannesburg the advisability of "inspanning" and "trekking" off to the new field, so far had its fame extended soon after birth. So widely known, indeed, is the meteoric progress of this freakish camp, that there can be little need to outline its history to Canadian readers. Nor is there occasion to dilate upon the regrettable, but normal and inevitable, period of wild speculation with which the field has been associated. This is not a financial discussion. But let it be remarked that until the principal mines, numbering twenty or thirty, have assumed the aspect of well-developed properties, turning out ore to match development and current stoping, without "forcing" shipments or attempting to pay dividends beyond the normal possibilities of the veins, until the large crop of financial weeds has died away for lack of nourishment, Cobalt cannot hope to hold the high place in the technical world to which its proven surface riches and deeper-level possibilities rightly assign it.

Whether some of the strongest veins will continue, with their silver values, deep into an underlying formation to-day understood to be unfavorable is a complex question beyond the scope of this review. Disregarding this problem, ignoring the wide, even characteristic abuse of the fundamental principles of legitimate "prospect" flotation, we see in the rise of Cobalt nothing save a marvellous and brilliant example of Nature's blessing. So often have terms of eulogy been misapplied to individual sections of the area covered by Coleman, Bucke and Lorrain townships, or to the north of Lake Temiskaming, that one necessarily feels indisposed to use them where they are due. Nevertheless there are many features that make the field uniquely attractive.

As already stated, Cobalt, like Sudbury, was discovered by the railway. But in the nickel region, the line merely cut through an area some thirty miles long. The discovery was pre-ordained. At Cobalt, however, the happening constitutes a wonderful coincidence. The "district" is

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certainly extensive, but an area of little more than a square mile in extent, centralised around the Cobalt Lake, is the very heart of it and has contributed some ninety per cent. of the yield recorded. Not only does the railway line, largely constructed and wholly surveyed before the existence of a silver vein was known, cut this section, but with almost mathematical precision divides the square mile into two equally productive parts.

The number of silver veins of probable payability now located exceeds two hundred and fifty. They occur for the most part as narrow fissures filled with silver, cobalt, nickel, arsenic and calcite in greatly varying proportions. At surface the veins often appear as almost solid silver, for the once associated arsenides have been leached away by surface waters. The smelters pay for the silver and also the cobalt (at Copper Cliff), whilst the nickel and arsenic are waste products at present. The necessity of finding an economical means of winning the four elements will gradually become more manifest. That Cobalt has been largely skimming the cream is obvious, but then the milk of this district is better than the richest in other fields. Roughly computed, the production of the district to the middle of 1907 may be summarised as follows:—

	Tons.	Value.
1904	158	$ 136,217
1905	2,144	1,473,196
1906	5,129	3,900,000
*1907 (½ year).	6,431	4,890,000
	13,862	$10,399,413

*Approximate valuation only.

These figures show the average value of ore to have stood at the remarkable figure of $750 per ton. The richest lot of ore to be sent from the camp is recorded at 7,402 ounces of silver to the ton. The narrowness of the Cobalt veins, averaging perhaps four inches, and their frequently erratic disposition, leads to small tonnages and, of course, only small tonnages are required of such ore as this to insure a big revenue. The equipment of mines in the district is essentially on a small scale, and the best furnished properties have erected plant and camp buildings for $70,000. Concentrating mills are now going up to treat the medium-grade ore and wall rock impregnated with silver, which will place the field on a higher mechanical plane.

Like all mushroom mining towns, Cobalt is without architectural or municipal merits. Its situation on the shore of Cobalt Lake is good enough, but the heterogeneous mass of wooden shanties and more ambitious edifices is an eyesore within any two mile range of view. Fire insurance companies ask ten per cent. premiums and well deserve them. But, perhaps, the greatest dread is that of pestilence, so filthy is the town. Many shacks stand like little islands in a sea of rubbish and offal.

What has the future in store for Cobalt? This is the question frequently put to mining men and rarely answered with decision, save by those whose thoughts are governed by the wish. The perplexities still characterising the district are many and vital; but it would certainly appear that the abundance of narrow and rich veins, workable to moderate depths, will be the stronger factor than the great persistence of individual ore bodies, of which only the strongest can be expected to continue into unfavourable formations.

Cobalt has been called the "Queen of Silver Camps." Better may it be named the young Princess, whose innate character and qualities are yet but little known, an infant prodigy, growing to a child too fond of ostentatious display, attracting to her court a band of devoted followers, some men of sterling worth, hopeful but cautious, some love-blind fools and many rascals. Yes, many have been her greedy satellites, aiming to deceive the public by a mere reflected glamour

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and to pass for regal gold their petty gains of brass.

From Cobalt to Rossland, still an important centre of production, though rarely in the public eye, is a long journey. Last year the camp produced gold and copper to the value of $3,350,000, four mines contributing the bulk of this amount. Rossland, essentially a gold camp with a minor asset in copper and silver, is situated on a magnificent and elevated position in the Gold Range of British Columbia, overlooking the Columbia valley near Trail, where the noble river sweeps past on its southern course to Oregon and the Pacific. The Rossland boom, which has often been recalled by Cobalt victims, occurred in 1896, six years after the first shipment of ore had been recorded. The usual evils followed in due course, and mining in the district received a setback from which it has only now recovered by reason of the great wealth of its central deposits and the establishment of highly economical smelting practice. One good result of the financial inflation was to make the town, with a population of 6,000 in 1897, a place of substance, with many buildings that would do credit to a city of assured permanence.

The productive mines of to-day are the Le Roi, Le Roi No. 2 or Josie, the Centre Star and War Eagle—these two latter now standing, amalgamated under the Consolidated Mining & Smelting Company of Canada, Limited, as one proposition, yielding about 500 tons of ore a day. The average value of Rossland ore to-day is $10.00 to $11.00, and, since 1894, some $40,000,000 has been recovered, of which, unfortunately, a deplorably small proportion has been returned to faithful shareholders. The best of the field has gone, has been largely frittered away in bad management, costly experiments and excessive smelting charges. To-day the chief mines—some of whose stopes, for size and value, would compare with the best in the world—are well-administered and soundly managed; good profits will now be made, some years too late. The story of Rossland is no bright chapter of Canadian mining history, but I think there is to be a more cheerful supplement. The smelters at Trail and at Northport (in Washington State, a few miles to the south) are now able to do their work at a figure equal to one-third of former charges. With these and other reductions in working expenditure effected, Rossland may be considered to have settled down to the sober, uneventful life of a medium grade gold field, with fair prosperity assured, with small promise of an extraordinary revival.

Rossland and Sudbury are dissimilar in so many aspects, most notably in their metallic yields, that it is strange to find a close resemblance in the general features of their ores. Indeed the nickel of the one camp and the gold of the other are both associated with pyrrhotite (magnetic iron pyrites) and copper pyrites. Over the Rossland ore deposits very similar discussions have raged to those making Sudbury an area for scientific debate; and, indeed, there are few important sulphide deposits anywhere in the world which have not provided food for such contention. But the Rossland ore bodies are generally considered to be lodes formed by the action of mineral solutions, which have risen along planes of weakness and fractures, depositing their precious burden and replacing the barren rock in places with mineral precipitations. At Sudbury, as we noted, the ore and the associated rock probably were formed together, the one separating itself from the other. The persistence of the British Columbia occurrence has been proved to 2,000 feet and a continuation, probably with falling values, may be expected to an indefinite depth.

Fifty miles to the west of Rossland, though a much longer journey by the circuitous route via Castlegar and Grand Forks, lie the Boundary cop-

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per fields, in several respects the greatest mining area in the Dominion. The Boundary has never suffered from such periods of wild speculative excitement as we have seen in Cobalt and Rossland. Its enormous deposits of very low grade copper ore are not of a class to catch the popular fancy. That the region should now be principally in the hands of U.S.A. capitalists is, also, no doubt largely due to the sickening effects of the Rossland debacle, which closed the eyes of English and Canadian investors to neighbouring possibilities. The steady growth of the district has not been "automatic," for it must be acknowledged that success has only been attained by plucky endeavour and by the skilful application of technical principles, taking the utmost advantage of natural qualities. The Boundary mining district comprises a group of ore deposits, greatly similar in characteristics, over a considerable area. The principal deposits are around the mountain camp of Phoenix—namely, the Granby Company's renowned Knobhill-Ironsides, the Brooklyn, Rawhide, Snowshoe, Gold-drop, etc., whilst in outlying sections are the Motherlode, Sunset, Emma, British Columbia, and other productive mines.

The chief ore bodies are of immense size, a width of 200 to 300 feet being exposed in the Granby. You must speak of ore "masses." But it is of very low grade, so low that it would once have been considered unpayable. An average valuation would give twenty-four to twenty-eight pounds of copper per ton (or a little over one per cent.) and $1.50 in gold and silver. Profitable working is only possible in view of the cheap mining costs in wide bodies, the existence of admirable railway facilities (C. P. R. and G. N. R.), cheap electric power, generated at Bonnington Falls, near Nelson, large capacity smelters, and the mineralogical composition of the ore, which enables furnace work to be performed without the addition of fluxes.

Three powerful companies control the best of the field—the Granby Consolidated, British Columbia Copper Company and Dominion Copper Company, each with its own smelter and independent sources of ore supply. But for a small amount of customs work, there is no commercial competition. Technical rivalry is evinced by the natural desire of managements to overcome their problems to the best advantage. There appears to be small scope for further reductions in expenditure or increases in efficiency. Smelting costs have been lowered to the phenomenal figure of $1.50 a ton, treated, and of this charge over half represents the coke used in furnace charging. Mining costs are a little more, and figuring average recoveries, it will be seen that copper can be produced at an expenditure of eight cents a pound. Thus is the prosperity of the field established. Its progress is truly wonderful. In 1899 the field produced no ore. Last year over 1,000,000 tons of ore were smelted for a yield exceeding $6,000,000 in value. But lately such extensions of plant have been made as to virtually double the treatment capacity of the district. Furnaces now built and operating are:—

	No. of Furnaces.	Daily Capacity.
Granby	8	3,000 tons
B. C. Copper.....	3	1,800 tons
Dominion	3	1,400 tons
	14	6,200 tons

With good fortune and an absence of coal strikes at the Crow's Nest, these furnaces may be kept in commission throughout the year, but with only 320 working days two million tons per annum will be dealt with, for a yield of $10,000,000 to $12,000,000. Nor is this computation for the field lacking in the elements of conservatism, for the Granby is now increasing the length of its furnaces to allow of an

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additional 1,200 tons a day, and the Snowshoe, a Boundary mine shipping to a Trail smelter, will augment the tonnage by substantial contributions.

The four fields mentioned in this article are the most important pillars of the Canadian mining industry today, but such mines as the St. Eugene, Britannia, Bruce, Atlin, Cariboo, Thetford, Moose Mountain, and those of Nova Scotia are lesser districts to which we could look for additional factors of expansion, and with the result of gaining a more equitable understanding of the solidity of Canadian mining, behind the screen of misleading stock exchange quotations and the astounding advertisements of wild-cat "ranchers."

All predictions of future performances must be subject to a qualifying assumption of industrial tranquility. The experience of Cobalt of recent months has amply demonstrated how readily the miners of this country can be disturbed, regardless of practical or particular grievances, by those agitators whose divine mission it is to preach the malicious gospel of discontent, to raise hatred and suspicion where none has occasion to exist, and to create strife and discord amongst the divers sections of a flourishing people.

The Robbery

BY LOUISE C. GLASGOW

ALL night throughout the dim-lit grove,
The alders whisper to the moon;
With dreamy, mystic songs of love
The soft winds sigh from noon till noon,
I sit here cold, and still and numb;
My heart can neither feel nor move.

Where went he with the treasure trove:
The music of two hearts, atune;
The glinting web that fairies wove;
The passion of the throbbing rune.
I vainly ask, to answer dumb:
Himself alone his guilt can prove.

Oh, scornful, scoffing, niggard Love,
From out your fulness not a boon!
Blind waif that begged me for a crumb—
Oh, thankless, cruel, wanton Love!

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French-Canadian Folk-Lore

By LOUIS FRÉCHETTE

In the third category may be classified, as I have stated, the legends which, although of an European origin, have been so thoroughly transformed with time, places and circumstances, as to become entirely confused with our local superstitions or traditions. The most important of these are the legends of the *chasse-galerie*, of the *loups-garous*, of the *fi-follets* and of the *lutins*.

What are the *Lutins* in France? They are little demons more malicious than dangerous, fond of teasing or tormenting people by all kinds of tricks. They turn your vestments inside out, they badly entangle your hair during your sleep, they spill out your pitcher on the floor, they introduce pins and needles in your boots and shoes, etc.

In French Canada, the *Lutins* are kinds of goblins, twelve inches high, who live in the earth, especially beneath the stable flooring; they very seldom show themselves in the daytime, but spend their nights sporting with the horses. They curry them, they brush them, they feed them, they plait their manes and tails, and ride them along furiously sometimes until daybreak. Some peculiarities of these little beings—perfectly harmless, by the way—are big frog-like mouths, big round eyes, and broad-brimmed pointed hats, as high as their scanty little stature. This description is authenticated by all those who have seen them—and they are not a few, it appears.

But if the *lutins* are harmless, it is not the same with the *fi-follets*. The word *fi-follet* is a corruption of *feux-follets*. It is in reality the *ignis fatuus* of the Latins. In English, those little flaming and wandering meteors which appear at night in the vicinity of bogs and swamps are popularly called, I believe, will o' the wisp, or jack o' lantern. They are considered by the peasantry in France as evil spirits bound to put astray the passers-by, and lead them into all sorts of difficulties and mishaps.

In French Canada, the *fi-follets* are also evil spirits dangerous to meet after sunset; but opinions are divided as to their origin and nature. When I was a boy, I heard an old man say: "The *fi-follets* are not at all what some people who don't know any better believe they are: the souls of the dead in need of prayers. They are the souls of living men like you and me, who abandon their body to roam at night at the devil's service. When a Christian has been seven years without going to confession, he becomes a *loup-garou*, every one knows that; well, when he has been seven years a *loup-garou*, he becomes a *fi-follet*, and is condemned by Satan to torment the belated travellers with all kinds of mischief. If you ever run across a man asleep in the open at night, be careful not to cover his head or to turn the body face downwards. His soul is wandering somewhere, and if it could not find its way back through the open mouth of the body, the fellow would certainly die and be condemned to eternal damnation. If you ever see a *fi-follet*, waste no time by running away, it would be useless. Stick a needle or a half-closed jack-knife in the top of a fence post; the *fi-follet* passes

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and repasses again and again through the eye of the needle or the angle formed by the jack-knife; and while this performance is going on, one has ample time to skedaddle and escape without danger."

But strong as may be such authorities in favour of the *fi-follets*, the existence and exploits of the *loups-garous* are still further beyond all unimpeachment, having been on many serious occasions officially authenticated. The *loup-garou* is the wehrwolf of the old legend. Its existence is attested by numerous Latin authors, particularly by Virgil, Strabo, Ponponius, and by all the jurists and demonographers of the middle ages. The emperor Siguismond had the matter thoroughly investigated by the most learned scientists of his time, and the result was a most emphatic declaration that some men had evidently the power of transmuting themselves into wolves.

In Canada, a moral has been added to the legend. The *loup-garou* is not a sorcerer who transforms himself into a wolf; it is a sinner punished for having neglected too long the performance of his religious duties. When a fellow has been seven years without partaking of the Easter sacrament, as stated a moment ago, he is converted, every evening, into some kind of big brute, and wanders about through the woods or along the highways until he is released. This operation of releasing a *loup-garou* consists in wounding the animal with some sharp instrument anywhere at all—the main object being to draw blood. This done, the *loup-garou* instantaneously returns to his human form.

After the *loups-garous*, naturally comes the *chasse-galerie*, which is the most striking example of European legends assuming with us a peculiar character out of the surrounding circumstances. What is *chasse-galerie* in Europe? The word *chasse* answers the question: Although diversified in details, it is, whether in France, in Holland or in Germany, a mysterious coursing through the air, at night, by formidable phantoms in pursuit of some fantastic prey. When it is not called *chasse-galerie*, it is called the *Grand Veneur*, the *Chasseur Noir*, or the Black Huntsman. But it is always a hunting party, with horses, dogs and prickers. How this hunting legend was transformed into the diabolical practice known in Canada as the *chasse-galerie*, history will tell.

One Sunday, coming out of church, the habitants of St-Jean Deschaillons saw, in broad daylight, passing through the air, a canoe mounted by a crew of shantymen in red flannel shirts, paddling in time with a *chanson de voyageur*.

It was—as you may well imagine—an effect of mirage produced by a real canoe passing on the river hidden by the angle of the cliff; but it created an immense sensation at the time. The conclusion was that the *forestiers* of our lumber shanties, whose reputation, by the way, was not of the most enviable order, had the means, by some devilish process of travelling as the crows fly, to save time and fatigue. Of course the interested parties had no great objection to have their reputation heightened by this new prestige; and most of them, under the influence of story-tellers, became themselves sincere believers in this most extraordinary piece of witchery. We must add that those who did not believe in it, had no objection that the others should. It is human nature and the source of more than one widely-spread legend.

In the February number Dr. Frechette will touch on the phantom fleet of Sir Hovenden Walker and relate the legend of the trial and execution of La Corriveau

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The Narrative of Col. Fanning

Edited by A. W. SAVARY

ON my return to Deep River I immediately caused a general muster of the loyalists, which I collected to the amount of 150 men, but finding them deficient in arms I discharged all of them except fifty-three, which I appointed fully; out of which I collected from the whole, and ordered the rest to be ready to join me when I called for them. I also gave the foregoing commissions to the different officers set forth, who rendered many services to the British Government during the late war, who signalised themselves with me in the interior parts of that rebellious country, and subdued the greatest part of the province; so far that the worst of rebels came to me, begging protection for themselves and property. The exertions of myself and the other officers had the whole country under the protection of the British Government until long after the surrender of Lord Cornwallis and the evacuation of Wilmington; and after all the British troops were called to their different posts on the seashore I continued acting in the interior parts of North Carolina, and was like to obtain a truce with the rebels in the heart of the country. Those people have been induced to brave every danger and difficulty during the late war rather than render any service to the rebels, had their properties real and personal taken to support their enemies, the fatherless and widows stripped, and every manner of support taken from them, their houses and lands and all personal property taken, and no resting place could be found for them. As to placing them in their former possessions, it is impossible—stripped of their property, driven from their homes, deprived of their wives and children, robbed of a free and mild government, betrayed and deserted by their friends, what can repay them for the misery? Dragging out a wretched life of obscurity and want, Heaven, only, which smooths the rugged paths, can reconcile them to misfortune. Numbers of them left their wives and children in North Carolina, not being able to send for them owing to the distresses, and now in the West Indies and other parts of the world for refuge, and not returned to their families yet. Some of them, that returned under the Act of oblivion passed in 1783, were taken to Hillsboro and hanged for their past services that they rendered the Government whilst under my command. I am fully sensible of the good designs that government intends for the loyalists in so repeatedly renewing the Act. If the inability and distressed situation of those people, who have suffered and experienced everything but death to support British Government, cannot reap the fruits of their labours, and now join under every species of mortification, I can solemnly declare that I think Major John Rains and Capt. George Rains two of the most deserving officers that ever acted in America during the late war, either in the provincial or militia; and to my certain knowledge John Rains had two mills burnt, three dwelling houses, and besides a barn and property totally taken away. I have given as direct account of the officers opposite their names as I possibly can; also their promotions and deaths. What I have set forth, I will forever vindicate.

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Besides other officers of other counties that joined me at different times and places, as I shall refer to in other parts of my journal, in particular Col. Arch. McDougald and Samuel Andrews, who joined me several times.

Given at King's County, New Brunswick, Nov. 29th, 1789.

The rebels on the same day held a general muster at Chatham Court House, about twenty-five miles from where I had assembled, and the day following were to call a Court Martial for the trial of several loyalists who had refused to bear arms in opposition to Government. Upon receiving this intelligence I proceeded towards the Court House, 17 miles, that night, with the men I had armed, and the morning following, by seven o'clock, I arrived there. I surrounded the place, where I expected to find members of the Court Martial, but they had dispersed the evening before, and were to meet at 8 o'clock. I then posted pickets on every road, and within the space of two hours took fifty-three prisoners—among them the Colonel, Major, and all the militia officers of the county, except two, who had not attended, and also one Continental Captain, with three of the delegates of their General Assembly. I immediately marched them to Coxe's Mill, and paroled all except fourteen, who I knew were violent against the Government. Those I conducted to Wilmington and delivered to Major Craig. I then represented to Major Craig that with his approbation I would establish certain regulations for the conduct of the militia, which he approved of; and he was obliging enough, on my giving them to him, to correct and confirm the following rules, which were printed and distributed in the country:

RULES and REGULATIONS for the well governing of the Loyal Militia of the Province of North Carolina:

1st. No person to be admitted a militia man until he takes the oath of allegiance to his Majesty, which is always to be done before the senior officer of the Regiment on the spot.

2nd. All persons once enrolled in a militia company, and having taken the oath above mentioned, will be considered as entitled to every privilege and protection of a British subject, and will, on being detected joining the rebels, be treated as a deserter and traitor.

3rd. Every militia man is to repair, without fail or excuse, except sickness, at the time appointed, to the place assigned by his Colonel or Captain with his arms and accoutrements, and is not to quit his company on any pretence whatever, without the knowledge and permission of his Captain or Commanding Officer.

4th. The Colonel of every county has full power to call his Regiment together, and march them when necessary for his Majesty's service; the Captain of each company has also power to assemble his company when any sudden emergency renders it necessary, and which he is to report as soon as possible to his Colonel.

5th. Mutual assistance is to be given on all occasions, but as it is impossible to give positive directions on this subject, it is left to the discretion of the Colonels of Regiments, who must be answerable that their reasons for not affording assistance when required, are sufficient.

6th. When the militia of different counties are embodied, the senior officer is to command; Colonels of Regiments are immediately to determine the present rank of their Captains, in which regard is to be had to seniority of commission or service. In cases of vacancies the Colonels may grant temporary commissions, till recourse can be had to the Commanding Officer of the King's troops.

7th. The men are to understand, that in what relates to the service they are bound to obey all officers, though not immediately belonging to their own companies.

8th. Courts Martials may sit by the appointment of the Colonel or Commanding Officer; and must consist for the trial of an officer, of all the officers of the Regiment he belongs to, except the Colonel or Commanding Officer; and for the trial of a non-commissioned Officer or Private, of two Captains, two Subalterns and three Privates—the latter to belong to the same company as the person to be tried; the eldest Captain to preside; and the sent-

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ence of the Court to be determined by plurality of votes, and approved by the Commanding Officer.

9th. No Colonel is to supersede an officer without trial; but he may suspend him till he can be tried.

10th. Quitting camp without permission, disobedience of orders, neglect of duty, plundering, and all irregularities and disorder to be punished at the discretion of a Court Martial constituted as above mentioned; and by the approbation of the Colonel or Commanding Officer, who has power to pardon or remit any part of a punishment, but not to increase or alter it.

11th. Every man must take the greatest care of his arms and ammunition; and have them always ready for service.

12th. When the militia is not embodied they are at all times to be attentive to the motions of the rebels; and immediately to acquaint the nearest officer of anything he may discover, who is to communicate it to his Colonel or other officers, as may be requisite.

13th. It is the duty of every person professing allegiance to his Majesty to communicate to the Commanding Officer of the nearest British port any intelligence he can procure of the assembling or moving of any bodies of rebels. Persons employed on this occasion shall always be paid.

14th. Colonels of Regiments may assemble any number of their men they think necessary, to be posted in particular spots of their districts—their time of service on these occasions is to be limited; and they are at the expiration of it to be relieved by others. Great care is to be taken that no partiality is shown, but that each take an equal proportion of duty; for which purpose alphabetical rolls are to be kept, by which the men are to be warned. Every Captain is to keep an account of the number of days each man of his company serves.

The strict observance of the above regulations is strongly recommended as the best means of giving to the King's faithful subjects a manifest superiority over the rebel militia; and to insure them that success their zeal and spirit in the cause of their country entitle them to expect.

Head Quarters, Wilmington, 25th Sept., 1781.

I then thought prudent to administer the following oath of allegiance unto those people I was dubious of: "I—A B—do swear on the Holy Evangelists of Almighty God to bear true allegiance to our Sovereign Lord, King George the Third, and to uphold the same. I do voluntarily promise to serve as militia, under any of the officers appointed over me; and that I will when lawfully warned by our said officers, assemble at any place by them directed in case of danger, in the space of eight hours. I will go, with my arms and accoutrements in good order, to suppress any rebels or others, the King's enemies; that I will not at any time do, or cause to be done, anything prejudicial to his Majesty's Government; or suffer any intercourse or correspondence with the enemies thereof; that I will make known any plot or plots, any wise inimical to his Majesty's forces or loyal subjects, by me discovered, to his Majesty's officers contiguous, and it shall not exceed six hours before the same is discovered, if health and distance permit. This I do solemnly swear and promise to defend in all cases whatsoever. So help me, God!"

I then returned to the head of Little River, on my way to Coxe's Mill, where I was met by two men who informed me that the rebels had separated into two small parties, thinking I should never return from Wilmington. I passed on and got intelligence of Col. Alstine lying on the banks of Deep River with a party of twenty-five men. We marched all that day and night following, and just as the day dawned we advanced in three divisions up to a house they had thrown themselves into. On our approach we fired upon the house, *as I was determined to make examples of them, for behaving in the manner they had done to one of my pilots, by name Kenneth Black.* They returned our fire, and the action continued upwards of three hours, when after killing four of them and wounding all the rest, except three, they sent out a flag to

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surrender, Col. Alstine's lady begging their lives; and on her solicitation I concluded to grant her request. After the capitulation I gave the following paroles to Col. Philip Alstine and his men:

"I do hereby acknowledge myself a prisoner of war upon my parole to His Excellency Sir Henry Clinton, and that I am hereby engaged till I shall be exchanged, or otherwise released therefrom, to proceed immediately to my plantation on Dunham's Creek, Cumberland County (or elsewhere) in North Carolina, there to remain, or within five miles thereof—and that I shall not in the meantime do, or cause anything to be done, prejudicial to the success of his Majesty's arms; nor have intercourse or hold correspondence with the enemies of his Majesty, and that upon a summons from his Excellency, or other persons having authority thereto, I will surrender myself up to him or them, at such time and place as shall hereafter be required.

PHILIP ALSTINE,
Cumberland County, Colonel.
Deep River, July 29th, 1781.

Witness: DAVID FANNING, *Colonel Commanding Loyal Militia.*"

In the course of this affair we had two men killed and four wounded, who afterwards recovered. A party of rebels appeared in sight a little time after the firing began, but they did not approach to afford Col. Alstine any support. When the action was over they ran off, and our horses being quite fatigued, rendered it impossible for me to pursue them, and I then pursued my route to Coxe's Mill, where, on my arrival, I gave twelve hours' leave to the men (after detaining a sufficient number for the necessary guard) to go to their respective homes. Immediately after that I heard that a waggon loaded with salt for the use of the rebel army had passed about twelve hours before. I took eight men with me, and after a chase of sixteen miles I overtook it and conducted it back to Coxe's Mill. On my return I found that Major Rains had been attacked by a party of 150 rebels, who had attempted to secure the fort of Deep River, at Coxe's Mill; however, it was without success. He had one man wounded and several horses in the attack, and on my approach they retreated. They then sent a flag with offers of peace. I returned for answer, "I was determined to make peace with the sword—or otherwise they should become subjects of Great Britain." My men now being collected to the amount of 140, who by this time were well armed, and hearing nothing further from them the next morning, we marched to the place where I had been informed they were, but found them gone off. I discovered some of their scouts, but on firing on them they took to the woods. I heard that they had marched and joined another party of 250 men, commanded by Cols. Paisley and Balfour, upon which I returned to Coxe's Mill; I sent out spies that night, who returned before morning and informed me that the two rebel parties had joined, being about 400 in number, and encamped at Brown's plantation, about two miles up the river on the opposite side. I dispatched a flag to them, acquainting them, as before, of my determination in support of Government, and proposed a meeting of both parties to determine the matter by force of arms; *at the same time acquainting them that the ill-treatment of some prisoners they had taken a little time before had determined me to retaliate in case an end was not put to it, should any in future have cause to complain.* I directed the flag to Major Cage, who commanded at the time before, and I received the following answer:

"SIR,—I received yours by a flag, and can assure you that I should be as sorry as any person living to misuse a prisoner; but at the same time I think it is my duty to oppose my enemies, and if any of your men should fall into my hands I shall endeavour to use what influence I can to have them treated as prisoners; and I hope you will do the same. I must also inform you that I am not the commanding officer; if I was, I should immediately return you an answer, and as your letter was not directed to the commanding officer, he will not undertake it without

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you will direct to him. Col. O'Neal is Commander at present.

I am, Yours, &c., &c.,

WM. CAGE.

Aug. 2nd, 1781.

To Col. David Fanning."

I also received a message from Col. O'Neal that wherever they met me they would fight me, but not by an immediate appointment. I directly ordered a march and proceeded to the place where I was informed by the bearer of the flag they lay encamped; but on my arrival there, they had marched off. From intelligence I had procured, I had reason to suppose they had gone to Salisbury to be reinforced by General Rutherford. I then concluded to go to Wilmington for a supply of ammunition, finding my stock began to grow low. I got to Cross Creek on the 11th of August; and early in the morning following crossed Cape Fear River, when Maj. Samuel Andrews joined me with his company and scouted through all the rebel settlements on the north side of the river, and took a number of prisoners, arms and horses. I also discovered where twenty-five barrels of salt was concealed, designed for the rebel army. I destroyed it, and then marched down the side of the river and came to a plantation belonging to a Capt. Robertson, which I burned. Thence I marched to his brother's, Col. Robertson, which I served in the same manner. On my march I took several prisoners, whom I paroled, except twenty; those I delivered to Capt. Legett, then commanding at Wilmington, where I arrived on the 24th. Having got supplied with ammunition, I proceeded up the country on the 26th on my march to Elizabethtown, where on my arrival I found Col. Slingsbee, of the Loyal Militia of Bladen County, with a number of paroled rebels in his camp. I disapproved of keeping them there, and told him I thought it imprudent and unsafe. The event proved so; for that night they, having arms concealed, fired upon his camp and wounded him mortally. Five captains also were wounded, some of whom died afterwards of their wounds. The day following I arrived at McFall's Mills, about sixty miles, where I despatched ninety of my men back to render assistance, on receiving the unfortunate account of Col. Slingsbee's misfortune; but it was too late, as the rebels had taken to the woods and got off.

I here had information that the rebel Col. Wade with 450 militia was then on his march to attack Col. McNeal, who had assembled seventy of the Loyal Militia of Bladen, and then lay on the side of Drowning Creek. I instantly despatched an express to know his situation, and offering assistance; in three hours I received for answer he would be glad to see me and my party. I marched direct, and by daylight arrived there with 155 men. Our pickets were fired upon, and retreated into camp, having exchanged several shots with those of the rebels. We had information they were crossing a bridge on Drowning Creek, about three miles off, when the pickets fired on them, and retreated to the camp, who informed me that 420 men crossed that bridge. I immediately ordered all my men to arms, and counted them; which in number was 225, horse and foot. I then marched immediately to attack them. When I formed my little party I left great vacancies in order to appear as numerous as possible, and to prevent their turning my flanks. We attacked them at 11 o'clock, and engaged them an hour and a half, when on my ordering a charge, they retreated. We pursued them seven miles, and took fifty-four prisoners, four of whom died that night. On our return we found nineteen dead, and the next day several came in and surrendered, all of whom were wounded, and we had reason to suppose that several died in the swamps, by accounts we received from those who came in afterwards. Our loss was only five men wounded, one of whom died, and five horses killed, besides a few wounded. We took 250 horses, most of which were loaded with effects they had plundered from the friends of Government; and as I had formerly ordered that whoever found concealed goods of

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any kind should hold them, I also now ordered that every man should keep that he had taken that day, after mounting and equipping those fifty who were not mounted in the action. I then paroled the prisoners, except thirty of them, whom I sent to Wilmington under a guard of Col. McNeal's men. Then, with my party, I marched that evening to Little River, sixteen miles from McFall's Mill, where the party returned who had gone to Col. Slingsbee's assistance. The day following I arrived at Coxe's Mill, thirty miles, where I issued the following advertisement, and circulated it through the country:

"ADVERTISEMENT

"This is to let all persons know that do not make ready and repair immediately to camp, that their property shall be seized and caused to be sold at public sale; and if they are taken and brought into camp, they shall be sent to Wilmington as prisoners, and there remain as such in the provost and be considered as rebels; also, if any rebel is willing to surrender and come in he shall reap the benefit of a subject.

DAVID FANNING,
Camp Coxe's Mill } *Col. Com'g Loyal*
6th Sept., 1781 } *Militia.*"

On the 9th of Sept. I was joined by Col. McDougald of the Loyal Militia of Cumberland County, with 200 men; and Col. Hector McNeal,* with his party from Bladen of seventy men; and in consequence of my advertisement I had also 435, who came in; and many joined me afterwards.

I had previously determined within myself to take the rebel Governor Burke of North Carolina, and I had a conversation with Maj. Craig on the subject. I now thought it a favourable opportunity, as I found myself at the head of 950 men of my own Regiment, exclusive of McDougald and McNeal's regiments. I acquainted Maj. Rains of my resolution, who approved of it. The rebel General John Butler, and Col. Robert Maybin, of the Continental line, lay within forty miles of our encampment on the Cape Fear River, with 400 Continental soldiers and Butler's militia. It was supposed by my officers that I intended to attack them. After marching sixteen miles to Rocky River, I went a little distance out of my road to a friend's house, for intelligence of the situation of the rebels; during which time the guide led my little army about two miles out of the way, towards General Butler. On my return above to them I was under the above necessity of making my intentions known; and immediately directed my march for Hillsboro. I pushed on all that day and the following night; at seven o'clock on the morning of the 12th we entered the town in three divisions, and received several shots from different houses. However, we lost none and suffered no damage, except one man wounded. We killed fifteen of the rebels, wounded twenty, and took upwards of two hundred prisoners; amongst whom were the Governor, his Council, and part of the Continental Colonels, several captains and subalterns, and seventy-one Continental soldiers out of a church. We proceeded to the gaol and released thirty loyalists and British soldiers, *one of which was to have been hanged that day.* About 12 o'clock I left Hillsboro, and proceeded eighteen miles that night towards Coxe's mill; in the morning I pursued my march about eight miles further, to Lindsey's Mill on Cane Creek, where General Butler and a party of rebels had concealed themselves. Col. McNeal, who had the advanced guard, had neglected to take the necessary precautions for our safety; and by information of Capt. McLean, Cumberland County, Little River, as soon as I had discovered the situation we were in, and having so great a number of prisoners, I left my station and pushed for the advanced guard; on my coming up with Col. McNeal, I in-

* It is evident that there were two Colonels of this name, one on each side. A third, Colonel Daniel McNeill, of North Carolina, was the paternal grandfatner of the late able physician and public man of Nova Scotia, Hon. D. McNeill Parker, M. L. C. No doubt the latter is the correct spelling.—A.W.S.

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quired the reason of his neglect, and before he could answer we were fired upon by the rebels. They killed eight men, among whom was Col. McNeal, who received three balls through him, and five through his horse. I then ordered a retreat back to where I left the prisoners, and after securing them, I made the necessary preparations to attack the enemy, which we did; and after engaging them four hours, they retreated. I lost twenty-seven men killed, and sixty so badly wounded that they could not be moved, besides thirty slightly, but so that they could keep up with our main body. At the conclusion of this action I received a shot in my left arm, which broke the bone in several pieces, and the loss of blood was so great that I was taken off my horse and led to a secret place in the woods. I then sent Lieut. Woleston to my little army for Col. Arch. McDougald and Major John Rains and Lieut.-Col. Arch. McKay to take command; to send an express to Wilmington for assistance, as I was not able to take any command. I also desired that Major Rains should return as soon as he could leave Col. McDougald, as I thought he might be the means of saving me from the hand of my enemies. These gentlemen conducted themselves in such a manner that I think they deserve the applause of every loyal subject both for their valour and good conduct, as Col. Maybin and General Butler pursued them all the way until they met Major Craig coming to their assistance. They made their march good for 160 miles, and never lost one prisoner, but introduced Thos. Burk, their Governor, and his regiment of rebels to Major Craig, who very well accepted them; and Major Craig introduced his Excellency and regiment to the Provost Master. I am informed by letters from Col. Arch. McDougald, dated 6th Aug., 1789, that no provision has been made for him yet. Also Major Rains the 2nd of October, 1789. But I am in hopes when the Government comes to be informed of the many services that they have done, they will consider them, and make some allowance for them. I am personally acquainted with their services. Major John Rains was the first man that ever took up arms with me in North Carolina, and the last man with me in that country, and took an active part in command in six and thirty skirmishes in N.C. (also Capt. George Rains).

At the departure of my little army I was left with three men; and in four days seventeen more came to my assistance. I made enquiry respecting the loss of the rebels in the late action, and found that the inhabitants had buried twenty-four, and that the wounded they had left behind were ninety, besides those that went off, and that my party had taken ten prisoners. Of the number of the killed was Col. Guttrell and Major Knowles, who were inveterate enemies to the loyalists.

The party we had engaged I found to have consisted of 400 Continentals under the command of Col. Maybin and General Butler's militia. In twenty-four days I found myself able to sit up, and then dispatched four of my captains, Hooker, Rains, Knight, and Lindly, to Wilmington for a supply of ammunition; and before their return I had sent out and embodied 140 men, during which time I heard of a quantity of leather which was preparing for the use of the rebel army, and was ordered for General Green's quarters at Camden. I went to the place, and finding the leather agreeable to my information, I took enough thereof to equip the company completely, and ordered the rest to be destroyed. On my return to Brush Creek, near where I had been secreted during my illness occasioned by my wounds, I sent out spies for discovery. Two of them returned in less than an hour with information of six hundred rebels who were advancing to attack me, but they proved no more than 170. These accounts disheartened a number of my men. From my being in so weak a state, they apprehended I would not be able to command them. However, they lifted me on my horse, and I formed my men then in two ranks and showed two fronts, as they appeared, both in my

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front and rear. The fire continued for near an hour. I lost three men killed, and three badly wounded. The rebels had one killed and several wounded. Then they retreated, and rallied and attacked again, after retreating about a mile, which was so unexpected that I concluded they had been reinforced. I then retreated, but without loss, except my baggage, which they made a prize of. I then separated my men into small parties, until the arrival of the four officers I had dispatched for ammunition to Wilmington, who brought the following letter from Major Craig, with 5,000 cartridges:

WILMINGTON, 13th Oct., 1781.

"DEAR SIR:

"Your letter gave me infinite satisfaction from the favourable accounts it contained of your health, and the probability of your soon being restored to that service in which you have done so much to your honour. I beg you to accept for yourself, and convey to those of your officers whom I have not yet seen, my warmest thanks for their gallantry and good behaviour. I enclose you the commission you desired for Major Rains, who I am persuaded will endeavour to answer your warm recommendations. I have been unfortunate enough to lose the list of medicines you sent for; however, I will desire the surgeon to send you such as he thinks most likely to be serviceable to you; though from his not being acquainted with your case, is all by guess. I am much concerned to find the probabilities of so many of your people suffering from want of attendance or necessaries. Nothing shall be wanting in my power, either in that respect or that of salt for their relief. I am not at liberty to explain myself in a letter, but I hope I shall very soon have it in my power to assist you with greater care than at present. The moment I returned here, and was informed of the circumstances of the stallion you mention, I determined it in your favour, and took him away from Mr. Campbell, or rather from a gentleman whom he had sold him to. He has been with my horses ever since, and never rode. I now send him to you by Capt. Liveley.

The long northerly winds has prevented any arrivals from Charleston, so that we are totally without news.

I wish I had got Mr. Burke's papers.

I am, with much regard,

Your most ob't faithful servant,

J. H. CRAIG."

The following is a copy of the letter I received of Colonel Edmond Fanning, of the King's Americans:

(*Blank in the manuscript*)

The names of the Officers of Cumberland county who acted under Col. McDougald, as they was commissioned in their different companies, who were with me at the taking of Hillsboro:

Archibald McDougald, Col.
Archibald McKay, Lieut.-Col.

(*Another blank*)

The names of the Officers of Bladen county who acted under Lt.-Col. Hector McNeal:

Hector McNeal, Lt.-Col.
John Watson, Major.

(*Another blank*)

The names of the Gentlemen Officers who came as Volunteers from Wilmington for recreation and to explore the country, and was at the taking of Hillsboro with me:

Alexander McCraw, Capt. of Gov. Martin's Regt.
Daniel McDonald, Lieut. of Gov. Martin's Regt.
Malcolm McKay, Ensign of Gov. Martin's Regt.
John McKenzie, Capt.
Hector McNeal.
Charles Campbell.
James Dawson.

(*To be continued*).

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Canadian Literary Homes

By E. J. HATHAWAY



Clifton, where *Sam Slick* lived, Windsor, N.S.

ALTHOUGH Canada has not as yet attained the dignity of a distinct national literature, she can at least claim as her own, either on account of birth or long residence, some of the most eminent writers of the day. The birth-places or early homes of those who have given expression to the aspirations of a nation—those who in prose or verse have pictured her people or chronicled the glories of her history—are shrines of interest to every student of literature. These literary landmarks are scattered far and wide over the various Provinces of the Dominion; and although as yet no conspicuous figure has arisen to give voice to her national spirit, the tide in her literary prosperity is at the flood and Canada is rapidly assuming an important place in the intellectual as well as in the commercial world.

"Clifton," the home of the late Judge Haliburton at Windsor, Nova Scotia, is undoubtedly the most notable literary relic in Canada. The life of the creator of *Sam Slick* was an ideal student's existence. Born to the purple of a Chief Justiceship, at Windsor, in 1796, he was educated at the University of his native town and subsequently represented the historic County of Annapolis in the Local Legislature. He succeeded his father on the Bench when but thirty-two years of age; and then, after nearly thirty years of placid judicial activity in his sequestered home, interspersed with congenial literary work, he passed on to the wider social and literary world in England, eventually taking a seat in the British House of Commons. Charming echoes have come down to us of this delightful and most companionable of men, described by an English friend as the most agreeable talker he had ever met; of his numerous intimacies and friendships; of his wide personal popularity; of his gifts as a *raconteur*. "*Sam Slick* was a pure accident," said Haliburton on one occasion. "I never intended to describe a Yankee clockmaker or Yankee dialect; but he slipped into my book before I was aware of it, and once there he was there to stay." The sketches were originally published anonymously in the *Nova Scotian*, and afterwards issued in book form both in the United States and in England, where they met with instant success. "Clifton," now generally known as "Sam Slick's Place," is a picturesque property of many acres overlooking the lands of King's College. This was Judge Haliburton's home for more than a quarter of a century. Through the efforts of the Haliburton Club, founded at the College in 1884 and presided over

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The Rectory at Fredericton, N.B., where Charles G. D. Roberts spent most of his early life

for many years by Charles G. D. Roberts, the place has become one of the chief attractions of the storied Annapolis Valley, and is visited by throngs of tourists throughout the year. The celebration by the Club in 1896 of the centenary of the author's birth was a splendid tribute to the memory of the founder of the so-called American school of humour.

The Province of New Brunswick claims as her sons two of the most conspicuous of living Canadian poets, Charles G. D. Roberts and Bliss Carman. Although, owing to the exigencies of their work, they are now both residents of the United States, they still regard Fredericton as their home, and most of their work still has a distinct Canadian setting.

Roberts comes honestly by his literary talents. He has a long ancestry among men of scholarship, and he seemed but coming into his own, when, after a couple of years in journalism following his graduation, he was appointed Professor of English Literature in King's College in Nova Scotia. Here he remained for nearly ten years, until his removal to New York to devote himself entirely to literary work. The old parsonage at Westcock, N.B., at the head of the Bay of Fundy, so attractively pictured in his recent novel, "The Heart That Knows," was his birthplace and home during the years of his boyhood. It was at this time—the formative period of his life — that he acquired that intimate knowledge of the woods and fields and the varied moods of nature so admirably displayed in his subsequent literary work. Mr. Roberts claims to have been the father of the animal story to which Seton, Kipling and others have given vogue during recent years, and in which he also has shared. The old rectory at Fredericton has been his home since 1874, when his father, Rev. Canon Roberts, removed from Westcock. His mother and youngest brother live there now, and it is still looked upon as the family headquarters. Here under parental guidance he first felt the impulse of the poetic gift, and here as a lad of twenty he put forth his first modest book, "Orion and other Poems." The literary instinct is a birthright in the Roberts household, no less than four of the brothers and sisters being writers of more than local reputation. The splendid promise of the two young sons, Lloyd and Douglas, would indicate that this "gift of the gods" is also hereditary, and the future of the "Birchbark" school of poetry is therefore assured.

Bliss Carman is another who seems to have been born to a literary career. Although New York and Boston have claimed him for some years, Fredericton is his birthplace, and his heart is ever haunted by the charms of his native Province:

Because there lies upon my life
A whisper of the wind at morn,
A murmur of the rolling sea
Cradling the land where I was born.

Carman and Roberts are cousins, and near of an age, and during the greater part of their lives they have been close companions and friends. Educated at the same college, they lived the same outdoor life, treading the same paths and drawing inspiration from the same fountains of knowledge. Bliss Carman is probably best known as the poet of *Vagabondia*—the literary tramp who goes singing

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down the road of life. Temperamentally he may be a care-free and light-hearted Bohemian, but his whole career is one of performance and great literary activity. His first book of poems, "Low Tide on Grand Pré," was published in 1893, and already his bibliography extends to some thirty-five numbers. He was the first editor of the *Chap-Book*, established by Messrs. Stone and Kimball in 1894, and he has been editor also of the *Independent* and the *Literary World*. The old homestead in Fredericton, which had been Bliss Carman's home since early childhood until his removal to the United States in the early nineties, is a plain old-fashioned house situated within a hundred yards of the river. The view from the garden in the rear is the most attractive and shows a verandah extending across almost its entire width and two small balconies at the upstairs windows. From his room the poet could overlook the green fields beyond the garden and a superb line of elms along the great blue river in the distance. In this garden the youthful Carman kept his canoe, carrying it to and from the water almost daily. It is doubtless to the outdoor life and freedom of these early years that he owes his splendid physical equipment and that exuberant joy in mere living that is so strongly marked in his literary work.

The Province of Quebec has added many distinguished names to the roll of Canadian literature. Indeed it may be to the French-speaking Province rather than to the English ones that the world should look for that special quality which must give distinction to the literature of Canada. Unfortunately, however, the work of her writers of French origin is not so widely known to English readers as it deserves to be. Most of them have had to look to France, the home of their Mother tongue, for encouragement when venturing beyond the limited field of their own province. It has been from Europe, therefore, rather than from America, that Louis Honoré Fréchette has received his best support, and the honour conferred on him by the French Academy in 1880 for the excellence of his verse was a distinct compliment to the French-Canadian people. Like other of the French poets of his generation, Fréchette has had an active career in journalism and politics. He even fought a duel on one occasion in the real old-fashioned way. After several attempts he was elected to the House of Commons, but retired from active political life after a brief service, and since 1878 he has lived quietly in Montreal, surrounded by his family and friends, devoting himself almost entirely to literary work. Two years after his retirement he produced "Les Fleurs Borealis," the book which earned the chaplet of the French Academy. His work throughout is characterized by a splendid patriotism, celebrating the heroic deeds of Cartier, Champlain, Maisonneauve and other of the early French-Canadian leaders. Several years ago he was made a C.M.G. by Royal warrant in recognition of his work. He is also a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and honourary degrees have been conferred on him by most of the universities of Canada. Folk-lore sketches by him are now



Parker Home in Belleville, Ont., where Gilbert Parker used to live

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appearing monthly in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

Montreal also was for many years the home of Dr. W. H. Drummond, the author of "The Habitant," who died recently in a mining camp at Cobalt. His city residence was the modest unpretentious home of a practising physician: his real life was in the all-out-doors, which he knew and loved so well. His literary work has been chiefly in the delineation in poetic form of the life, character and racial peculiarities of the French-Canadian people. As Fréchette has put it, "He is the pathfinder in a new land of song." He has studied the French-Canadian country folk at close range, mingling with them in their homes, in the lumber camps, on the river. His portrayal of their quaint mannerisms and customs is sympathetic and kindly at all times, and he manipulates their picturesque *patois* with marvellous dexterity.



Bliss Carman's boyhood home at Fredericton, N. B.

Lily Dougall, the author of "Beggars All," "The Madonna of a Day," and other novels of uncommon merit, was born in the pretty vine-covered stone cottage, still occupied by members of the family, on the mountain-side overlooking the City of Montreal. She received her elementary education in her home city, subsequently attending Edinburgh University. She has resided for some years in England because of more favourable climatic conditions, but annually visits her Canadian home, keeping in touch with the life there and paying tribute to it in her stories from time to time.

Ottawa, the Capital City of the Dominion, is the home of William Wilfred Campbell and Duncan Campbell Scott, two writers who are doing splendid work in the cause of a pure native literature. The Canadian Government has been a good friend to Canadian literature in that it has given congenial employment to some of the most gifted writers, relieving them of the necessity for "keeping the pot boiling" by their pens, at the same time allowing them sufficient leisure for literary work. Mr. Campbell is in the office of the Privy Council, Mr. Scott is chief clerk in the Department of Indian Affairs, and the late Archibald Lampman was employed in the Post-Office Department until his death in 1899.

In Belleville, Ontario, is the Canadian home of Sir Gilbert Parker. He was born in Camden East, a nearby village, in 1859. His father, Capt. Parker, had come to Canada in the early days with his regiment, and settled down to a quiet business life. The sons as they become old enough undertook to look after themselves, the older ones lending a helping hand to the younger, and thus Sir Gilbert was enabled to prepare himself for a teacher's certificate. He taught school for a time in the neighbourhood and in the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb in Belleville; finally, after his ordination as a deacon, entering Trinity University, Toronto, as a pupil-teacher, giving lessons in elocution and studying with a view to taking orders. After filling a curacy for a time at Trenton he went to Australia, where he took up journalism, subsequently drifting into literary work. In 1890, with but a slender reputation, and practically no assets beyond a forceful personality and an indomitable ambition, he removed to London. In 1900 he was returned as a member

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of the House of Commons, and two years later was knighted for conspicuous literary services. His mother and sister still occupy the attractive old homestead in Belleville, which the sons bought for their parents many years ago. Most of Sir Gilbert's literary work has dealt with some phase of Canadian life or history, and he has been particularly fortunate in his portrayal of the French - Canadian character. In this he blazed a new field of romantic work, a preserve that has since been trespassed by many others, to a better understanding of the people and a keener appreciation of early Canadian history.

"The Grange," Professor Goldwin Smith's beautiful old place, in Toronto, is unquestionably the most interesting of Canadian literary homes In point of age it has the advantage of "Clifton," for it was erected in 1817, and from its earliest days it has played an important part in the social life of the city. It would be difficult to imagine a more delightful environment for a man of letters than this stately old vine-covered house, surrounded by its acres of noble trees and extensive lawns, in the very heart centre of the city. Everything is today as nearly as possible in its original condition, except that the present ample grounds are but a part of the former acreage. The spacious rooms and corridors are filled with rare and interesting treasures, and the walls of the diming-room are flanked with Cromwellian portraits—a worthy setting to a board which has numbered among its guests from time to time some of the most distinguished figures in the public and literary life of the day. "The "Grange" has been Goldwin Smith's home since his removal to Toronto in 1871, at the time of his marriage. In spite, however, of his isolation from the centre of world politics and literature, and his increasing years, his pen is still as active as in the early days of the *Saturday Review,* when he was numbered among the most vigorous of England's public men. His most notable work, the political histories of the United Kingdom and of the United States, both written in recent years, probably owe much of their value as critical reviews to the fact that their author has been able from his Canadian home to view the various aspects of political movement and social progress with an open mind. .



The home of Louis Fréchette in Montreal

The most important literary landmark in Toronto, apart from "The

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Grange," is the early home of Ernest Thompson Seton, although Mr. Seton also claims England as the land of his birth. The family removed to Toronto when he was but five years of age, and, notwithstanding his frequent absences during his art studies abroad and his residence in Manitoba, the old house on Howard street was "home" until his removal to the United States shortly after he had entered on his literary career. From his earliest years he was an ardent student of natural history, and in the intervals of school-duties he roamed the beautiful Rosedale ravines and hills — then an almost primeval forest—and wandered up and down the valley of the Don in the neighbourhood of his home, reading the secrets of the woods, and making acquaintances with the birds and the little furry creatures. Many of the incidents recounted in his books actually took place within pistol shot of his own door. On the completion of his art studies in London and Paris he spent several years in the north country as naturalist to the Government of Manitoba, studying the animals at close range and writing and illustrating scientific works. He also acquired during this time some reputation as a wolf hunter, and his pictures for the most part were devoted to wolf subjects. That his adventures might possess any merit as narratives did not occur to him until on one occasion, on his return to Toronto from a trip to New Mexico, he told the story to a group of friends of a wolf hunt in which he had taken part. He was induced to submit it to one of the magazines, and "The King of the Corrumpaw," published in *Scribner's Magazine* in 1894, formed the nucleus of "Wild Animals I Have Known."



Residence of the late Dr. W. H. Drummond in Montreal

The little town of Georgtown contains the home of W. A. Fraser, one of the best known of Canadian short story writers. Mr. Fraser was born in Nova Scotia and, like many men of Maritime birth, he has been an extenstive traveller. In the course of his professional work as an engineer he spent several years in the oil districts of British Burmah, and afterwards he was for a time in the Canadian Northwest. About nine or ten years ago he tried his prentice hand at the writing of stories. His wide and varied experiences had given him an acquaintance with people and scenes of distinct and unusual character; and he displayed, perhaps as much to his own astonishment as to

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that of his friends, an original and forceful style and a remarkable facility in literary expression. In his latest novel, "The Lone Furrow," the scene is placed in his home town and is an admirably drawn picture of Canadian village life.

Rev. Charles W. Gordon, or "Ralph Connor" as he is known to the reading world, is perhaps the most widely read of Canadian authors. Popular success is not the supreme test in literature, but public approval is usually an index to the human interest of a work. The sales of "Black Rock," his first book, have already reached almost to the million mark; and, as the first Canadian edition of 30,000 copies of "The Doctor"—which, by the way, was the largest first edition ever published in Canada—was completely exhausted within a month of publication, it is quite evident that his work possesses qualities of more than transient merit. Dr. Gordon is a son of the Manse, and was born in the Highland settlement of Glengarry, in Eastern Ontario, in 1860. Early in his student days he heard the "call of the West," and most of his vacations for some years were spent in the mission fields of Manitoba and in the Rockies. He had eyes and ears and heart. He understood the spirit of the great West, and saw not only the practical power but also the deeper meaning and the potential significance of the great movement of population which was just beginning toward the prairie lands. His first literary venture dates back nearly ten years, when, in a series of sketches for *The Westminster*, in Toronto, he sought to bring the religious needs of the mining settlements on the frontier before the Church in the East. These sketches were afterwards published under the name of "Black Rock." The volumes which have appeared at intervals since that time have enhanced the author's reputation and placed his name among the best known writers of the day. Dr. Gordon's home is in the bustling city of Winnipeg, where he is the working pastor of St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church. The house, which was built for his bride on their marriage, is in one of the best residential sections of Winnipeg. It was remodelled a couple of years ago, and with its spacious verandahs, its neatly trimmed grassy lawns and its surrounding hedge of wild roses, which in the early summer is covered with bloom, is much more suggestive of the sunny south than of a Western Canadian city.



The Thompson home on Howard Street, Toronto, where Ernest Thompson Seton lived most of his life

In this hurried "little journey" across half a continent there has been time to visit but a few of the literary homes of Canada. An interesting side trip might have been taken to the smiling liitle island Province of Prince Edward Island to visit the home of Basil King. In the fortress City of Quebec, famous in history and song and story, Frederick George Scott, the poet, ministers to the congregation of St. Matthew's. Kingston, Ontario, contains the birthplace of Grant Allen, famous as novelist, scientist and essayist. Mrs. Everard Cotes, better known perhaps as Sara Jeanette Duncan, and her talented namesake, Norman Duncan, author of the wonderful Labrador and Newfoundland stories, were both born in Brantford, although the latter spent most of his early youth at Mitchell. Arthur Stringer is a London, Ontario,

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The Grange, Toronto, residence of Prof. Goldwin Smith



Home of Rev. C. W. Gordon, whose pen name is *Ralph Connor*

boy, who still spends his summers in Canada, where he has a fruit farm on the shores of Lake Erie. Harvey J. O'Higgins also was born in London, but lived in Toronto for years, where he attended the University and served his journalistic apprenticeship on *The Daily Star*. Robert Barr, though born in Scotland, was for some years associated with his father in the building trade in Western Ontario, and afterwards, following a term in the Toronto Normal School, he was headmaster of one of the public schools in Windsor, on the Canadian side of the Detroit River. In 1876 he joined the staff of the Detroit *Free Press*, and five years later removed to London, England, where he has since resided.

In spite of the limited population and the racial differences of her people, Canada's contribution to the world of letters has been meritorious and ample. It is, as yet, but a modest beginning, but upon this in the years to come will doubtless be reared an active and enduring national literature that will not only be a credit to herself as a younger and growing country, but will also do honour to the older nations from which she has sprung.

Scaffolding

BY A. L. FRASER

THAT scaffolding a vantage ground doth make
Whereon the workman and his work may meet;
But when the building stands at last complete—
With copestone placed—the builder then will take
The staging down ; it stands for the sole sake
Of being auxiliary, and so when all
Its purpose has been served, why, let it fall;
The work is done which he did undertake.
Likewise, when human life with care we scan,
What helps we see: Time, station, money, books;
These, one and all, a purpose serve for man,
They form a vantage ground from which he looks
At life, and compasses its building vast—
Which, stripped of mundane helps, stands forth at last.

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The Jewelled Princess

A FIRELIGHT STORY

By VIRNA SHEARD

THEY tell me this story happened about the year One, and in a country—a wonderful country—that lies just over the rim of the world; across the place where the sky and the earth go into a gray blur, you know.

The country is there now; anyone can go to it at any time, and it is quite as wonderful as it used to be when my princess—the jewelled one—lived there ever so long ago.

I thought it would make it more interesting to tell you this; but now the story really begins.

The King and Queen of Dazzledean had no children. Everybody else, even the very poor people, seemed to have any number, and so the King and Queen wanted them too—very much. They wanted about ten, but they would have tried to be content with less.

At last, as time went on, and there was nobody in the palace but decidedly grown up people—the kind who walked, but never ran; smiled, but never laughed; talked in long, hard words, and liked to stay indoors when it rained—why the royal couple felt that they had come to the limit of their patience.

Sober, uninteresting folk of this sort bored them unspeakably, and, indeed, they felt they had reached such a pass that they would be satisfied with one little child. They didn't even make a point of saying whether it should be a boy or a girl.

They wanted to hear quick, light little footsteps running up the great stairs, and the sound of eager, merry voices ringing from room to room; the noise of games being played out in the big gardens, and the galloping of ponies up and down the gravelled walks.

The King got so dreadfully tired of his library full of leather-covered books in dead languages that he locked it up and wouldn't go near it. But he ordered dozens of picture-books, the nicest ones he could hear of—*The Wizard of Oz*, *Mother Goose*, *St. Nicholas*, and all those, just because it was such a relief to see them around.

And then, what do you think happened? Now what do you think? Why, there was a little baby princess sent to the palace! Yes, really! A perfect darling little sweet pinky baby princess. You never in all your lives heard anything like the mad ringing of the bells of Dazzledean then!

All the old bell-ringers (and there were twenty of them in leather suits) got tired out in no time, because you see they had been used to so little exercise. The bells had only been rung for fires and church before, so naturally the bell-ringers wouldn't have much muscle to speak of.

But the King ordered the ringing to be kept up for six hours, so all the boys, the baseball and cricket boys, went up into the belfry and took a turn at the ropes.

And they had feasts too, and torchlight processions, and fireworks, and brass bands at the corners of the streets.

All the prisoners that were waiting to be executed in whatever way they d o i in that country, were set free, and all the others who had been kept in dungeon

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cells for years and years till everybody had forgotten what they were put in for, were set free. And all the debtors who hadn't any money to pay their debts were let out of their prisons and set free, and it was a most happy time.

As for the orphans in the orphan homes, they had ice-cream, and were given a teddy-bear apiece, and the children in the Sick Children's Hospital were told to wish, and they could have whatever they wanted most. The King got a special fairy to come and give it to them —for there were fairies in that kingdom.

And that is how all the trouble came. You see, the King and Queen invited the fairies to the christening of the baby princess in the ordinary way, but, unfortunately, one of the fairies was forgotten. That is just the kind of carelessness that has been the cause of more trouble than anyone will ever know or dream of.

It was a very splendid affair, the christening, and all the wise and old, and high and mighty, were there from far and near. All the soldiers and sailors, all the knights and ladies, all the squires and dames, all the little glittering pages in silver and gold, and all the fairies were there; that is, all the fairies but the one who had been forgotten when the invitations were sent out. She was a grand duchess, and it was the greatest mystery how she could have been forgotten.

But at the last minute, when the Archbishop in his crimson and white robe was just taking his place, and the King and Queen in their ermine and purple robes were just taking their places; and the head lady-in-waiting, carrying the little princess in her pearl-embroidered robe, was just taking her place; and the fairies were all folding their rainbow-hued wings and standing on tiptoe to see; and all the people, from those of the most importance down to those of no importance at all, were in a flutter of suppressed expectation and excitement—suddenly there was a clap of thunder that shook the building, and down through the air, as though she slipped on a long ribbon of lightning, came the forgotten fairy.

She took her place near the Archbishop, where the godmothers and godfathers stand, and her face was dark with fury, while her eyes fairly flashed fire.

"I shall not ask how it happened that I was overlooked at this auspicious time," she said, addressing His Majesty; "nor shall I demand explanations or apologies. Every princess of Dazzledean is my god-daughter by right, and I shall not fail to bestow a gift upon this one. Proceed!"

So they proceeded, though the Archbishop's voice shook, and the King and Queen could hardly make the responses, their teeth chattered so.

Everybody in the church was in a state of inward panic, down to the last and least kitchen wench on the edge of the throng, whose knees simply knocked together.

Indeed the only person who did not seem a penny the worse was the princess, and she slept serenely through the whole ceremony.

After it was over and she had been named Emeralda Rubyona Pearleata Sapphirena Turquoisette, the fairies came up to bestow upon her their gifts. They gave her beauty and grace, and wit and wisdom, and courage, and many, many other things which lots of people have who have no fairies at their christening at all. Now just when the royal couple were beginning to cheer up a trifle, the fairy who had been forgotten came forward with her gift. Her voice still trembled with anger as she touched the sleeping baby with her star-tipped wand.

"I will give her vanity," she said, "and her vanity shall change her beauty to the things it is said to resemble." So saying she unfolded her glistening wings and flew away through the sunlight. Then one other, a very insignificant fairy and the last one of all, came up and touched the princess with her wand—quite a common affair without any star worth mentioning—and she spoke in a small, muffled voice that hardly anybody heard.

"I will give her unselfishness," she said, "and by it she shall turn her beauty back to what she wishes it to be." Saying this she too flew away.

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When the King and Queen and all the rest heard the fairy who had been forgotten bestow her gift, they were tremendously relieved to find that things were no worse. Vanity is certainly an undesirable attribute, but when you come to think of the things that might have been given, you can easily see it was not so bad. A little vanity, anyway, is naturally looked for in a princess, and they concluded it could, with judicious training, be kept within bounds.

In fact, after the forgotten fairy flew away, everybody began talking at once, and no one paid much attention to the last fairy's gift of unselfishness. It was not a very popular virtue at court, and was considered old-fashioned, out of date, and rather absurd. To be sure the Archbishop, who was himself somewhat old-fashioned, had smiled over at the small, insignificant fairy as though he understood, but that was not noticed.

Well, after this, things went on in a delightful way at the palace of Dazzledean. The princess grew fast, and was so merry, so bright, and so happy that she kept the whole court in high spirits. She seemed to love everybody, and everybody loved her; and she wasn't a bit proud, but would play battledore and shuttlecock with the smallest kitchen maid if there did not happen to be a page just at hand.

She grew more and more beautiful, and alas! as time went on vainer and vainer also. There was no denying it. She would stand before the mirror by the hour looking at her own charming reflection, when she should have been practising scales or reading her book, while she never wearied of being told how perfectly lovely she was.

After a while this grew exceedingly tiresome for everyone except the princess, for instead of getting better it grew worse. At last, for the sake of peace and quiet, the King engaged a regular staff of paid ladies to do nothing but wait upon the princess, pay her compliments, and think of new adjectives to express admiration. Moreover, the princess, although kind-hearted in every other way, would not allow another beautiful girl to live within the kingdom. Whenever she heard of such a one, that unhappy possessor of the fatal gift was instantly banished.

You can easily understand that no princess could do such things and still keep her popularity.

A feeling of dissatisfaction worked its way amongst the masses of the people, little by little, and bit by bit.

Things went on the same at the palace, though the princess who had been so lovable at one time became more given up to vanity every day. She was still generous and kind, but in return for what she gave she wanted endless pretty flattering speeches. Most of her hours were now spent in a mirrored room with the ladies who attended her close by to repeat to her the compliments she delighted in.

It happened on a day that one of these ladies-in-waiting chanced, while taking a little bite of taffy, to chip a corner off one of her teeth—a front tooth too—and she fell to making a great moan about it.

"Why, Lady Isabell!" exclaimed the rest, "you should not mind. You should be glad it was not the tooth of our adorable princess!"

"True!" sighed Lady Isabell, "I would not have such a calamity happen to one of her exquisite teeth for millions. Her teeth are pearls, perfect pearls!"

"Do you really think so, dear Lady Isabell?" asked the princess, smiling.

"Indeed, yes!" all the ladies chimed in together. "Never were there more wonderful pearls than the rows behind your Royal Highnesses' pink, coral lips!"

"Well," said the princess happily, "I am but mortal, and bethink me it would be well to call the court dentist to see that there is no flaw in any one of them."

They all protested no flaw could be imagined, but as the princess insisted, the court dentist was called.

It must be confessed he was not overjoyed at the summons, for it is an unpleasant thing to have to hurt a princess, and there was a chance of it. Therefore, most reluctantly, he packed up his buzzers and borers and betook himself to the royal presence.

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All was in readiness to receive him, and putting a powerful eyeglass in his best eye, he turned it down upon the lovely mouth of the princess.

Never before had he seen such a double row of teeth. Never such pink lips. All at once he gave an exclamation, and the eye-glass fell from his eye.

The princess sat up in astonishment; the ladies-in-waiting drew closer in alarm.

"Whatever is the matter?" questioned her Royal Highness impatiently. "Are my teeth cracked, or crooked, or what?"

"And don't keep us in suspense!" cried all the others wildly.

"A thousand pardons, your Highness, stammered the dentist; "but they are not teeth at all; they are pearls! They are pearls!"

"Pearls?" they all cried, while the princess gasped.

"Yes, real pearls, and your lips, your Royal High——"

"Go on! Go on! Tell me quickly—my lips?" she broke in, her eyes wild and frightened.

"Your lips are fast becoming of a substance like coral—if they are not coral now," he answered in a trembling voice, his knees quaking beneath him.

At this the princess fell back in a dead faint, and most of the ladies instantly followed her example. The others conquered their feelings and did the best they could to revive the princess with smelling salts and burnt feathers, while in the confusion the dentist fled to his own quarters.

Things somewhat settled down by the next day—and indeed by the end of a week the princess was not sure that she was not rather better pleased to have them as they were. Of course, she found as her lips grew more and more corally, that changing their expression grew somewhat difficult, so she just settled them into a little smile and let them stay there, that was all.

As for teeth of pearl, they were quite as pleasant to have as the other kind, and seemed eminently fitting for one of the blood royal.

A few days after this, however, when the princess was having her beautiful golden hair brushed out and sun bathed, another thing happened. One of the maids suddenly discovered that it was not hair she was drawing the ivory brush through, but that each wonderful, wavy, golden thread was indeed made of the precious glittering metal itself, the gold from which was wrought the coin of the realm.

The King and Queen lamented greatly at this, and trembled in secret fear, for they realised that now the long forgotten fairy spell was working its way towards some mysterious end. But the princess did not seem to mind. She was even more beautiful than ever—more interesting, more entirely different from other people; so in her opinion there was nothing to worry about.

She was growing quite used to carrying the weight of her glistening tresses, when suddenly as before, another change came; this time an alarming one. A dimness came over the sight of her eyes, and when the wise court physician examined them he found, alas! and alas! that they were rapidly turning to the stone so deeply, darkly, beautifully blue that they had long resembled and been likened to. Very shortly in the lovely pink and white face of the princess two great sapphires flashed and shone, and she saw no light of the sun or the moon or stars any more, but was in the dark always. No little flickering candle flame passed before those strange eyes could make them wink, and no tears fell from them—no not a single tear.

Then the King and Queen wept night and day, and they sent messengers to the fairies imploring them to come back and take away the dreadful spell; but no fairies came.

Still after a while the princess began to take comfort out of the thought that she was still beautiful and more unusual than ever.

She wore her most elaborate dresses every day, and all her jewels, and every evening there was a ball held in the palace, and she was led through the great ballroom with her golden hair puffed and curled about her head, her sapphire eyes

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gleaming, and her pearl teeth shining behind her smiling coral lips.

And it still seemed to give her delight and gratification to hear on every side that she was far and away the most beautiful girl in the kingdom; as, indeed, she was, the rest of the beautiful ones having been banished.

It troubled the King and Queen that not a single prince now came to ask the hand of their daughter in marriage. Hitherto they had been used to having them ride up to the palace gates by dozens. But now the royal riddle maker who was there to meet them and ask them a riddle which, being answered correctly, allowed them to pass in, had simply nothing to do. It could only be supposed, therefore, that princes being much like other people, preferred princesses that were like other people also.

About this time other troubles began to afflict the kingdom of Dazzledean. A war broke out, a bitter, civil war, and the people not wanting a ruler any longer, but wanting to rule themselves, and being tired of taxes and other unpleasant things, turned the King and Queen and the beautiful blind princess out of their palace—drove them cruelly beyond the city walls and locked the heavy gates behind them. And it was a cold, windy, wet night.

Never were there three more miserable, lonely, homesick people than these three who now felt cold and hunger and loneliness for the first time.

All their rich garments had been taken away from them, and they had been dressed in the common, coarse, scratchy clothes of the common people.

There was no one to help them find their way, no one to get them anything to eat, no one to put up an umbrella over them to keep off the pelting rain; and it wouldn't have made things much better if there had been, for there wasn't an umbrella.

And, worse than all, there wasn't anyone to tell the poor princess how beautiful she was, for she was beautiful, even yet, though her hair fell wet and tangled about her like a yellow cloak, and the weight of it tired her out. You see, she wasn't used to walking, especially over rough roads in the rain. Every courtier, every wise councillor, every lord and lady, every squire and dame, every little page, and all the palace people down to the smallest kitchen wench had just vanished away, as though they had never been, and the King said he couldn't think where they had gone.

On and on they went, the Queen and the Princess Rubyona sobbing and clinging to each other, and the King, though footsore and weary, yet trying to cheer them up.

Here and there along the way they stopped and asked for help, but the people knew who they were, and said that they didn't want any more of kings or queens or princesses.

So they hurried on. There were village shops on the road, long distances apart, and they would have stopped and bought food, but all their money had been taken away and locked up, and they had not a penny.

After a very, very long time though, they came to a new country that they had never seen before. It was happiness to find that nobody knew them, and they were very careful indeed not to say that they were a royal family.

Now, with having slept out of doors in all weather, having been hungry so long, and tired and travel-stained, the princess appeared to have forgotten all about how beautiful she was. She only remembered that she was poor and miserable and blind, but that she was younger and stronger than her father and mother, and therefore ought to help them.

As they walked through the unfamiliar streets, she wondered and wondered what she could do; and then, all at once, an idea came into her mind. Such a splendid, unexpected, original idea! She clapped her hands and laughed just as she used to when she was a gay little girl in the palace in Dazzledean.

The forlorn king and Queen stopped in terror and amazement to hear her laugh, for they thought that now the greatest and last trouble of all had come to them, and that the princess had gone perfectly crazy.

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"Whatever is the matter, my love?" exclaimed the Queen, and "be calm! be calm!" chimed in the King, patting his daughter on the shoulder.

"Don't laugh, my dear; only people that are insane laugh when they are as miserable as we are."

"But I have thought of something so delightful!" cried the princess. "We need not be cold and hungry to-night, anyway!"

"Well, we have no friends or money," said her father, shaking his head sadly.

"No," she answered, "but there is my hair, you know."

"Your hair?" His Royal Highness gasped, thinking that now at last she really was ——

"Your hair?"

And "Your hair?" the Queen repeated, joining in weakly; "your beautiful, beautiful hair!"

"Why, yes, dear mother and daddy," she answered. "It is gold, real gold, the kind dollars are made out of. Now, don't you see?"

And when they did, they didn't know whether to be glad or sorry.

"But you will have to cut it off," the Queen said tearfully. "Oh, Rubyona Emeralda, how can I ever let you?"

And the King insisted that he would break stones by the roadside first.

Still, it was getting late, the wind was straight from the east, and something was falling that was not exactly snow or rain, or hail, but was a mixture of all three, and extremely unpleasant.

With it all, the princess certainly had hard work to persuade her parents to allow her to cut off her shining hair, but in the end they were so hungry and wet they consented. After much debating they decided to go to the mint where the money was coined and exchange the golden hair for golden dollars.

So, borrowing a pair of scissors at a cottage that was just at the edge of a big city they had come to, the princess merrily snipped off one long, heavy curl after another and gave them to her mother (who was crying as hard as she could) to tie up into a bundle. Then putting her hat on her short, wavy locks, she started down the road with her parents, each leading her by a hand, to find the mint.

But a wonderful thing was happening to the princess just then, as she walked along in the sleet and wind. It seemed that she saw the road and the wayside trees and houses like wavering shadows. Plainer and plainer they grew till at last she felt sure that it was no dream, but that she really saw again, and that her sapphire eyes were once more just everyday blue eyes with ordinary black lashes, eyes one could wink with, and have the comfort of crying with—just eyes like other people's.

With this she clapped her hands and laughed, and then cried for joy, and laughed again, till the poor King and Queen were more bewildered than ever. But when she was able to tell them what had happened, they too were wild with delight, and they all three stepped on along their way as lightly as though they walked on rose leaves instead of cobblestones; and they forgot the wind that blew through their "looped and windowed raggedness," because the hearts within them were so happy.

Well, after a while they came to the mint, and you can't imagine how amazed the men who made the gold into dollars were when they saw the bundle of golden hair the princess wanted to sell them. (Of course, she didn't tell them who she was though).

They got out their scales and weighed the curls and found there were several pounds of them, and I really don't know just how many dollars they gave the princess for them, but it was a very great many.

Then the princess divided the dollars into two lots and gave one lot to her Royal Highness the Queen, and the other lot to his Royal Highness the King, and she only kept one lucky piece that had a hole in it for herself, partly because it was a lucky piece and partly (rather more partly in fact) because she liked the picture of the prince that was stamped on one side of it.

After this they bid good-bye to the men at the mint, who were dazed by the beauty of the princess (she was just the same as

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ever), by the wonderful golden hair, and by the grand manner of the King and Queen, for kings and queens are just the same, too, whether they are dressed in common clothes or robes of uncommon gorgeousness.

After this, the royal couple and the princess bought a little country house with a little garden and chickens and ducks and other delightful things, and they kept a little, rosy-cheeked maid to help them, and they lived happily—and that is the end. Well, not quite the very end; because, you see, the prince whose picture was stamped upon the golden dollar with the hole in it (the lucky piece the princess had kept) happened to drop in at the mint the next day after the princess had been there, and he chanced to see the curls of gold as the men were about to melt them down. While no one could have called him an exceptionally inquisitive prince, still he had curiosity enough to ask how they had come by them. After he had heard he did not rest day or night until he knew where the princess was. Naturally he thought that any person with hair like that must be very much worth seeing—so he rode up to the little garden gate of the little cottage on his grandest, prancing charger, and as it was open he went in, for there was no royal riddle maker to ask him riddles he couldn't answer.

This is the real end of the story, and the way all stories ought to end; and so the prince found the princess.

The Cry of the Heart

BY HELEN BAPTIE LONGH

Something is dead—I never knew its name,
'Twas ne'er baptised, perchance, the pagan thing,
Yet at its touch my being burst aflame,
As daffodils at the first kiss of spring.
They told me 'twas a transient guest; but I,
All rosy-red with youth, went singing by,
Deeming it could not die.

The world is very fair: the same dear sights
Greet me by noon and when the sun is high,
And but last night I saw the northern lights
Shed their wild beauty o'er the star-lit sky;
And yet the swallow hath a sadder note,
There is a throbbing in the robin's throat
Not there before. The daffodils are fled.
Something is dead.

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A Monk Was He

By LILY A. LONG

THERE was a sound of revelry by night from the Calvert cottage. A dozen neighbouring cottagers had come in for the impromptu masquerade with which young Mrs. Calvert and her lively sister Betty Bellamy were entertaining some week-end visitors from town. When the available people in a neighbourhood are limited in number and their faces are familiar to the point of weariness, masks and costumes are a great help toward restoring the element of The Unknowable, which is, after all, the chief interest in human intercourse.

Mrs. Calvert, who had not masked, though she had transformed herself into a demure shepherdess by an improvised crook, shortened skirts and a wide hat with fluttering strings, hovered on the outskirts of the laughing crowd and kept an eye on the shadowy path under the trees that led up from the station. Edward was late, inexcusably late for a host, though fortunately his guests could not be sure he was not among them. She was beginning to hold down hysterical visions of horrible accidents, when her anxious eye caught sight of a hand beckoning imperiously through a crack of the kitchen door. With a sudden lifting of spirits, she slipped out and threw herself into the arms that were attached to the imperious hands.

"Edward! Whatever kept you? I had to let them begin dancing without you."

"That's all right. I waited for the 7.45 so as to bring Richards out with me—the man who used to do for me in my bachelor days, you know. We simply had to have somebody, and the so-called Intelligence Offices have nearly reduced me to gibbering idiocy. Not a girl of them has any use for the Simple Life. Richards will stay for a few days and lend an air of worldly prosperity to the cottage while our friends are here."

"Oh, darling, *aren't* you clever!"

"W—ell," he hesitated, with ostentatious modesty.

"Where is he?"

"Upstairs. I smuggled him in the back way, so that no one would suspect his transient character. He is to hang around and wait for orders."

"Well, hurry now and dress, dearest, and come in as soon as possible."

"That's what I called you out for. I can't find my costume."

"Edward! What did you do with it?"

"*I* don't know. I brought it from town yesterday in my Gladstone bag, but I can't for the life of me remember what I did with the bag."

"Isn't it in your room?"

"No. I took my things out of my room when I put Harker in it. Haven't you seen it about the house?"

"No. Everything is so upset. What was your costume, dear?"

"Oh, aren't you cunning? And wouldn't you like to know?"

Nell Calvert laughed a rippling little laugh of sheer pleasure.

"Oh, I know what you can do, dearest. Put on this monk's gown.

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Betty hung it here—for an emergency, she said."

"That's a new name for Harry Vaughan. Hasn't he come, then?"

"No. He sent word that he had been detained in town. Let me help you. Oh, Edward! I'd never know you in the world!"

"My own costume was much handsomer," said Edward regretfully, as he girded himself with the hempen cord, "but I suppose a monk should lay aside worldly pride and personal vanity. It's better than nothing. Run on in and I'll slip around and come in by the front door."

But Nell's responsibilities as a hostess had fluttered away into the starry night. She was regarding Edward with a wistful look.

"I'm glad you are not truly a monk," she said lingeringly.

"So am I. I couldn't have married you if I had been. How does this hood go?"

"And you aren't sorry you married me, are you dearest?"

"Goosie! Does this thing tie in front or at the side?"

"I suppose I am. But sometimes I wake up in the night and wonder if Uncle Helston was right when he said that you had ruined your career by marrying me. I should hate to think that I, of all the world, was responsible for ruining your career."

"And do you think I was going to all the bother of hunting up someone else to marry, just to save you from a little unwelcome responsibility?"

"Oh, Edward! But if I were only clever——"

Edward knew the tone. He drew the little shepherdess very close to the monk's gown.

"I don't want you to be clever—I mean, cleverer. And aren't you unreasonable to expect Uncle Helston, who is nothing but an unfortunate old bachelor, to know anything about the effects of marrying the sweetest girl in the world? How could he? Now you just wait twenty years and then ask *me* what I think on the subject. In the meantime, if I might suggest that you are making me act absurdly out of character, and that our guests ——"

"Oh, you *darling!*" Her rapturous hug made the monk's gown crinkle with astonishment.

But when she had gone, Edward Calvert stood silent a minute, absentmindedly tugging at his belt. Of course he did not for a moment regret that he had thrown down the gauntlet to fate and Uncle Helston by marrying on nothing a year but hope, and still—— Of course there might be something in Uncle's theory that a young lawyer should make the law his mistress, and still— If something didn't happen pretty soon in the way of business——

But these unfinished thoughts were interrupted by the noiseless entrance of Richards, the old factotum of his bachelor days, who appeared with an air of mystery and a Gladstone bag.

"Might this here be the bag you was inquiring for, sir?" he asked with external deference.

"It might, it may, it can, it must," cried Calvert, throwing the monk's gown off joyously, and extracting from the bag a cavalier's long cloak of crimson velvet, with a plumed hat to match. "This is more to the point. A man can't afford to waste one of his few opportunities to make himself beautiful. Where did you find it?"

"In the back porch, sir," said Richards sedately.

Calvert laughed queerly. "Love in a cottage," he said under his breath. "We *are* a trifle crowded."

"I hear that Mrs. Calvert is quite the beauty," remarked Richards conversationally.

"Oh, you haven't seen her yet, have you? Hang that gown—behind the door, I mean. I'm going in."

Richards held the door open, and Calvert slipped in and joined what looked like a dress-rehearsal of theatrical costumes with no plot. In his interest, the man lingered longer than

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was necessary, and so attracted the attention of a court lady with high-puffed powdered hair, and a brocaded gown of much splendour. She came out quickly, closing the door behind her.

"Did you want anything?" she asked. Her manner was quick and imperious, and Richards wondered uneasily whether a mere bow would be sufficiently ceremonious for so great a lady.

"I'm Richards, ma'am. Mr. Calvert brought me out to help out for a few days. He said someone would tell me when anything was wanted, so I was just waiting."

"Oh, yes." There was quick relief in the impatient voice. "Can you make claret lemonade? You'll find the things all here. Fill this large bowl, and set it, with the glasses and that plate of little cakes, on the table at this end of the side porch. I'm thankful you're here, goodness knows. I was just going to see to it myself." She hesitated a moment (an unusual weakness for Betty Bellamy), and then turned back, with her hand on the door.

"If Mr. Vaughan should come—oh, you don't know Mr. Vaughan, do you?"

"No, ma'am."

"Well, if a gentleman should come—he'll walk over from the station after the nine o'clock comes in—tell him he was expected—no, don't tell him that. Tell him he wasn't expected, but that Mrs. Calvert left a fancy dress here for him to wear, if he *should* happen to come. It's a monk's gown hanging just inside the buttery door there. You understand?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Be sure to say Mrs. Calvert left it," the court lady insisted, wishing Vaughan to think that it was the hostess, and not she (Nell), who had left it, and at the same time wrongly confirming Richards' impression of her identity.

"Yes, Mrs. Calvert," said Richards, glad to have his guess as to her identity so unquestionably established.

"The nine o'clock just went by. He's tall and—er—rather good-looking. Oh, you can't mistake him. There's no one else like him." There was a curious quaver in Betty's voice. She heard it herself, and was so surprised that she stopped a moment to consider it and then fled without further speech.

There was a step outside, and a man (tall and unquestionably good-looking) tapped at the door, and then cast a surprised look about as he stepped in.

"I must have approached the wrong end of the house in the dark," he said, with some formality. "This is Mr. Calvert's cottage, is it not?"

"Yes, sir," said Richards politely.

"Will you take my card—er—what's that?"

A sudden burst of laughter clashed within, and gay voices rose above it like sparkling rockets above a splashing fountain of Chinese fire.

"There's a party here," said the newcomer, fixing Richards with a sternly accusing eye.

"Yes, sir," said Richards, suddenly remembering his commission. "You're expected, sir. Mrs. Calverts left this for you to wear." He took down the monk's gown.

"Extremely thoughtful of Mrs. Calvert," said the stranger drily, but making no motion to accept the extended robe. "I'd like to know if this sort of thing is going on much of the time."

The screen door was flung suddenly open, and a fairy in fluttering red gauze, shrieking with laughter, darted across the room and out at the opposite side, to be followed by a baggy but agile clown.

"What in Sam Hill!" ejaculated the stranger, with a sudden lapse from his formality. "Who are those people?"

"I couldn't say, sir. I've only just come out for the party."

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"Extraordinary. Most extraordinary." The tall stranger stared out through the open door as though he expected the apparition to reappear. "So this is what Ned has come to," he muttered to himself. "I knew how it would be. He is doomed. No mortal man could maintain his professional ambitions in such an atmosphere. If anything were needed to justify the position I felt constrained to take regarding his marriage——"

"Mrs. Calvert said would you go right in, sir," improvised Richards, still holding the gown on his extended arm, and glancing at his unsqueezed lemons.

"I will," said the stranger, with sudden determination. "Help me to put that crazy thing on. I will go in." And in that inner chamber of the brain which was closed to Richard's hearing he was saying to himself: "It will be an excellent opportunity to study that girl in a state of nature. I shall see her as she really is, without any deceptive gloss—put on for my special benefit. No one can say I am not disposed to be fair. Like the Caliph Harun al Rashid, I will adopt a disguise and learn the truth. I'll learn more in five minutes than in a week of formal visiting, when she would be on her guard. It's a fortunate chance I came to-night."

The gown was an ample one, and when the black muslin mask had been adjusted, there was left nothing individual about the wearer except his height.

"Now how do I get in?"

"Better come around to the front, sir," said Richards, leading the way. He opened the screen door of a large front porch, and the monk stepped in and looked about Japanese lanterns, gay hammocks, ferns in hanging baskets and a quantity of rugs gave this temporarily deserted spot an air of languorous luxury, and under his mask the monk frowned.

"Hist! One moment," he whispered to the retreating Richards. "Can you tell me which is Mrs. Calvert?"

"The one with the light hair—coming this way," Richards answered, and withdrew.

It was not until the court lady, who had marked his entrance, came out and swept him a magnificent courtesy, that a sudden qualm of fear struck the intrepid monk. "Good heavens, my voice!" he said to himself.

"Good evening, holy father. Do you give absolution for sins?" she asked saucily.

"I give penance, daughter," he answered with a severity that was perceptible even in his husky whisper.

"What's the matter with your voice?" asked Betty, with quick concern in her own.

"I'm trying to disguise it, of course. What is a masquerade for?" demanded the monk, with a betrayal of unspiritual irritability.

Betty laughed, stared at him, and laughed again.

"Of course," she said. Evidently Harry had taken the statement that Mrs. Calvert had thoughtfully remembered his costume to imply that she, Betty, knew nothing about it. "You are a monk, aren't you? I may safely guess as far as that?"

"I'm a Trappist. That means I can't talk except when it is absolutely necessary."

Betty laughed again. She had a pretty frank laugh, and the monk began to take a relish in his adventure, and to admire his own cleverness in retort.

"Very well, I'll do the talking. Isn't it a nice party?"

"You do the talking?"

"Oh, yes. Well, it *is* a nice party. And fun. It's curious how much more you find out about people when you don't know who they are than you do when you do."

"That was my idea, exactly."

"Our everyday faces are masks, and the reputations our friends give us are masks, and behind them our real selves may be as different as—as you are from what you seem to be. That's why our own families are al-

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ways making such blunders about us."

"Do you think so?" asked the monk with interest. He was recalling instances wherein his immediate friends and relatives had shown themselves incomprehensibly blind to his real merits, when the lady's next words startled him.

"Do you know anything about Edward's uncle, Mr. Helston?"

"More or less," he said guardedly.

"Well, he is an instance in point. He brought Edward up, and yet he understood him so little that he thought Ed. would give up the girl he loved if he was told to, and he was so angry at Ed's obstinacy in marrying against his wishes that he has never spoken to any of us since—as though *that* were not the best example of obstinacy."

"What nonsense!" said the monk, with husky energy.

"Of course it was nonsense. He is a dry-as-dust old lawyer, and he wanted Ed. to be his partner in the dry-as-dustiness as well as in the law, and never, never go off to playhouse with a little girl. And, what's worse, he particularly disapproved of the particular little girl Ed. chose." She laughed again the light-hearted way he had thought rather pleasant a few minutes before. "He said Ed. married into a frivolous family."

"Well, didn't he?" demanded the monk. For the life of him he couldn't help it.

"And aren't you?"

"Haven't a chance to be under present conditions. And he thinks we—flirt."

"Well—don't you?"

"And altogether he thinks we are not fitted for poor men's wives."

"Well, are you? Candidly now, are you?"

The court lady laughed. She had taken off her mask and was fanning her flushed face with it. It was an attractive face with a dancing eye and a resolute little chin.

"I'm not sure I could give myself the sort of an endorsement that Uncle Helston would demand," she said demurely. "I like better to laugh than to weep when I'm in a fix, so maybe I am frivolous. And I like to talk to intelligent men—*he* would probably think I was flirting this minute! And if he knew we were having a party, and really dancing and drinking the festive lemonade, he would probably feel that his worst apprehensions were realised. It's lucky he doesn't know."

"I dare say there are many things he doesn't know," remarked the monk gloomily.

"That's true," said Betty cheerfully. "We ought to remember that in extenuation. He probably doesn't realise at all that he is a very selfish and obstinate old man."

The monk gurgled inarticulately.

"No one would ever tell him that to his face," continued Betty. "People don't, you know."

"Not generally."

"I have often thought I should just like to have an opportunity to tell him what I think of him. Ed. is having an awfully hard time. You see his uncle had promised to take him into partnership, and Ed. counted on it. Then he broke his promise, just because Ed. wouldn't break his. Don't you think it was horrid and mean of him?"

"It sounds bad when you put it that way," said the monk stiffly, "but ——"

"That's the way it was. Wasn't it mean?"

"If you have settled it, why ask me?"

"Wasn't it?"

"Incredibly. Meanest thing I ever heard of."

"Oh, it's such a satisfaction to hear you say it! After that I can admit that he may in some ways be a good man and a worthy member of society."

"Really? Isn't that going pretty far?"

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"No, really, he might be," she said with pretty earnestness. "I hope I am not so bigoted as to think a man has no good qualities because in one special case he acts like a spoiled child."

The monk was tensely silent.

"It is just possible that he suspects by this time that he took a foolish stand in that matter," she went on. "Ed. is married and can't be unmarried, and, really, you know, we are not a bad sort—especially in a gloomy climate. I don't know what would have become of poor Ed. these rainy days if my sister and I had not been just naturally frivolous. Frivolity is the best antidote I know of for uncle." She laughed, with the easy, friendly little laugh that one might think pleasant under some conditions, and rose. "Now you really must go in and dance."

"I don't believe I—care to."

"You're afraid," she teased. "Scared of being found out! That's why your remarks have been such inconspicuous digressions from a brilliant silence—*I* know! Come, stick it out! You must play the game, now you're in."

"Well—but I won't talk. Talking is dangerous—for a Trappist."

"The Trappist trapped," she mocked, adjusting her mask, and leading the way into the large room, where a fairy in red at the piano was rattling off some music with a lilt in it that was reminiscent of the dancing school he had gone to as a boy. In listening to it, he forgot that he had intended to seize the first chance to escape. When the shepherdess responded to his nervous clutch with a tender little pressure, he suddenly began to realise that there was something to be said after all in favour of a reasonable amount of social relaxation. What had that girl—confound a sharp woman!—said about frivolity being an effective antidote for uncle?

In the meantime Richards had been again interrupted in his task. A young man who seemed perfectly acquainted with the geography of the house had slipped into the kitchen without tapping.

"Are you in charge out here?" he asked hurriedly. "I want to leave my hat and bag here, then. They're dancing, aren't they? You needn't say anything to anyone. I know my way.

He enveloped himself in a long black domino which he extracted from his bag, and then walked coolly into the larger room and mingled with the maskers. His interest seeemd to be specific rather than general, for he made his way through the rooms, peering into faces with the licensed privilege of a domino, but apparently unsatisfied with his reach until he espied the court lady and the monk *tete-à-tete* under the Japanese lanterns. He took up his station at a commanding point of view, and his attitude unequivocally suggested that there rested upon his hidden face a jealous scowl. Here Nell found him.

"Good evening, Mr. Vaughan," she said teasingly.

He bowed. "How did you know?"

"How did you know that was Betty?"

"There is no mistaking her methods of enthralment when you have once been a victim. Who is the monk?"

"Oh, that's Edward. You can't be jealous of him. Won't you come with me and have some punch?"

Vaughan bowed and offered his arm.

"I didn't think that Edward was so tall," he said with a backward glance.

Nell laughed with amused tolerance for a lover's jealousies. "Oh, there's no mistake about its being Edward. I helped dress him up."

The cavalier in crimson velvet, who had been standing near enough to catch the last words, swept her a profound bow as she brushed past, and then chotled to himself with glee.

"I've taken Nellie in completely," he said to himself. "What larks!

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Who's that domino with her? Seems to me he's an extra."

"Beg pardon, sir," said Richards, at his elbow. "Telegram. Boy just brought it over from the station."

Edward withdrew to a quiet corner of the porch and tore the envelope open. Telegrams have a reputation as disturbers of the peace, and this was not one to spoil the record. Edward read——.

"Will run down to spend the night with you. Will arrive on the nine o'clock train. Henry Helston."

"To-night!" he gasped, his brain paralysed for the moment. "Why, he mustn't come. Not to-night. Heavens! Got a blank there, Richards?"

"Yes, sir."

Edward wrote hastily, "Don't come till Monday." Then he hesitated, looking wildly about for a euphonious excuse. "I can't say there's scarlet fever in the house. It wouldn't be strictly true. I could say Mrs. Fletcher is in the house, but then he would never come. 'Will arrive——' Come to think of it, he can't arrive to-night. There's no train out after this. He must mean to-morrow night." He examined the message more collectedly, and then turned sharply to Richards.

"When did this come?"

"Just now, sir."

"It has been delayed, then. That lazy station agent waited for some one coming this way to bring it. But the nine o'clock train has gone by, and no one came."

"Yes, sir." Richards corrected him deferentially. "The last gentleman came then, sir."

"He came, and you didn't tell me? What have you done with him? Good heavens, man, where have you put him?"

"He went in, sir. He's dancing now."

Calvert stared as though Richards had suddenly betrayed signs of insanity.

"Dancing! You're dreaming. You're thinking of Mr. Vaughan."

"No, sir. He came first, then Mr. Vaughan did, and he put on that gown that Mrs. Calvert left for him —the one you took off, sir——"

"Yes, yes——"

"And then this other strange gent came, and he brought a gown of his own—that black one dancing over yonder, sir."

Edward freed himself from his cloak and mask, and walked nervously up and down the deserted porch.

"Let me think, let me think. He's that extra in the domino. He's been talking to Nell. Heaven knows what she has been saying. He has been drawing her out—cross-examining her in that sardonic way of his that forces a witness into lies he never dreamed of." His indignation at this thought calmed him, and after a moment's reflection he said more collectively: "Step inside, will you, and ask Mr. Vaughan to come out here a moment. I'd like to speak to him."

Richards went. Edward stood silent, looking out to where the moonlight sifted through the trees and made silvery arabesques on the clover-covered lawn, but he saw nothing of what his gaze included. He was only conscious of the fact that the one man in the world whom he would have wished to satisfy, even to the point of unreason, had gone beyond the point of unreason in his hostility. The faint hope of reconciliation which he had not been able to renounce in spite of unkind speech, and unkinder silence, snapped suddenly, and he felt himself free—very chillily alone, but free. He gave a quick laugh, and turned with the gaiety of the defeated to greet the monk, whom Richards at that moment brought out.

"Harry, Uncle Helston is here. He's that black domino. I didn't know until a moment ago. You know he is apt to take bitter and unreasonable prejudices."

The monk had at first made a hesitating effort to free himself from his mask, but at this his hand dropped, and he nodded in acquiescence, as he

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leaned negligently against a pillar of the porch.

"Of course I should have been glad to be friends with him—I'm fond of the old fellow in spite of his pig-headedness—but after this—well, I guess we'll get along apart. But what I wanted to say to you is this: Mrs. Fletcher is here—came with the Plummers. She's an inveterate gossip, in the first place, and she and Uncle Henry haven't spoken for years, because of some old bitterness. If you *could* manage to keep them from coming together—I don't like to seem wantonly to defy uncle's susceptibilities, but she has been civil to Nell, and that means a good deal to me just now. My own family, as represented by uncle, has distinctly not been civil, and I'm doing my best to keep the dear girl from taking notice. Of course when it's a question between my uncle and my wife, uncle can go to thunder."

The monk nodded again, and grunted an inarticulate assent in his throat.

"Well, that's all. I just thought I'd tell you, so you could help out if you should see a chance. I think I'll go and hunt up some old law reports and scatter them around the cottage. Uncle believes in my being studious, you know." He laughed with unbecoming mirth as he hurried away.

The monk stood silent, watching the moonlight sift between the trees and trace silvery arabesques upon the lawn, but he was not considering the beauties of nature.

"This Harun al Rashid business is not what I have been led to suppose," he muttered uncomfortably. "It is all very well when they heap blessings on the name of the caliph, but —— Confound them, I meant to be nice to them—if I found they deserved it. But I never suspected they could harbour such sentiments. Ned was positively disrespectful. And that strong-minded girl! A pretty figure I should cut trying to patronise her. I don't care if she is right—in a measure. I hate a woman who is right when you are—well—the opposing counsel."

At that moment the little shepherdess with whom he had danced the Lancers came out on the porch. She saw the monk standing by himself in the shadowy corner, and to his amazement she came up swiftly and threw a pair of warm arms about his neck.

"Darling, darling!" she cried, with soft fervour.

Instinctively and unconsciously he tried to free himself.

"Don't, for goodness sake," he gasped in a smothered whisper.

But the little shepherdess only laughed and tried to draw his tall head down to her.

"No one will see us," she cried brazenly, and somehow her warm lips found a spot between his mask and his hood whereon they pressed a tingling star. Then, after another soft hug and a teasing laugh, she fled as she had come.

"My land!" murmured the monk, in a daze. He stood perfectly still for a moment, so as not to blur the sensation. "Well, well! I suppose that was merely—a kiss. And I suppose some people are used to it. I never knew it was like—I wonder who she is. And whom did she take me for?—Harry Vaughan, I suppose. Lucky Harry! Lucky, lucky Harry!

Then he slipped farther back into the shadows.

"I've got to go, and go quick. That's evident. I don't care to meet Ned's wife, after those embarrassing confidences—she may be right, but it's unfeminine for a woman to insist on being right. And I wouldn't for the world embarrass that sweet little girl who k—kissed me. She thought it was Harry, confound him. She'll find out it wasn't when they unmask, but she'll never know who the mysterious monk was. I'll just make a mysterious disappearance. If I can find my hat!"

He let himself out, and tried to remember just how he had come

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around the cottage from the kitchen, when he was arrested by two eager voices at an open window.

"But I saw her with my own eyes!"

"Really?"

"She threw her arms about his neck and *kissed* him—oh, there wasn't any mistake about it."

In the darkness and under his mask the monk felt himself tingling. He had a curious sense of elation, like a boy who has seen the circus, come now what may. But the next words startled him.

"Good heavens! and they've only been married a few months. *Poor* Mr. Calvert.

"You know his uncle was bitterly opposed to the marriage. Evidently with reason."

"Are you sure there wasn't any mistake?"

"Oh, not the slightest. Mrs. Calvert hasn't been masked all evening, you know, and everyone recognised Mr. Vaughan in the monk. Don't mention it to a soul."

"Oh, of course not."

And they hurried away, eager to find new confidantes.

"That is Mrs. Fletcher," said Uncle Helston grimly. "I know that thin voice of hers. She'll spread the story over town by to-morrow noon. So that was Ned's wife! Who the mischief is the other girl? Oh, I remember there is a sister—of course. So *that* is Ned's wife! Soft little thing! *She* wouldn't ever argue with a man. I don't believe she would have an opinion to her name. She's too sweet. Ned had more sense than I gave him credit for."

Through the open window the first strains of a waltz came out to him. He saw the little shepherdess pass the window, and his heart gave a curious leap. He saw two women with their heads together, and he felt sure that one of them was Mrs. Fletcher.

"The little thing shan't suffer because of that kiss," he said firmly. "I'll be hanged if I let her. If she hasn't a right to kiss her uncle——"

He went up the steps he had just descended, and reconnoitred through the open door. The little shepherdess was standing alone near the wall. He went up to her swiftly.

"I want you to dance a few steps with me," he said, and before she could exclaim in protest he had slipped his arm about her and swung her into the waltz.

"I am Ned's uncle, Henry Helston," his voice said, close to her ear. "I want you to know before we unmask. You mustn't be surprised. You must say quite calmly, if anyone speaks about it, that you knew I was—that I had told you beforehand. I am Ned's uncle—your uncle, too, my dear. You understand? You are sure you do? Now I am going to surprise the others, but you musn't be."

The music stopped.

"Our hostess wishes us all to unmask now," said the monk in a ringing voice, and he himself was first of all to lift his mask and throw back his hood.

"Uncle Henry!" cried Edward.

"Mr. Helston, for all the world," exclaimed Mrs. Fletcher, thinking so rapidly that her face looked puckered.

The court lady had dropped upon the nearest chair, and was staring at the monk with such amazement and horror that the black domino seemed to find a shred of comfort. He was obliged of necessity to abandon his haughty air as he crowded behind chairs to make his way around to her.

"I thought I should surprise you," said the monk coolly. "All except Nell. She was the only one in the secret. She had to help her old uncle out."

And laughingly, yet deliberately, he bent down before them all and touched his lips to her forehead.

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Fight Between La Tour and D'Aunay

By MARY CAROLINE CRAWFORD

Pencil Sketches by Louis A. Holman

How the Lords of the Land struggled for supremacy in the region about Annapolis

IF Longfellow might only—for one brief month—have borrowed Browning's spirited Pegasus! Then Acadia would have connoted a bitter feud of rival lords as well as devotion to a lost love. Then we should have had a stirring *Ballad of The Old French Forts* as well as the too sentimental tale of *Evangeline*. Parkman, to be sure, has done his best for the story, and has set forth its romantic side as few historians have the gift to do. But the rivalry between D'Aunay Charnissay and his arch enemy, Charles La Tour, is of the mettle which demands verse to do it justice. And from the grimly revolting climax of the story only a genius like Browning's could wrest proper artistic satisfaction. Moreover, how deliciously Browning's humour would have touched up La Tour's compact with the Puritans! With what zestful irony he would have described that dalliance which had its fruit in Endicott's famous "Ipswich letter!"

To begin at the beginning of the French forts' story, one must go back to Champlain's second expedition to the St. Lawrence, when in 1604 he sailed under De Monts (to whom the King of France had granted the land), in company with Baron de Poutrincourt, Pont-



Drawing by Louis A. Holman

ST. CROIX ISLAND, ON WHICH THE FRENCH EXPLORERS, CHAMPLAIN, DEMONTS, ETC., SPENT THEIR FIRST WINTER IN AMERICA

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Drawing by Louis A. Holman

FORT ST. LOUIS, NEAR CAPE SABLE, N.S.

gravé and divers merchants, priests and Huguenot ministers. This variously assorted company on exploration and colonisation bent settled on St. Croix Island, in the mouth of St. Croix River, now the boundary between Maine and New Brunswick. There they passed their first winter in America. But the next year they crossed the Bay of Fundy and founded Port Royal on the wooded shore of Annapolis Basin, in the very heart of that country where

> the murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
> Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
> Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,
> Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.

It was a wonderfully peaceful land which they found; and so it continued to be—even when the colonists suffered most from want and privation—until the passions of ambitious men and the schemings and counter-schemings of rival branches of the priesthood availed to transform it into a scene of feudalistic strife.

Champlain's men had been content to work hard and deny themselves, to live cleanly and to beguile their days with gardening, verse-making and a *nonchalant* Christianisation of the Indians. Not so their sons. Poutrincourt's son cared chiefly for war, and soon built among the rocks and fogs of Cape Sable a small fort to which he gave the name Fort Lomeron. This fort descended at his death to Charles La Tour, one of his adventurous retainers, and was by him called Fort St. Louis.

La Tour, by improving to the utmost every chance that came his way and by winning the alliance of both English and French, soon made himself a terrifying power in the Acadian land. To his first fort he ere long added another variously called to-day Fort La Tour and Fort St. Jean—the latter from its situation at the mouth of the river, in the centre of the present city of St. John, N.B.

Strong as Charles La Tour had succeeded in becoming, an even stronger man was soon to arrive from France. Under Claude de Razilly (a knight of Malta, charged by Louis XIII to seize the Acadian possessions), had sailed D'Aunay Charnissay, a gentleman of birth, and to him in 1635 there came by Razilly's death royal power in Acadia. D'Aunay made his headquarters at Port Royal, and nobody thought of disputing

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his authority, so clearly could it be traced to the King—nobody, *except* La Tour. That adventurer, having papers from both the English and the French, and having besides an indomitable spirit and inexhaustible craft, made D'Aunay's situation from the very beginning well-nigh unbearable.

In position and qualities the two rivals were poles apart. D'Aunay came of an old and distinguished Touraine family, and he prided himself above all things upon his character of *gentilhomme français*. He was a consistent Catholic, too, while La Tour's religion—like his family—was obscure. The rivalry, which had always been keen, appears to have grown into positive bitterness, when, five years after his first coming to Acadia, D'Aunay returned from a visit to France, bringing with him a charming wife. The plucky bride was a daughter of the *Seigneur de Courcelles*, and was well fitted by birth and breeding to transmute, by her gentlewoman's touch, the rough settlement into an orderly colony. What with old settlers and new, about forty families were now gathered at Port Royal and on the river Annapolis. And over these D'Aunay ruled, "a kind of feudal Robinson Crusoe."

A scene for an artist, as Parkman points out, was the Port Royal of those days, with its fort, its soldiers, its manor-house of logs, its seminary of like construction, and its twelve Capuchin friars, with cowled heads, sandaled feet and the cord of St. Francis! The friars were supported by Richelieu; their main business—and they were pretty successful in it—was to convert the Micmac and Abenaki Indians into loyal vassals of France and earnest subjects of the Church.

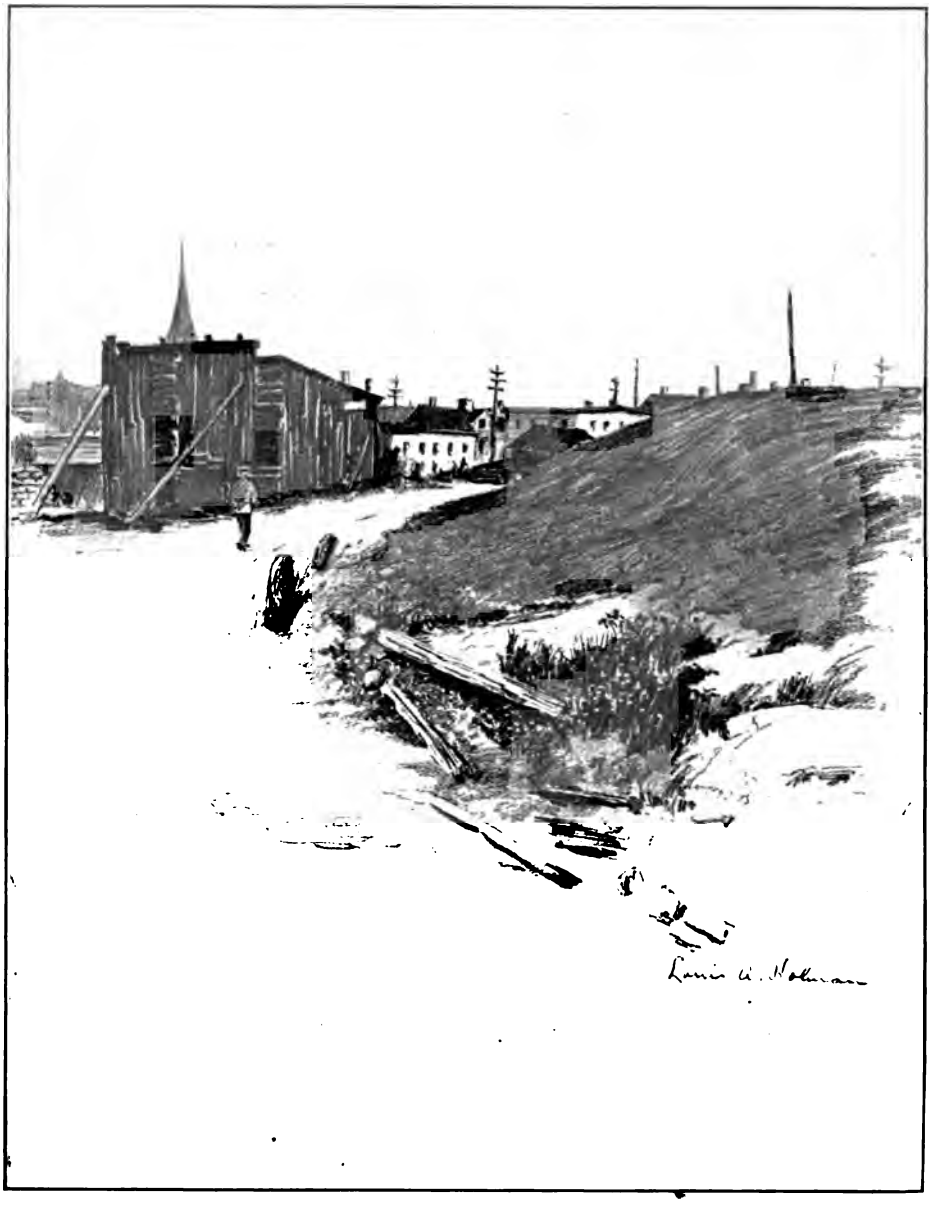
But Charles La Tour was not so easily dealt with. He who had before felt himself the chief man in Acadia was now fairly aflame with jealousy of this French *seigneur* who dwelt just across the intervening Bay of Fundy, surrounded by loyal retainers and solaced by a loving wife. Wives, however, were certainly to be had even if settlers were not; and since D'Aunay had given evidence, by bringing over a woman, that he had no



Drawing by Louis A. Holman

PART OF OLD FRENCH WALL AT ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, N.S.

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Drawing by Louis A. Holman

FORT LA TOUR, ST. JOHN, N.B., WHERE LADY LA TOUR MADE HER HEROIC DEFENCE DURING HER HUSBAND'S ABSENCE

intention of abandoning his claim, La Tour resolved that he, too, would set up a home in Acadia. His agent was thereupon instructed to pick out in France a girl worthy to share his heart and fort. Accordingly, Marie Jacqueline, daughter of a barber of Mans, was selected to join La Tour at Fort St. Jean. She proved to be an Amazon. With passionate vehemence she took up her husband's quarrel, and where D'Aunay's lady heartened her lord by

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gentle words and soft caresses, Lady La Tour threw herself into the thick of the fight and became a force greatly to be feared in the Acadian land.

From this time on events march. Goaded by his wife, La Tour grew more and more contumacious, until that day when the King of France, losing all patience, ordered D'Aunay to seize his rival's forts and take their commander prisoner. In accordance with these instructions, we find D'Aunay (in 1642) anchored at the mouth of the St. John and endeavouring to arrest the outlaw. Then it was that La Lour, rendered desperate, defied the King as well as his representative, and—Catholic though he claimed to be—turned for help to the heretics of Boston.

Boston (at this time in its thirteenth year) was now in the very throes of the Antinomian controversy—that engaging dispute which had occasioned the expulsion from the city of the well-meaning but over-voluble Mrs. Hutchinson. La Tour's coming provided more disturbing matter for debate, and though he was hospitably received by Governor Winthrop and the Reverend John Cotton, many there were who wished him well out of the way. Even his unimpeachable gravity of demeanour when he attended church with Winthrop on Sunday could not make him acceptable to these clear-sighted souls. Still, his men were not only allowed to come ashore, but permission was granted them to drill on Boston common, along with the town militia, to the accompaniment of the ambitious band and the industrious frog chorus.

Our clever adventurer lost no time in pushing the business upon which he had come. Showing papers which would seem to prove him a lawful representative of the King of France, he asked for such aid as would enable him to bring to his fort the ship, containing supplies, which D'Aunay would not permit to proceed up the bay. Very adroitly he then suggested that he *at least* be permitted to *hire* four vessels, each fully armed and equipped, with which to defend his rights in Acadia.

Winthrop finally gave bewildered consent to this arrangement, and his action was approved by a majority of those in authority. But in the ensuing discussion over this arresting departure, the "inevitable clergy" joined hotly, and texts being the chief weapons of the debate, various Old Testament worthies were brought forward to prove that Massachusetts would have done much better to keep out of the fight. John Endicott stoutly maintained that La Tour was not to be trusted, and that he and D'Aunay would much better have been left to fight it out by themselves. In this opinion several chief men of the colony concurred, saying in the famous "Ipswich letter" that they feared international law had been ill observed, and declaring in substance, that the merits of the case were not clear, that the colony was not called upon in charity to help La Tour (see 2 Chronicles xix, 2, and Proverbs xxvi, 17); that this quarrel was for England and France; that endless trouble would come if D'Aunay were not completely put down, and that "he that loses his life in an unnecessary quarrel dies the devil's martyr."

This letter, trenching as it did upon Winthrop's pride of office, stung the Governor into vehement retort. But he soon had the candour to admit that he had been in fault in three things: first in answering La Tour too hastily, next in not sufficiently consulting the elders, and lastly in not having opened the discussion with prayer.

But La Tour had meanwhile received his ships, and was able with them to rout D'Aunay's three vessels. His lady alertly followed up this advantage, visiting France to help strengthen his cause, and coming back by way of Boston. There she further pushed forward the fortunes of the house of La Tour. Upon her return from the Puritan stronghold she offered her husband a very shrewd piece of advice. "Go to Boston, declare yourself to be a Protestant," she counselled, "ask for a minister to preach to the men at the fort, and promise that if the Bostonians help us to master

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Drawing by Louis A. Holman

SITE OF D'AUNAY'S FORT, FROM WHICH HE ATTACKED FORT LA TOUR, ACROSS THE ST. JOHN RIVER

D'Aunay and conquer Acadia, we will share our conquests with them." This Machiavellian suggestion La Tour seized with avidity, and sailed gaily forth.

Scarcely had he gone when his lady, falling one day into a transport of fury at some unpleasant turn of events, so berated and reviled the Récollet friars at Fort St. Jean, that they refused to stay under her roof, and set out for Port Royal in the depth of winter, taking with them eight strong soldiers, who were too good Catholics to remain longer in such a hotbed of heresy. At Port Royal this little party was most warmly received. D'Aunay paid the eight soldiers their long overdue wages and lodged the friars with his own priests. Then he plied them all with questions and, learning that La Tour had gone to Boston, leaving only forty-five men to defend his wife and his fortress, he saw Heaven's smile at last, and leaped to seize the golden opportunity opened to him.

Every man about Port Royal was hastily mustered into action. Then D'Aunay crossed the Bay of Fundy with all his force, erected a fort on the west side of the river, and, after delaying

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for a time in an attempt to win over more of La Tour's men (capturing incidentally a small vessel which had been sent from Boston loaded with provisions and bearing a letter to tell Lady La Tour that her husband would join her in a month), he brought his cannons into position, and made as if he would batter down the fortress. The garrison was summoned to surrender, but when for answer they hung out a red flag and "shouted a thousand insults and blasphemies," accompanying the same with a volley of cannon shots directed by the intrepid Amazon, D'Aunay could do nothing but fight the thing to a finish. In spite of the gallant defence of Madame La Tour, D'Aunay's superior number prevailed. All resistance was overcome; the fort was pillaged, and all the survivors of the garrison, including Madame La Tour, were taken prisoners. At first the lady was left at liberty, but after she had been detected in an attempt to communicate with her husband by means of an Indian, she was put into confinement. Then, and then only, did she fall ill. Three weeks later she was dead.

D'Aunay had now robbed his rival of his wife and captured Fort St. Jean, the best trading station in Acadia. The King complimented him highly, and everything promised a thriving trade and a growing colony. Then, just as Fortune had crowned his life-work,

Death steped tacitly and took him.

On the 24th of May, 1650, as he and his valet were canoeing in the basin of Port Royal, not far from the mouth of the Annapolis, their frail craft overturned, and though they clung to it and got astride of it, one at either end, in an endeavour to save themselves, they could not. At the end of an hour and a half D'Aunay was dead, not from drowning but from cold, for the water still retained the chill of winter. So Father Ignace, the Superior of the Capuchins, found him. With fitting ceremonies he was buried in the chapel of the fort at Port Royal in the presence of his soldiers, his tenants and his sorrowing wife.

That poor, poor wife! For she still had Charles La Tour to deal with, and with him her own life was destined to be linked. That La Tour had friends in France she soon came to know only too well. Through false papers, intrigues and dastardly treachery Port Royal was promptly wrested from her, and she was even persuaded to return to La Tour Fort St. Jean, which her husband had taken fairly in a well-fought fight. Beset with insidious enemies and tortured beyond endurance by fears for her eight young children, the brave spirit of this lovely woman broke with her heart, and three years after the death of her noble husband she *married* (February 24, 1653), the man who had so long been her tormentor. With him she took up her abode at Fort St. Jean. Of the children for whose sake she had sold herself the four boys were killed in the wars of Louis XIV, and the girls all became nuns. So no single trace of D'Aunay's blood may to-day be found in the land for which he gave his life and wealth out of the great love he bore France and the Church.

And even his story is almost unknown.

A Maxim

BY W. INGLIS MORSE

OUR truest teachers are the hardest years—
Emancipators from our troublous fears.

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The Jubilee of a Scientist

By ROBERT CAMPBELL, D.D.

A sketch of the career of Dr. Robert Bell, Chief Geologist, Geological Survey of Canada.

IT has fallen to the lot of few men to have placed within their reach the opportunities which Dr. Robert Bell has enjoyed during the fifty years of his service in the Geological Survey of Canada. Comparatively little was known in 1857, the year in which he began his public career, of the rocks and minerals of the vast territories now embraced in the Dominion, or, for that matter, of those of the United States. There were very large regions to be explored—a vast *terra incognita* offered a promising field to the naturalist. It was only about twenty years before that the first steps had been taken to secure a scientific investigation of the natural phenomena of our country. The earliest attempts in this direction had been made by the Natural History Society of Montreal, which sent out to correspondents, in different sections of Upper and Lower Canada, a series of questions relating to the rocks, plants and animals to be found in their neighbourhood. The information thus gleaned formed the basis of an appeal to the government of the day, and in due time a small appropriation was made to be expended in further prosecution of the work thus initiated. The final result was the appointment of William Logan to take charge of the explorations resolved upon. This was in 1842. He had experience as a mining engineer in the coal fields of Wales, and it was specially because he was counted an expert in this line of work that he was selected to be the head of the Geological Survey of Canada. The hope was entertained that coal, which had done



ROBERT BELL, LL.D., Sc.D.,
Chief Geologist, the Geological Survey of Canada

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so much for the prosperity of the Mother Country, might be found in this country also—that is, in the region now known as Ontario and Quebec. It was thought that there was a possibility that coal might be discovered, and that if any man could practically settle the question, William Logan was that man. Others were from time to time added to the staff, each with his special task assigned him. They were all capable men and enthusiastic students of geological science—indeed, it may be said of the staff as a whole, since its first appointment, that nothing of the hireling spirit was found in it. Logan and his fellow-labourers soon accumulated a large amount of information regarding the main features of the rock systems of the two provinces which they were engaged in examining, yet so small a part of the territories now included in Canada had been investigated and mapped, geologically, in 1857, that there was an inviting field of really virgin soil, scientifically considered, lying before this youth of fifteen years, which was Robert Bell's age when he was placed by his family under the charge of William Logan, to cultivate. This was his first opportunity.

Dr. Bell belongs to a family to whom Canada is not a little indebted. His grandfather, Rev. William Bell, was one of the pioneers of what is now known as Eastern Ontario, having come as a Presbyterian minister to supply religious ordinances to the settlement of Scots in and around the town of Perth, in 1817. He was a man of faculty, of an inquiring turn of mind and acute powers of observation, as his unpublished journals show, as well as the well known letters he published for the guidance of immigrants to Canada. As the earliest higher educationist of the district, his light and leading told upon the community and imparted to it a tone which it has never wholly lost as an intellectual centre. Amongst other accomplishments, he displayed a knowledge of natural history. This bent of mind he bequeathed to the different members of his family. His eldest son, Rev. Andrew Bell, father of Dr. Robert Bell, was still more learned and accomplished than his father, and specially took up the study of geology, of which science he may, indeed, be said to have been the Canadian pioneer. When William Logan came to Canada he naturally sought the early acquaintance of Mr. Bell, whose friendship and co-operation he continued to enjoy until Mr. Bell's death. Dr. Robert Bell came, therefore, rightly by his predilection for geological studies; and his natural bias and enthusiasm were greatly stimulated by the books on the subject put into his hands by his father. This was Dr. Robert Bell's second opportunity, that he enjoyed as a birthright a taste for natural science, and was in his boyhood surrounded by all the influences calculated to strengthen his native predilections.

And no pains were omitted to fit him for the career to which his father destined him. Born with the inquisitiveness as to the conditions and qualities of natural objects, characteristic of the Bell family, he showed an eager appetite for learning, an aptitude and a hunger especially for the physical sciences, which he has continued to display throughout his long and distinguished career. While still a young man, it was his good fortune to study chemistry under Lyon Playfair, Crum Brown and T. Sterry Hunt, and botany under Professor J. H. Balfour, of Edinburgh. He also received training as a practical land surveyor, which proved immensely advantageous to him, giving him facility in reducing to exact form, in maps, the results of his observations in geological and geographical field work.

Another fact bearing upon this point remains to be mentioned: He was appointed Professor of Chemistry and Natural History in Queen's University before he was yet twenty-one years of age. This position, which

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Dr. Bell occupied for five years, helped to give exactitude to his knowledge of the subjects taught in his classes, crystallising his attainments in science. Teaching seven months in the year, the rest of his time he continued to devote to his natural history studies, both in the laboratory and in the field. This was also an opportunity of which he had the advantage.

But undoubtedly that which was his greatest opportunity was the fact already noticed, that his early connection with the Geological Survey brought him into intimate relations with the very able men who constituted the first staff of the Survey. They were all enthusiasts and devoted to the work to which they were appointed, and in time became singularly accomplished in the several sections of duty assigned to them. Most of them had forsaken other employments in order to give themselves to this sphere of life which fascinated them, and into which they threw their whole souls.

The head of the Survey, William Logan, who was, at the time of the great Paris Exposition of 1855, knighted by Queen Victoria, on account of the notable exhibit he then and there made of the mineral resources and other geological products of Canada, was the ideal set before young Bell—a singularly lovable, simple-minded and upright man, wholly devoted to the interests with which he was charged by the Canadian Government. So absorbed was he in his work, that he became often oblivious of everything else, and scarcely attended to the wants of his physical nature. It was his great delight to find new facts coming constantly to light, enlarging the geological horizon; and his name will continue to be held in the highest esteem by naturalists, as the discoverer of the great Laurentian system of rocks, which forms the backbone of the North American continent. With his name, in this connection, will be associated those of Dr. T. Sterry Hunt and Alexander Murray, who were consulted as to the new nomenclature, descriptive of this system, which he adopted. To come under the spell of such a man's enthusiasm was early the privilege of Robert Bell, and to this day the influence of his first great chief abides with him.

Alexander Murray was Assistant Director of the Survey when Robert Bell joined it in 1857, and he, too, was an eager student of geology, and infected with his own enthusiasm those who worked with him, as young Bell did at different periods. Before he quit the Canadian service he earned immortality by devising the name "Huronian" for the great basic system of rocks, which next to the acid Laurentian more especially characterise the geology of the Dominion; although the friends of Dr. T. Sterry Hunt claim that the suggestion of the new name originated with him. At all events, the honour indisputably lies between them, both belonging to the Canadian Geological Survey.

Dr. T. Sterry Hunt was in some respects the most brilliant member of the able staff which contributed to the well-earned fame of the Canadian geologists of that period. He became connected with the Department in 1847, and continued in it for twenty-five years. The Canadian Survey was the pioneer in the work of defining the geological connections of the mineral wealths of North America, led on by the search for coal, as has been already indicated. Especially were the geological relations of coal, iron and copper determined by the Canadian staff; and no one contributed more to this result than Dr. Hunt, who made a careful chemical analysis of all the materials collected in the field, including the waters of the country and the several varieties of soil, indicating their relative economical value. It was an inspiration to young Mr. Bell to be thrown in contact with a man of brilliant parts and genius like Dr. T. Sterry Hunt.

Elkanah Billings was a scareely less

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interesting personage than the members of the staff already described. Bred to the law, he abandoned the profession in favour of geology, which had begun to fascinate him. In due course he became an expert in his own line of research, and before his death, he had attained the position of an authority on palæontological questions, recognized by geologists the world over.

Mr. James Richardson, a Beauharnois farmer, who had, in the spirit of Hugh Miller, taken note of the differences in the rocks of the district in which he resided, and had placed the information he had acquired at the disposal of Sir William Logan, was induced by the persuasions of the latter to exchange the plough for the geologist's hammer, and proved an invaluable field worker, one of Nature's true men of science.

From intercourse with men like those mentioned, Dr. Bell early conceived a high ideal of what a man of science should be, and for fifty years he has had that ideal before him. In this way, we can account for the fact that he has patriotically refused to be tempted to enter the service of any country save his own. A maxim inculcated upon the employees of the Survey by Sir William Logan, he has never forgotten, that they should not undertake private work of a professional kind while in the Government service. It speaks volumes for his integrity that at a time when there are so many attempts to rob the public by private parties, no hint has ever been given that he has utilised his opportunities for his private advantage or betrayed his trust as a servant of the Dominion. Like Agassiz, who when asked to lend his scientific skill to a venture which it was promised would bring him riches replied that he had no time to make money," Dr. Bell has been content to work on, decade after decade, upon a comparatively small salary, because he wished to continue to as great a measure of completion as possible the work for his native land, to which the enthusiasm of his youth had called him.

When Dr. Bell's fifty years of work come to be reviewed, it is no exaggeration to affirm that his achievements have been great and numerous enough to make the reputations of half a dozen men. His pre-eminence has been that of an explorer.

Dr. Bell is a thorough believer in the Hudson Bay route between Canada and Europe as that by which the products of the wheat-fields of the great Northwestern Territories will sooner or later find the shortest and most economical way to the markets of the old world. And he is an authority on the subject, if any man living is, being thoroughly acquainted with the harbour facilities offered by the Churchill river. He has also navigated Hudson Strait, making a total of nine through passages.

In this connection, it may be stated that Dr. Bell has had, as might be supposed, a very great deal to do with the Indian tribes scattered over the vast territories he has explored. Having uniformly treated them with kindness and fairness, he earned their confidence. He was necessarily much beholden to them in passing through the regions in which they had hitherto roamed with unchallenged freedom; but by keeping scrupulous faith with them, he secured their ready co-operation and obtained from those of them he employed the best service they were capable of rendering. He speaks the Ojibway language freely, and by means of it he was always able to communicate with the different tribes.

The Bell river, a large stream north of the watershed, in the western part of the Province of Quebec, which he surveyed in 1895, was officially named after him by the Department, as was also Bell Island, in Hudson Bay, which he was the first to describe. While in these two instances only his own name has been affixed to two of his discoveries, it shows how vast his opportunities have been that he has had to give names to no fewer than

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3,000 places, rivers, lakes, hills, promontories and various natural features which had to be distinguished from others on the maps he had to construct. To be able to do this, without repeating names, has been in itself no small achievement, and must have taxed imagination, memory, and thought. Whenever Indian titles could be ascertained they were properly preferred.

The information furnished in Dr. Bell's reports was of great service to the engineers of the Canadian Pacific Railway, as regards the region between Quebec and Winnipeg, and advantage was taken of it in laying down the lines of that great transcontinental highway. The Premier was justified in declaring that there were "stacks of information" also regarding the route proposed to be traversed by the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, if there were no other documents bearing on the subject than those contained in Dr. Bell's reports. There was a time when those regions were counted barren wastes which never could yield traffic enough "to grease the wheels" of the railway cars passing through them; but such an estimate of the territory is no longer entertained. The vast forests of spruce, to be converted into pulp, are already being pre-empted, while the numerous streams flowing south from the height of land, with their falls, will in process of time be utilised to generate electricity sufficient to supply force to move the machinery of the Dominion. Already the Kaministiquia is being thus turned to account, and Dr. Bell reports hundreds of streams scarcely less capable of yielding this force, which is destined to occupy at an early day the chief motive power for human industry.

When the lamented death of Dr. G. M. Dawson, Director of the Geological Survey, occurred in 1901, Dr. Bell was appointed Acting Director, a position which he held and ably and faithfully filled for five years. His friends generally took it for granted that this was a pledge of his final appointment to the permanent Directorship. If the principle of promotion in the service were to obtain, it was felt that there was no one else whose claims could compete with his. He had faithfully served under the several chiefs who had previously occupied the position; but his friends, even more than he himself, thought that the right course of the Government was plain, and that, if politics or other considerations than the principle of promotion and the good of the Survey were not to be introduced, he should receive the Directorship. It is known that, though he is by nature a shy, unassuming man, and indisposed to complain, he has felt that an injustice was done him when the appointment was withheld; and when reasons were assigned for the course taken by the Government, which he thought unfairly reflected on him, he vigorously resented the injustice, being forced to defend his reputation and set forth his own claims—a very painful necessity to a person of his sensitive temperament. The success of his administration of the affairs of the Survey for five years ought to have satisfied those who had the appointment in their hands that they would make no mistake in giving him the Directorship. He gave special attention to practical matters during those five years. Bulletins were issued affording full information to the public regarding the mineral products and resources of Canada.

Dr. Bell is now, as regards length of service in the employment of the Canadian Government, the oldest member of the staff of the Civil Service of the Dominion, although he still looks a young man and is really physically fit, thanks to his temperate habits, for he eschews both spirits and tobacco, as well as to his spending so much of each year in the open air. Recognition of his long and faithful services was made when in March, 1906, the

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Dominion Government created a new official title and appointed him "Chief Geologist," with a salary of $3,000, and provision for an addition of $50 for each year he may continue in the service. This was, indeed, a somewhat tardy action, as the Government had accepted his services for five years without fee or reward for the additional labours and responsibilities involved in his discharge of the duties of "Acting Director," continuing his salary all that time at the low figure at which it had previously stood when he was only field geologist and Assistant Director.

His contributions towards enlarging the boundaries of the knowledge of the earth's surface have earned for him the two greatest marks of distinction — the "Patron's Gold Medal" of the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain, and the "Cullum Gold Medal" of the American Geographical Society. The former he received with the cordial approval of King Edward in 1906, and the latter in 1907. The Cullum medal is the distinction most coveted among the explorers of the United States, and Dr. Bell is the first Canadian to receive it, the American Geographical Society in awarding it to him recognising that science knows no national boundaries, and signifying their appreciation of what he had done towards making known the hitherto unexplored regions of the northern half of the continent. It has been given to no other man to devote fifty years' continuous labour to such work, nor to anyone else has so extensive a territory fallen to be reported on, with the minuteness of detail which his notes show; and the value of his work has been affirmed by the two communities, of the English-speaking world at least, most competent to judge of it.

Besides these honours by which his career has recently been crowned, at an early period he was elected a fellow of the Geological Societies of London and of the United States. When Lord Lorne, then Governor-General, founded the Royal Society of Canada, Dr. Bell was named one of its first fellows. Queen's University bestowed upon him later on its highest honourary degree of LL.D., in recognition of his eminent attainments and great service to science. This was followed by the degree of Sc.D., conferred by McGill; and this again by the same degree from the University of Cambridge, the great centre of scientific culture in the Mother Country. His devotion to the interests of the Empire, so far as Canada is concerned, has also recently received recognition at the hands of King Edward, who has conferred upon him the "Companionship of the Imperial Service."



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An Even Score

By CAMERON WILSON

THE Colonel was manifestly nervous. He stood for a moment on the shabby rug of faded blues and reds, glaring savagely at the freshly lighted grate. A fitful gust of smoke blown towards him made him retreat hastily; with elaborate care he brushed a spot of soot from his white waistcoat, transferring part of the smudge to one plump, beringed finger.

Thrusting his hands under his coat-tails he strode impatiently towards a half-finished water-colour that showed up dimly beside a thinly curtained window. He drew aside the muslin folds and peered out upon a vista of unsightly gables, toppling chimney-pots and flat roofs where tattered garments swung dismally in the smoke-laden air.

"A damned shame!" he muttered as he extracted a cigarette from a case of lizard skin, richly decorated with silver.

"You wished to see me?" With a start the Colonel faced about, his cigarette fell upon the floor as, covered with confusion, he turned to meet a pair of questioning gray eyes.

"Ah, Miss Temple! Charmed, I assure you!" With extended hands and quickly regained composure he advanced towards the slight figure which stood regarding him uncertainly in the half light. The girl's hands remained stiffly at her side; with a slight inclination of the head she motioned him to a wicker chair which basked cosily before the now cheerful blaze.

"Won't you sit down? I'll make some tea. Rather dreary outside, isn't it?" There was a marked lack of cordiality in her tone, a touch as of boredom and unpleasant propinquity.

Her affected unconcern baffled Colonel Gregory who had expected some show of interest or of embarrassment at his unlooked-for visit. For once he found himself at a loss for words.

He nervously fumbled his watch fob as he followed Kitty Temple's slender, artistic hands moving among the teacups. Striking a match on the sole of his shoe he handed it to her; with a brief word of thanks she applied the flame to a small spirit lamp.

Settling back into her chair she solemnly gazed at the spluttering coals. Evidently she was waiting for the Colonel to open fire. Soldierly courage seemed to have deserted him, and he also sat silent, the ruddy glare shining fitfully upon his slightly wrinkled cheeks, thin hair and bristling white moustache.

"I have come to see you about Jack," he exclaimed suddenly, blowing his aristocratic nose with much unnecessary violence.

"Yes? Do you take cream and sugar, or do you prefer lemon?" Kitty paused with the silver tongs in mid-air and once more her visitor was nonplussed.

Her absolute self-control, her well-assumed indifference in the very face of most momentous issues puzzled him strangely. The mention of his son's name apparently had not evoked even a passing interest.

"About Jack, you know," he continued in a low tone. A shadow crossed his

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handsome old face, and he seemed at once to lose the exaggerated air of self-confidence and aggressive ease. Miss Temple eyed him furtively. She was more touched by the quiet gravity of his manner, his silence, his sadness, than by his previous assumption of friendly nonchalance.

She passed him a cup of Sèvres filled with fragrant amber, upon whose surface floated a thin disc of lemon. The Colonel took one sip; then, with shaking hand, placed the cup upon a tabouret at his side.

"He's gone to the devil, you know, heart, soul and—body." Hard words and cruel they were for a father and the girl fully appreciated the inward struggle marked by a painful contraction of his brows, a restlessness in his piercing eyes. Still she did not answer; she encouraged him neither by word or look, but intently watched a lump of sugar change slowly from glistening white as she immersed it in her tea.

"Good heavens, Miss Temple! can't you see what I'm driving at—that this is nearly killing me?"

The man rose abruptly and stood before her with his back to the blaze. His hands were deep in his pockets, his eyes bent upon the shabby Bokhara rug.

The colour mounted slowly into her cheeks.

"I've been a brute, Kitty—a damned snob. I'm to blame for the whole wretched business. As soon as I found out that Jack was engaged to you—a struggling, unappreciated artist—I set about to break off the match. I lied about you—I invented horrible stories—God only knows how horrible—and I simply gloated over your estrangement. I never spared you—I cared nothing for your misery or his. I saw his daily sufferings; I knew his loneliness and despair, but I only drove the knife deeper by adding more lies to the list. I watched him grow bitter and cynical, but still I piled on the agony. Your feelings never entered into the matter. Six months ago," his voice dropped almost to a whisper, "he discovered the part I had played, and that was the beginning of the end."

His voice sounded thick, unsteady. Picking up a small Cloisonnè vase from the mantel, he perused the design with cold, unseeing eyes. Kitty felt a strange catching in her throat; her head throbbed dully.

"What can I do?" she gasped helplessly.

There was a moment of suppressed emotion, and each instinctively felt the suggestiveness of the question. "What can I do?" The Colonel knew that it was within the girl's power to change the whole course of events, and he therefore hesitated before answering.

"You are the only one who can do anything," he ventured at last. His face brightened as if in her query he had found a solution to his own heart's questionings.

"He cares for you still. Jack is not the changeable kind. You can recall him without an effort if you'll only speak the word. The boy is desperate—beside himself. For six months he's been going the pace simply to forget his trouble. He's mixed up with the Minton crowd and you know what they are—or, perhaps you don't. Already he's been named in two or three nasty scrapes, and that wretched Mrs. Staunton—well, there's no telling how it will all end."

"But, Colonel Gregory, you know I'm engaged to Mr. Bannerman. I'm not free to act. Of course I'm sorry your son——"

"My son!" he exclaimed bitterly. "Don't assume *that* rôle, Kitty—acting a part you don't feel! Jack is just as much to you as ever—you don't care for Arthur Bannerman in the same way."

"Please!" cried the girl, as with a gesture of protest she rose from her chair. Then, as if with a second thought, she picked up a paper knife of daintily carved ivory, and after looking at it in an aimless way for perhaps a minute, said somewhat guardedly:

"I did love Jack at one time." Her words came slowly. "Through your influence, and for no apparent reason, he gave me up. Never can I forget what followed—the desolate, aimless days, the long, sleepless nights, when all I could do

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was to lie awake and wonder at the horror of it all. I felt as if the world had been swept from beneath my feet, leaving me alone in a deadly chaos. I lost interest in my work—my picture failed to make the Academy."

"But you don't care for Bannerman! Are you going to wreck both your lives when the old happiness lies within your reach?"

"An old happiness can never be reclaimed. Things could never be the same," she answered. Her face had grown deathly pale, and she gripped the arm of her chair so tightly that the cords of her hand stood out in rigid whiteness.

"You are cheating Bannerman. You—

"No, no! I *do* love him. He came into my life when I most needed him. When I was crushed—humiliated—*jilted*—he took me up. In his strength I grew strong. The passionate craving grew gradually silent; the pain grew numb. I found his love so quiet and restful, like still waters after a fretting storm. He was kind—oh, so kind—and I crept to him as to a City of Refuge, like some spent, wearied creature. He knew the whole miserable story, and it was good of him to take me without question and without reserve."

The colour had come again into Kitty's cheeks; the hunted look had faded from her eyes. Neither noticed that the day was done. The room showed up cosily in the light of flickering flames.

"I'm not pleading for myself, dear child," urged the Colonel. "I played the cad and deserve nothing at your hands. It is for Jack—our Jack. If he goes to the devil, you're the one to blame, for you alone can save him."

He placed his hands gently on her shoulders and fixed her eyes with his own compelling gaze.

"For God's sake—for my boy's sake, use your power, little girl!"

She was trembling, and scarcely saw him through a blur of unshed tears.

"I can do nothing," she said simply, but with an emphasis that was final.

Never had she seen such a look as flashed suddenly into the face of the man before her. It was as if all the pain which human nature is capable of enduring had suddenly centred itself in one great, overwhelming fact of dismal and horrible reality. Hopelessness, remorse, despairing love, all met in the Colonel's white, drawn features.

"Good-bye. It's an even score," he said brokenly and passed slowly from the room.

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A low cry broke from Kitty Temple's lips as the door of the studio closed softly. She ran swiftly across the room, as if to recall her visitor; her hand on the knob, she come to a sudden stop. With painfully dragging steps she staggered back to the fire, and dropped listlessly into a chair.

In her solitude the desolateness of it all swept over her. The quietness of the room mocked the unrest of her troubled, throbbing brain; its warm cheerfulness accentuated the chill misery of her heart.

She saw Jack Gregory as he had been She saw again his handsome boyish face, the light on his brown hair, the rich colour of his skin. She remembered the touch of his lips, the pressure of his strong hands, the warmth of his cheek against her own. With a rush, his words came back to her—passionate words of protest and assurance, words that had thrilled her heart and set her pulses stirring with a happiness almost painful in its intensity.

And now! He had given himself up to a whirl of empty dissipation or even worse. He *needed* her; she alone could draw him back. His life was empty, and he had first claim upon her loyalty. A voice, which she had deemed forever still, clamoured loudly within her, frightening her by its overwhelming strength. The loveless years stretched before her in gray reaches of unlimited, endless days. But why need they be gray and empty and loveless? A few hurried lines could bring back—

A man's fingers gently covered her eyes, her head was drawn back and she felt the touch of his lips upon her forehead.

"Can you guess?" His voice was low and full toned.

"Who else could it be, dear? How quietly you came!"

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Bannerman withdrew his hands. The tips of his fingers were moist. Holding them before her, he said tenderly, "Kitty, what does this mean?"

"It means that I was nearly making a fool of myself," replied the girl with a faint attempt at a smile. "Your hands are cold. You must have some tea."



Drawing by Jack Hamm

"It's an even score," he said brokenly, and passed slowly from the room

Memories

By CYRUS MACMILLAN

You die, old year! your sun is set;
Your knell tolls in the midnight sky.
Why linger o'er you with regret,
Why watch your passing with a sigh?

You cover with your funeral pall
Dear joys that cannot come again;
You take fond hopes, dreams, pleasures—all;
But, ah, the memories that remain!

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Milan

By ERIE WATERS

A visit to a quaint city in Lombardy, one of the most picturesque parts of Italy.

"O, Victor Emmanuel, the King!
The sword be for thee and the deed!
And nought for the alien, next spring,
Nought for Hapsburg and Bourbon agreed;
But for us, a great Italy freed,
With a hero to head us—our King!"



CORREGIO'S MADONNA AND CHILD, NOW IN THE BRERA CASTLE, MILAN

THOSE who have wintered in the south and tourists who—with less time at their disposal—have come through Switzerland towards Venice or the Italian lakes are apt to stop at this important city, more conspicuous at the present time because of its late great International Exposition.

Mrs. Clifford and her daughter Margaret had spent the winter on the Mediterranean. Journeying from Venice in the early morning, they came upon little Lake Garda. A vision of perfect loveliness lay before them; a gem in a golden setting. It might have been a gigantic turquoise, so intensely blue was the water. Yellow as gold was the sandy shore surrounding it; whilst above and almost encircling it were snow-crowned mountains. The train stopped long enough for our friends to drink deep of delight and to imprint its beauty on the memory.

"We are fortunate, indeed," exclaimed a little Irish woman, whose pleasant companionship helped to shorten the hours. "I have passed this way often, but Garda has always hidden herself behind heavy mists.

Too flat to be picturesque, still Milan owes much of its wealth and greatness to its surroundings; to the bravery and strength of character of its founders and builders, and even to the humble silk-worm. It is set in the midst of fertile Lombardy, which is watered by myriads of tiny streams from Alpine glaciers as they journey to the lovely lakes below. An excellent system of irrigation is available in case of need.

So many are the varieties of tropical fruits grown in Lombardy that it has been called "A veritable garden of Eden." A comparison might be made with a portion of Ontario, in the Niagara peninsula, known as "The Garden of Canada"—in latitude a little farther south

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MILAN CATHEDRAL

than Lombardy—where, sheltered by a hilly range, and on the southern shore of Lake Ontario, peaches, apricots, grapes (even hot-house varieties, such as the Black Hamburg), the mulberry, and many other fruits grow and ripen in the open air.

During the visit of the Duke and Duchess of York, now the Prince and Princess of Wales, a restful day was spent at Niagara-on-the-Lake. It was a source of amazement to the visitors to learn that the beautiful display of delicious fruit provided for them had ripened under Canadian skies.

Both Lombardy and Ontario experience cold weather and in due season enjoy a wealth of sunshine and summer warmth. In Lombardy the grape vines are trained between mulberry trees. Here the silk-worm lives, and provides employment for the country-folk. Many villages are given up to the silk industry. In buildings one may see stands and hurdles and bundles of rice straw where the worms are placed to undergo their first metamorphosis, covering the rice-straw with golden, green, and white cocoons. In another building peasant girls sing, as they sit before little pan-furnaces, winding the silk from cocoons. Machinery is giving place to much that is picturesque in the various processes of silk-weaving.

Wood and coal are scarce in Lombardy, and willows, poplars and elms are planted on the edge of brooks; their branches, trimmed yearly, supply the thrifty peasants with fuel. And now we learn that the age of electric power has reached Northern Italy, and Milan promises to become a smokeless city, with electricity in general use for lighting and heating.

The history of Milan may be traced from the conquest by the Romans in 220 B.C. Under the Empire it became a city of grandeur and importance, favoured by the Romans as a place of residence. It fell under the power of the Goths in 156. At a later date it was possessed by the Longobardis or Longbeards, a people from Northern Germany. In 773 Charlemagne recovered Northern Italy. Feuds continued for centuries as the result of German claims and Italian resistance.

The Milanese were men of strong character. Fighting for their rights intensified the love of country; thus, eventually Milan—with Florence—became one of the Italian free cities—a city that bore a noble name, tending to elevate the nation, and increase the ardour for independence. Yet, again and again did they feel the pressure of a foreign yoke. In later years Austria and France, in turn, held sway. The Milanese hated the Austrians; therefore their joy was great, when in 1859—after Magenta and Solferino—Cavour succeeded in removing foreign claims, and Lombardy was ceded to Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy.

The citizens of to-day may be pardoned for their pride in what has been so dearly bought. So great is their love for Milan that they suffer severely from home-sickness when out of sight of the sparkling spires of their beloved cathedral, a cathedral ranking among the finest in the world. Long before the city is reached, this magnificent building may be seen towering upwards in its dazzling beauty, the gilded statue of the Virgin surmounting its highest spire. The pure white of the marble of which it is built makes a profound impression on the beholder. Charm-

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ing and indescribable is it in moonlight. It has been compared to an ice palace, as the light glances in bluish rays about its turrets and towers. Coming suddenly upon the cathedral by day or night, one is filled with fresh surprise and delight. From every direction it seems to dominate and glorify the city.

We may realise something of the quantity of marble used in its construction when we learn that a canal was built solely for the purpose of conveying marble from the quarries at Ticino. The Milanese were determined to make their cathedral a masterpiece. It is impossible in a short article to enter into detail or describe its beauties. Centuries of time, fortunes in money, generations of great architects, artists, and skilled workmen have lent their aid to its construction, and each enthusiastic tourist must study its beauties for himself.

In all cathedrals the observer is impressed by the curious shafts of light falling from high, coloured windows. Here they are peculiarly lovely. It reminds one of an old picture of Jacob's Ladder, with angels hovering near. Here the light sifts softly through the windows between gigantic marble columns, now in rays of gold, then of blue, or crimson, the misty shadows mingling in a magical and marvellous manner. The gilt pulpit shines brilliantly. There are bright colours on the richly decorated altars. The statuary, paintings and carvings gratify and dazzle the eye.

The little Irish friend was a helpful guide. "My first visit was a contrast to this," she said, "for it was on Good Friday. Very sad and solemn it seemed with everything shrouded in black. I shall always be glad to have seen the people in Holy Week. A large crucifix —more than life size—was laid on a low stand in a central aisle. The worshippers came slowly and reverently to look upon their beloved friend—the Crucified One. Real tears fell as they bent to kiss the hands, the feet, the face. Very sorrowful, tender, and gentle were the faces of the Italian women.

"I remember, too, that we looked into the crypt where fresh flowers were laid and candles burning. At the grating men and women were kneeling, meekly praying."

Nearly everyone ascends the cathedral roof, viewing with fresh wonder the enormous amount of minute work done. Here one may walk among turrets and pinnacles; past innumerable buttresses, carved with wonderful arabesques and foliage work. Each tower of purest white is adorned with statues. One hundred and fifty steps rise to the first part of the roof; another flight of three hundred and twenty-eight steps brings one to the top pinnacle of the spire. The roof is broad and slopes but slightly, thus crowds may walk about on its surface, past pillars and under arches. One may rest in the shadow of corners and buttresses. Here, to one's surprise, groups of people may be found seated, enjoying luncheon. No *fewer* than three persons may ascend the roof. Such an order is in force on many high buildings, on account of the danger of suicide, crime, or accident on the dizzy height. The best hour for the ascent is in the early morning before the sun is high or mists arise. Then the scene is un-



ARCO DELLA PACE. A TRIUMPHAL ARCH RECORDING THE VICTORY OF NAPOLEON III AND VICTOR EMMANUEL OVER AUSTRIA

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surpassed in its great beauty. Hundreds of towns and villages may be seen, so far can the eye travel. Farms and vineyards, sparkling streams, and the lovely verdant land lie on every hand. The Alps in their grandeur are plainly seen, the Apennines, and further off, the Valais, the Bernese Oberland, and the most noble and stately of all, Monte Rosa, so named from the rosy hue which glorifies it at the sunset hour.

The women of Milan wear lace scarfs on their heads—a graceful and becoming head-dress. The nurses wear a curious head-covering, with many silver pins in it set in a semi-circle. In Milan one sees no beggars. The deserving poor are cared for, and it is argued that in a city of so many industries there is no excuse for idleness. The many benevolent institutions bespeak generous and kindly hearts. The arts are encouraged and the educational facilities are good. In the famous collection in the Brera Palace may be seen the famous Corregio, *Madonna and Child.*

The Milanese are a happy and sociable people, and one sees evidence of it in the crowds who frequent the *Galleria Vittorio Emmanuele.*

Italy has always held a fascination for the lover of liberty, and the passing stranger must feel a glow of sympathy and be glad for those who, having come through much tribulation, have now so goodly a dwelling-place.

A Forest Graveyard

By GEORGE HERBERT CLARK

The birds brood silent in the underbrush,
A stricken ghostliness stands each stark tree,
The hesitating river glides less free,
Fearful of the inviolable hush;
Beyond the stream a solitary thrush
Sings, and the sun's deep crimson drapery
Is drooping o'er the land, but breathes to me
No hope the wintering shadows cannot crush.

I turn to go, and in the littered leaves
Stumble upon a shell, a shapeless stone,
A withered rose, huddled together there;
O secret grave, sure no sad mother grieves
The little ward of death thou guard'st alone:
Be I thy mourner, child, and thou my care!

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A Rest Cure

By ALBERT R. CARMAN,
Author of "The Pensionnaires," Etc.

I

ON his first morning at "Les Erables," Morris had discovered her.

The still, sunny, fresh morning of the mountains had called him out of doors, while his friend, Austin, and the others in this Laurentian haven, were yet asleep; and when he had passed through the curtain of trees about the house, the wide, shining lake lisped at his feet in the sand, and there was no one in all this world save "Morris Nicholson" and a few birds singing behind him up the shaggy mountain slope. With the abandon of a boy, he threw off his clothes again, and raced into the placid water.

Two days before, he had been in incessant, thunderous New York, on the verge of a collapse from over-strain. Austin, whom the wandering license of an artist had taken almost everywhere, declared that he knew the very spot for him in the heart of the Laurentians, fifty miles north of Montreal; and then had packed him up like a valet, and carried him off like a grandfather turned "courier," and jolted him over endless miles of forest road into this retreat late last night. And now, with the cool water on his skin, and the green of this wooded cup of the mountains in his eye, and the immense silence to which the bird notes but called attention in his ear, he was a new man already.

Then he had rubbed dry in the sun parlour of the sandy beach, and dressed gaily and walked on up the winding mountain road—and discovered her.

It is useless to ask for a description of her, because even now—a week later—Morris could not give one. Of course, Morris, being a business man, was not good at description. He ordered things by catalogue number. But, apart from that, Fatime was not to be confined within a verbal frame. You could say that she was dark, though roses shone through the clear duskiness of her cheek; that she had midnight hair; that she had that heavy-lidded Latin eye which some Anthony Comstock ought to make illegal; that with the lightness of a super-healthy child, she carried the full-bosomed form of a woman in the twenties; that, though it was impossible for her to keep still, the cause of it was not "nerves" but vitality. But when you had said all this and more, you had given no idea of Fatime. She was a flame, of the feminine gender; a wild and lawless creature for whom "convention" had no meaning, and yet with a natural gift of gentle behaviour which left Morris now at the end of a week, without one memory of a *gaucherie* which had offended his metropolitan taste.

She lived alone with her father and grandmother, in a little whitewashed cottage far up the mountain side to which Morris had strayed that first morning; and since then he had been up every afternoon—while Austin took his daily nap—chatting in the riotous little garden before the house with, sometimes, the girl and her father, but, more often, the girl alone, and a sense of direct love-making he had not felt for years. If Fatime had any pretences, they were not of a kind which ignored the fact that a man and a maid sat there together and alone, with the shaggy mountain forest all about them.

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Meantime, Morris became reminded of his conscience. Might not his persistent visits mean more to the girl than—than—eh—they were likely to come to? Was she not—counting on something—already? And why shouldn't she? Her life here was a lonely one; and the very name of New York seemed to dazzle her.

New York! He could still hear the bang of the "Elevated." Just a letter from the office brought up in him the same loathing for it all which had pursued him all the way to Montreal that first night of flight in the Pullman. Why should he go back to it? His bank account, small as it looked in that welter of millions, would be a fortune here. Fatime had probably never heard of so much money.

But this was sheer nonsense. He couldn't stay here. He would go back in a week or two at most. That was it. "In a week or two," he would be gone; and she would forget. Meantime, he would drink in rest from these quiet mountains—these slow-paced hours.



Drawing by Jack Hamm

"I will not stay," she cried

II.

It was a little after one the next day that he went up the soft path beneath its green forest arch which led to he little garden. Her dog came down to meet him, proving his identity first with his nose, and then frisking on before him. Fatime was drying her long black hair in the sun. She exclaimed when she saw him, and pretended to confusion and surprise. But she did not go in.

"I must dry my hair," she said simply, "else I take cold." She seemed to imply that if he did not wish to witness the operation, it was earlier for him to go away than for her to desist.

Morris sat on the ground in the shade where he could see the sun full on her cataract of hair, and also her side face with its roving eye through the straying strands that blew over it.

"A lady who was at 'Les Erables' last summer wash her hair sometimes and dry it in the sun," Fatime announced gravely. "I saw her when I went down, and a gentleman comb it."

"Oh," laughed Morris. "Well, she will be no better off than you, for I will comb for you."

Fatime caught the meaning of this more quickly than she would have done a week before, and her eye—the one in sight—shot an acknowledgment of Morris' good intention at him. But her lips said:

"No, I must not let you. *Grand-Mère* would not think it nice."

"But it is," protested Morris.

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"Yes. I know. I saw the lady, and she is of New York"—this with a triumphant glance at Morris—"but *Grand-Mère*, she not understand."

"*Grand-Mère* is very particular," observed Morris, as his fingers sought twigs in the grass and tossed them idly at a tree trunk.

"Ye-es," admitted Fatime, running her live fingers through her shining hair. "But *Grand-Mère*, she has never travel much. She has been to Mo'real once for t'ree weeks; but, mos'ly, she live here."

"And this is not so bad a place to live," said Morris, looking with pleased eyes around this green-hung chamber of the forest with its ceiling of deepest blue, and then back at the girl in the sunshine. Her flowing hair, her plainly unwilling motionlessness relieved by ever-moving shoulders



Drawing by Jack Hamm

"The devil you will," broke in Austin, stepping forward

and speaking face, told of the live, wild thing she was.

"*Mais* not like New York," she said, with a quick sigh.

"No, Daphne," returned Morris, turning classical, "and thank Pan for that."

"My name is not Daph-ne," she protested.

Morris laughed. "Daphne," he said, "was a beautiful maiden whom a god loved—not *le bon Dieu*, but a heathen god—and when he ran after her one day, she was turned into a tree to escape him."

Fatime laughed merrily at the story, and then asked: "Why did you call me Daph-ne?"

"Because—" and he stopped, wondering what to say. "Oh, because," he went on with a sudden inspiration, "one might turn into a tree and stay here forever for love of you."

It was a doubtful eye Fatime shot at him through her curtain of hair. "But I will not stay here," she said, presently, in a rebellious tone.

"No?"

"No. I will go away—away. This is so dull."

"Where will you go?"

"Ah!"—and she seemed to consider it. "Marie Demers," she said presently, "went to Mo'real and got four dollar a week making tabac."

Morris looked up with quick apprehension. That daughter of the hills immured in the tainted air of a tobacco factory! That compelling beauty thrust into a city with a paltry four dollars a week between it and temptation!

"You must not think of it," he said earnestly. "It would kill you. This is your home; and you must stay here."

"And you must go back to New York, I suppose?" she enquired tauntingly. Then she turned full-face on him, and her eyes flashed indignantly. "That is what M. Austin always say," she flung at him. "I must stay here—here—with only Father and *Grand-Mère*; but he—and you—and all the *belle* ladies at 'Les Erables' must go back to the city so soon as the wind get a leetle cold. I will not stay"—and she stood up, her hair streaming

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about her to her knees, and her full woman's bosom heaving with her emotion. The lips were trembling, too, so that she held the lower one with her teeth, and the long-lashed eyelids winked rapidly to dissipate the signs of tears.

Morris had risen also, his face grave. A half-formed purpose lay in his mind as he looked at her. Was there such another woman in the world? Yet how could she live in New York—with him? She could barely read, and that in French. Her thoughts, her passions, her likes and dislikes, lay right on the surface, with hardly a gossamer cloak of self-restraint to hide them. She was a mountain bird; and how the tame canaries of the city cages would peck at her! It was impossible! But—but—suppose he should ask her!—

"But if I were to stay, too?" was the way he put it.

"You?"

"Yes"—and then he added hastily, with the instinct of keeping himself free —"not that I am sure that I would."

She laughed a laugh that was wholly without the bird note which was usually heard in her merriment. "Of course, you would not," she cried. "And I will not." There was mutiny under her full lips. Her eyes looked straight at him, and then over him—into the far country of the city. She seemed literally to be panting to be in the swift tide of it. And what a happiness to hold her tense hand as she first breasted its swirl! But what a strain! He would live in a social circle of curled lips.

And did he want to go back at all! What a mad strife it was! And here was the peace of God. A lake that lay quiet under the long day, and the silent night; islands of rock and tree in the shadow of which a man might anchor his boat; a soft, shaded road; the ripples of the lake on one's pushing chin in the early morning; and a Daphne on the mountain-side when came the slow afternoon.

"Fatime!" said Morris, suddenly, "think of it again; and think if you would stay here—if I would." And with a quick glance at her surprised face, he turned and plunged through the trees to the familiar dropping road.

III

That night Morris walked with Austin on the beach that ran round the point from which he took his morning dip, and told him of Fatime. The artist said nothing after his first exclamation of surprise. "So you found her," was what he had said then. "I purposely did not tell you of her, and I have not been to see her at all this time. I was afraid for you." Then he listened in silence while Morris laid the whole case before him at great length.

When Austin spoke, it was to say:

"You have seen her before, Morris. You remember that French Chevalier story I illustrated? She is the heroine. They thought I took her from my Fontainebleau note-book, but I sketched from poses of Fatime. Then my Joan of Arc —the best thing I ever did—is her face. You will remember that the critics said that I had put too much devil in my Joan —that she looked as if she had seduced the French king. Well, that was not my fault—that was my model. But last year, I gave up sketching her. And I'll tell you why, old fellow. I dare not risk going on. I remember the last thing I did. I persuaded her to bare her shoulders, and did her as a bust of a bacchante. She told me then that she wanted to go to New York above anything else in the world; but I never went back. If I had, I would have taken her. Now that's God's truth, my boy. If you married her and took her to New York, she would first kill you and then kill herself."

"But we could stay here," half-breathed Morris.

"I don't think either of you could stay here. A winter here would drive you mad, and she would always be dreaming of New York. Now I"—and Austin paused—"I am an artist, and I could find much to do here."

Morris looked at him quickly and suspiciously. "Oh, well," he said, "we can both take your preventive measure, and stay away."

"No, we can't," said Austin decisively. "We are too near. Do you see that light right across the lake yonder?"

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"Yes."

"Well, that is a boarding-house. We'll go there in the morning. It's four miles away by water, and nearer ten by road."

Morris assented, his mind noting that four miles is nothing of a row.

"And they've no horse and only an old punt," Austin added grimly. "It was there I fled to last summer."

Morris' mind rebelled. Why should he? But then ten miles could be walked; and, if he stayed here, Austin would stay too. The problem was complicated enough without letting Austin into it.

IV

They were lucky enough to find the boarding-house nearly empty. Three strapping, brown-throated Montrealers were there, who went fishing each morning at sunrise; and trailed home, tired and taciturn, each evening with long strings of gleaming red lake trout, and generally a bunch of sturdier black bass. But they had little to say about anything, and nothing about the fish they had caught or hadn't caught. It is not the fisherman, as a rule, who tells the best fish stories. But for these, the house was empty; and Austin sketched in nooks about the hillside that formed the shore of the lake here, while Morris paddled along the tree-hung bank as it curved in and out, now letting the wide punt lie in a shaded bay while he read lazily, and now pushing out into the low sun at evening, when it flooded the western mountains behind his new boarding house with a light that set one dreaming.

A week went by—two weeks—and neither man had done more than look in silence toward the mountain-side where the robe of green hid a whitewashed cabin, and neither man had settled when he would leave for New York. Morris would almost come to it, but Austin would remark casually that he might stay a few days longer to finish a scene he was doing; and then Morris would smoke a while in silence, with a look of hostility in his eye, and finally say: "Oh, well, I won't desert you for a day or two."

Each grew more and more suspicious of the other. They each, in a sense, constituted public opinion for the other. The dream of staying here with Fatime lost some of its absurdity for Morris, when he was half of the opinion that Austin thought of doing just that if he could get him (Morris) out of the way. That is, if public opinion, as personated by Austin, thought it worth while to give up "life" for the sake of Fatime, Morris naturally dallied with the dream of making the "sacrifice" himself.

As for Austin, his heroic resolution of last year was shaken. Here was Morris Nicholson, sane business man and typical New Yorker, actually thinking of linking his life with Fatime's. Now an artist was far freer than he to do such a thing. And why shouldn't he? Why shouldn't he live right here, where Fatime was queen of the mountains, for most of the year; and please her with a short Bohemian visit to New York each winter? And Fatime! Ye gods of the elder world! What a mad beauty she was! It was so long since he had seen her—so long a fast for he had seen nothing beautiful since.

Thus it came about that the two men began to watch each other. Austin always knew in which cove Morris was idling with his boat; and Morris never forgot to scan every five minutes or so the half-mile stretch of the road about the lake which ran bare on the cliff side to the north.

It was one morning about nine that the die was cast. Morris was sitting in his punt watching carelessly the open bit of road when he saw a figure on it. He looked closely—and it was unmistakably Austin. He even had his sketching outfit on his shoulder; and he was going toward Fatime.

Should he land and follow, thought Morris. Why, Austin had already three to four miles start. He would row across the lake. The punt was heavy, but it was only four miles that way. Perhaps, he might beat him still. Then he would propose against time. He laughed at the notion and plunged his oars resolutely in the water. How surprised Fatime would be! What had she been thinking all this time of that last question of his? What had she thought of the sudden stop-

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ping of his visits? He would probably have to promise something about New York to get her answer before Austin arrived—Austin with his sketching outfit. Austin had lied to him. He had said he was going sketching on the mountain that morning. Well, the result was that he was handicapped in the race with his tools. And now the punt was plash-plash-plashing against the water at each strong, swift stroke.

V

Going up the mountain road, Morris wondered if Fatime might be away. He had not thought of that before. Then, just at the arch of the white stone, he heard her laugh, gay and birdlike. She was there. But had Austin arrived before him? He pushed up the path and looked through the trees. The first thing he saw was Austin's back, quite close to him, and on it the sketching outfit. The dog was busily smelling him over in a reminiscent sort of way. But Austin still stood just inside the clearing and had apparently not made himself known yet to the occupants of the cabin. Then Morris became aware that something lively was going on in the cabin. There would be the quick beat of feet on the floor—then the pushing of a chair—then the sound of a spring—then Fatime's burst of birdlike laughter. Still the noises of an endless game of chase came out to the two waiting gentlemen, and still they waited; and then Fatime sprang, laughing, through the open door, her heavy hair floating like an ink-sketched aureole about her head, her eyes a-dance with mischief, her dress clinging to her quick-moving limbs like a classic drapery. At sight of Austin, she stopped short, pressing her hand to her panting bosom, and a pink rushing to her cheeks. Surprise, apology, a doubt as to the propriety of her conduct, a defiance of his judgment, all played across her life-lit face at once.

But Austin was looking beyond her, and so was Morris. A young fellow in a poorly-fitting suit of garishly new clothes had sprung out of the door behind her with a joyous cry on his lips, and then had frozen into an awkward stiffness at sight of the stranger. Again, he felt himself the victim of his clothes. He had plainly forgotten them while fruitlessly chasing the elusive girl about the cabin.

Morris thought vaguely of slipping away, and leaving Austin to learn the meaning of it all, when the dog, catching scent of him, ran toward him through the trees with a joyful bark of welcome. Fatime's eyes followed the dog and saw him, when Austin turned and met his eyes, coloured, and then gave a short, explosive laugh. Morris was not quite certain what it meant—contemptuous amusement at their detected attempt to trick each other, or the unexpected presence of the third party. Morris advanced smiling through the trees and was the first of the two to greet Fatime.

"Playing tag?" he asked.

"No," she said, shaking her head with a guilty smile—yet there was no shame in the guilt. "You have been long away," she went on, changing the subject.

"Yes," admitted Morris, "but I had to come back."

"And you," she went on, turning in a chiding manner toward Austin, "you have never been here once this summer."

"No," said Austin, woodenly; and his eyes sought the young stranger.

"Let me introduce," said Fatime gaily, now quite mistress of herself. "This is Henri Joncas from Bidde-ford. He is an old friend of me, and he has come back to his father for visit." She stopped then, but her eyes said plainly that she could say more. Then she told the young man the names of Morris and Austin, and that they were from New York.

"Ah," he said, coming forward, his simple face alight. "We are fellow-Americans then. I am naturalised"—and he shook hands in a congratulatory way with both of them. He seemed to indicate that they were to be felicitated on his having chosen their country for his home.

"Glad to hear it," said Morris, in a friendly manner, meant to please Fatime; but she was immensely pleased as it was. Her eyes danced with pride as they ran over the ungainly figure of the "old friend of me"—a figure not without its touches

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of attempted dandyism. He had a big coloured necktie and a ring on his little finger.

"Bidde-ford is a big, big place," she assured the two New Yorkers. "It is on the great ocean"—and her eyes gleamed at the wonder of it. "Henri he work there in a factory ten times as big as 'Les Erables.' Is your factory so big?" she suddenly asked, turning to Austin.

Morris could not keep a covert smile from his face as he watched his erstwhile friend wonder what to do with that question; and all the while Henri, the hero, stood by in smiling corroboration of Fatime's account of the marvellous Biddeford.

"No, mine is not so big," said Austin, finally, seeing no use in fighting farther against the fates.

"Ah!"—and Fatime literally danced on her toes. "He live in New York," she bubbled over to Henri, "and his factory is not so big as Bidde-ford." Then swinging around upon the two again, she went swiftly—boastingly—on—

"Bidde-ford have stores just for one t'ing, like Mo'real. One store all boots —nothing but boots!"

"Oh, yes," broke in the gratified Henri —it was fine to come from so great a place as this—"and drug stores, and gentlemen's stores, and—all like you have in New York.

"And are you going to Biddeford?" asked Morris suddenly, looking straight at Fatime.

The pink in her cheeks flew to her forehead, and she said nothing; but Henri nodded from behind her at the two men, smilingly. "Yes," he said presently, in a patronising manner. "I take her."

"The devil you will," broke in Austin, stepping forward with passion in his face, at sight of which Fatime and Henri drew together like two frightened children.

"Austin," said Morris, gravely, moving forward to put a hand on his friend's shoulder, "this is Arcady. Let us not profane it."

"But, Morris—" cried Austin, turning eyes full of pain to him—

"Yes, old fellow, I know," returned Morris; and they looked deeply at each other. Then they gripped hands. The hostility of the past weeks was dead.

"You two came over the lake together?" Fatime was saying, a little timidly.

"We came," said Morris, dodging the "together," "to bid you 'adieu.' We are going back to New York—dull New York."

"Yes," she said; and then added smiling—"and when you come back next summer, I will not be here."

It was Morris' lips that came together now as if to dam back a mad utterance. He turned and looked at Austin. If he were not there, and if they had not shaken hands on it—

"I could never live here," Fatime went on in sweet gravity, as if in answer to his unspoken question. "No, not if I had the finest house in St. Jerome, and was so rich as anything—"

"Not," exclaimed Morris, recklessly, breaking his tacit agreement with Austin and stepping squarely before the musing girl, "not if I lived here always with you and we made visits to New York?"

She looked at him in quick puzzlement, a smile half-ready for his joke on her lips. But the intense earnestness of his eyes turned her grave in a moment. She knew that he was serious and all that it meant. But her first glance was at Henri. Did he know? Would it wound him? He still shone with his smile of patronage and possession. A touch of resentment at it crossed her face. She seemed minded to shake his complacency. Swiftly her eyes played back to Morris' face, and they carried the report that she was considering his question. A new hope rose to his head and made him dizzy. He had not dreamed that he had wanted her so much. Austin stepped behind him, but he cared nothing. When he had spoken, it looked so hopeless that he had hardly called i at breach of faith; but now nothing would stop him—he would put all on the cast, regretting only that he had not more to risk.

"This is very kind of you, M. Nicholson," Fatime began in a low voice—

But Henri interrupted her with an angry voice. "Tell him 'no,' Fatime, at once,"

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he commanded her imperiously, "or I will go back to Bidde-ford to-morrow."

Her face flushed and she turned on Henri. In fiery French, she scolded him, taking his mutterings as but invitations for further remonstrance. Stupidly, the two men waited until the quarrel was over.

"This is Arcady," Austin whispered in Morris' ear.

"Well, I think it is," Morris returned, ruefully, the tensity of his emotion relaxed. "They quarrel like true lovers."

"M. Nicholson," said Fatime, at last, with the best manner that she had learned from her New York ladies at "Les Erables," "I should like to speak to Father about what you have said. Can you call to-morrow?"

But this was all so evidently for the further crushing of Henri that Morris laughed.

"I cannot wait, I am afraid," said Morris. "I must get back to my 'factory.' And then I know what you will say to-morrow"—and his knowing smile brought a look of roguishness to her softly curved face. Then she dropped her grand manner. "I could not live here," she exclaimed passionately, "with you—with anyone." Henri looked up with a question in his eyes, but he had learned wisdom enough not to put it until after the strangers were gone.

VI

The two men belonged to the same modest club down in New York; and one night, one of their fellow-clubmen said to Morris:

"Do they have any sports—summer sports, you know—up at 'Les Erables'?"

"Well, not many," said Morris. "But I have seen a race between a punt and a foot-runner." And he looked at Austin.

"No?" laughed the enquiring clubman. "How did it come about?"

"Well, the runner challenged the punt man," Morris began.

"No, I beg your pardon," interrupted Austin. "You are forgetting. It was the punt man who began rowing first."

"Not till he saw the runner running—toward the goal," said Morris.

"But he wasn't," earnestly protested Austin.

"But I saw him."

"No. You saw him going toward Eagle Mountain to sketch."

"But he arrived."

"He saw you look all around and start to row."

"Oh, oh!" cried the clubman who had precipitated this discussion. "So you two fellows did the racing?"

They both laughed their acknowledgment of the truth of the surmise; when he persisted with—

"Well, who won?"

They looked at each other and laughed. "A dark horse," said Austin.

"What was the prize?" asked the clubman, flicking the ash from his cigar and losing interest in the enigma.

"The prize," echoed Morris, thoughtfully. "Well, there were consolation prizes. I won perpetual bachelordom, for instance."

"And you?"—turning to Austin.

"I didn't win," said Austin, gravely. "I lost my best chance in life—whether for peace or fame."

"Say!" exclaimed the clubman, in puzzled disgust. "When you fellows get over the effects of your bush life, you'll be fitter to carry on a civilised conversation." And he moved off toward the billiard room.



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By
F. A. ACLAND

IT is somewhat odd that at the very moment when Mr. Balfour, the leader of the British Unionists, has succeeded at last in bridging the differences between himself and the straight Tariff Reformers, the London *Times* should begin to throw douches of cold water on this movement and declare there are no signs of any revulsion of feeling such as would make possible a tariff reform victory at the polls. In the past *The Times* has looked kindly on this movement, and its secession now may be due to its time-honoured policy of giving a modified support to the powers that be, even though these powers may represent a party which it has opposed at the polls; or it may be due to a genuine conviction of the hopelessness of the crusade. *The Times* quotes a statement made by Mr. Balfour to the effect that a scheme of tariff reform could not be carried into effect without an assurance that it would not be reversed at the next election, and the great English journal sees no possibility of such assurance being forthcoming. *The Times* argues that business activity and favourable trade conditions being now universal, it is a bad time to advocate change in the existing system, be it protectionist or free trade. There is a third possibility in the pronouncement of *The Times*. It may be a skilful paving of the way for the retreat of the Unionist party from its dangerous position. The continued absence of Mr. Chamberlain from participation in public affairs practically precludes hope of his return to active politics, and tariff reform without Mr. Chamberlain would resemble the performance of "Hamlet" with the Prince of Denmark left out. However convinced many English tariff reformers may be of the excellence of their course, they must feel that it does not make headway rapidly with the electorate. *The Times* is doubtless right when it assumes there is no great reaction against the Government. The Unionists may well ask whether the distant prospect of success in tariff reform is sufficient to justify them in continuing a campaign which promises to keep them in opposition indefinitely. Mr. Balfour no doubt realises the position, and his attempt at re-uniting the party on the issue may be preparatory only to referring it to the remote future, and enabling the Opposition to ride into power in the usual way on the mistakes of the Government. This, too, is practically what *The Times* advises.

* * *

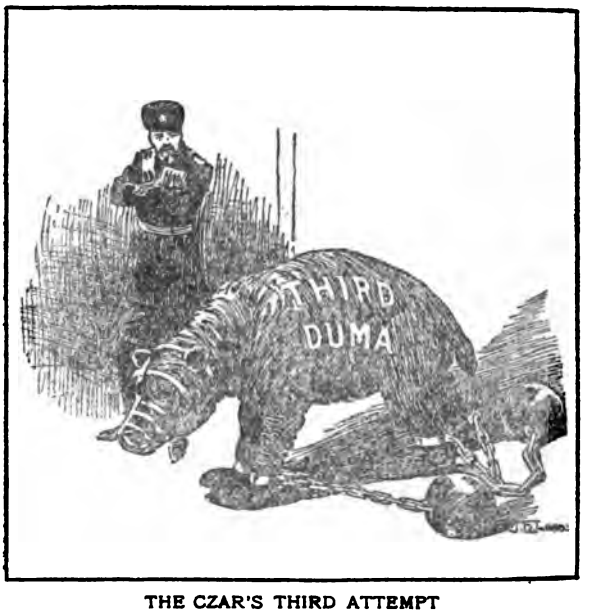
One of the most brilliant contributions, by the way, to the literature which the tariff reform movement has produced is the latest volume from the pen of the famous Canadian writer, Dr. J. Beattie Crozier of London, England, but a native of Galt, Ont., and a graduate of the University of Toronto. Dr. Crozier had long since established a reputation as one of the great thinkers of the day, and his volumes on the "History of Intellectual Development" are

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classics in style and erudition, and in scientific analysis and constructive power. Dr. Crozier's latest work is entitled "The Wheel of Wealth," the wheel being the symbol used by him to represent the process of constant production and consumption on the part of the industrial machine. This is no place to consider the arguments or economic teachings of Dr. Crozier, beyond perhaps remarking that he utterly repudiates the now generally abandoned theory of there being any moral or natural law of free trade, and gaily makes mincemeat of Adam Smith. As between protection and free trade all that any nation anxious to preserve its nationhood has to concern itself with is—what policy will most advance its economic interests without sacrificing its national dignity or self-respect? The writer does not pronounce precisely on the current question in British politics, and obviously his teaching leaves the question an open one in every country; but he has brought valuable aid to the Unionist orators and writers by marshalling arguments which, if accepted, and they are strongly put, would utterly destroy all respect for free trade as an economic doctrine—and that is what Dr. Crozier aimed to do.

* * *

After repeated efforts the Czar has succeeded in securing a Douma which has the appearance of being not too obnoxious. The Conservatives have a slight majority over all possible combinations, while the really advanced sections of the Liberal party control not more than seventy votes out of somewhat less than four hundred members. On some questions the advanced Liberals will have the support of the Independent Progressives, who constitute the centre and number one hundred and twenty, which, if added to the solid liberal vote, would bring the combination to one hundred and ninety, very near the figures of the Conservative majority; but such solidity is unlikely. Russia is really experiencing the natural effects of a sudden assumption of constitutional clothes patterned by other races and in other times, instead of a slow adaptation of them through many generations or centuries of time. It took the English race a thousand years to convert the Witenagemot into the instrument of government which now seeks to register decrees of the people, and it is to be hoped the evolution is by no means ended, for the modern Parliament is as unwieldly and unmanageable an institution as can well be imagined. But as to Russia and her Doumas, it is not surprising that there should be initial difficulties in the relations of the Czar with his Parliaments. It took the English Edwards and Henrys and Georges—not to speak of the still less tractable Charleses and



THE CZAR'S THIRD ATTEMPT

THE CZAR—"There, now, I think he's quite under control and not likely to prove at all dangerous" —*London Tribune*

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Jameses—some time to learn that the best way, if not the only way in the end, of ruling a people is to allow them to do the ruling themselves; and we can not expect the reactionary Muscovite Sovereign to grasp it all in a few years. In the meantime it is satisfactory to note that the Conservative majority is not of absolutely irreconcilable tendencies or broken in two on the very reasonable proposition that the title of autocrat should no longer be borne by the Czar, enabling the change to be made by a handsome majority. It would have been, perhaps, more in accordance with British precedent and custom to have left the Czar with the title and to have taken the power which it represented. It is true the Czar appears likely to insist on the retention of the title, and the resolution may have to be rescinded to keep peace between his Majesty and the Douma; but the spirit of autocracy is obviously on the wane.

* * *

If the German Emperor looked haggard, as the cables noted, during his recent visit to England, it is not to be wondered at, having in mind the frightful scandal that has been unearthed almost at his very doors. The author of the sensation is one Maximilian Harden, who has been styled by some the purifier of public life. Herr Harden is a journalist, and has long been a politician. For many years he was a friend of Bismarck, though they were by no means at one on public matters. He owns a newspaper called the *Zunkunft,* which he founded fifteen years ago, and which has probably, of all German newspapers, the most intellectual constituency. With this newspaper he has succeeded in smashing utterly what appears to have been one of the most poisonous growths that an aristocracy ever produced, and which, moreover, was so close to the court as almost to overshadow and infest it. There is no whisper, of course, against the Emperor. He is reputed to be almost a Puritan in his inner life—the German, or Prussian, monarchs have been such since the days of Frederick William—but the court circles were full of rottenness, and the terrible exposures must have been more than shocking to the clean-living Emperor. Chief of the evil circle was Prince Philip Eulenburg, high in the secret councils of the Empire, against whose influences the Chancellors from Bismarck's time had vainly striven. Little reaches this country of the wretched scandal, but the continental press is full of it and of such cartoons as that reproduced. It is no wonder that Emperor William was glad of a few days on the English sea coast.



HARDEN THE SHOWMAN

HARDEN—"Ladies and gentlemen, behold the set that ruled Germany!". —*Humoristische Blaetter* (Vienna)

* * *

The question of Oriental immigration to the American continent continues to occupy the press of the vari-

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ous English-speaking countries, all of which are directly or indirectly concerned, though none quite so keenly as Canada and the United States. There are many signs that the alliance between Great Britain and Japan will tend to become less desirable as it nears its close. The ambitions of the Oriental races, as they begin to find expression through Japan, mean fierce rivalry with the white races, and, possibly before many years, fierce wars. Count Okuma, the former leader of the progressive party in Japan, is said to have declared in a speech delivered publicly that Japan would sorely disappoint the people of India as well as ignore the opportunities given by heaven if she failed to afford protection to the millions of India now being oppressed by Europe. We must always in these days take into account the possibility of a statement being wrong and subsequently corrected in statements we do not see, and in any case if Count Okuma really said such things he may be no more representative of the national attitude of Japan than Mr. Keir Hardie is of that of Great Britain. But, taken in conjunction with the abundant evidence of Japanese aggressiveness, the deep wound the *amour propre* of Japan has received by the recent attitude of Canada and the United States render it by no means impossible that Japan will sometime lead the Eastern races in a sanguinary struggle with the Western, and the latter will probably lack the advantages of unity and solidity possessed by the former.

* * *

We have had some striking illustrations lately of the point just raised, the frequent misconstructions or misstatements relating to public matters consequent on inadequate or incorrect press reports. A glaring case was that referring to Lord Milner's remarks concerning the negotiation of a treaty with France by Canada. The cable represented Lord Milner as warning his hearers that Canada's independent action in this regard was to be regarded as a distinct menace to the Empire, and some good Canadian journals, rushing in where angels fear to tread, immediately read the ex-South African severe lectures to the effect that Canada had a perfect right to negotiate treaties independently and to do everything else independently of the Mother Country if she wished to do so, and, in short, that the Mother Country had better look out or she would do so. All of which proved to be decidedly beside the point when it was subsequently found that Lord Milner had referred to the treaty from a totally different standpoint, and intended simply to make a point for his hobby of tariff reform by indicating what he thought was likely to happen in the way of treaty-making with other countries than France and other colonies than Canada, if the Empire did not quickly endorse and put into operation some scheme of Imperial trade preference. A second case of the kind occurred with reference to the Education Board of New York and the attitude of New York Jews on the observance of Christmas, and particularly as to the singing of Christmas carols in the public schools. According to the original dispatches on the subject the Jews had protested against any reference to Christmas in the public schools and especially to the singing of Christmas carols, and the Board of Education had meekly submitted and had ruled that no mention of Christmas should be allowed in schools under its control. After some days of intermittent excitement, during which it began to look as if the Caucasians were to be mastered by the Semitics rather than by the Orientals, the dispatches told us the Board of Education had taken no such action as alleged, and that the original dispatch was due to a misunderstanding. Decidedly, Truth is still in a well—and this generation will hardly succeed in getting her out. Newspapers pay for a good press service, and it is strange they do not insist on getting it.

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Dead Leaves.

Dead leaves in the bird's nest,
And after that the snow;
That was where the bird's breast
Tenderly did go,
Where the tiny birds pressed
Lovingly—and lo!
Dead leaves in the bird's nest
Under falling snow.

Dead leaves in the heart's nest,
And after that the snow;
That was where the heart's guest
Brooded months ago,
Where the tender thoughts pressed
Lovingly—and lo!
Dead leaves in the heart's nest
Under falling snow.

—*Ethelwyn Wetherald.*

* * *

Employment For All.

IN these columns there have been several references to the inconsistent conditions under which certain employment is freely offered and yet the cry of the unemployed is heard. Recently, a case illustrating this puzzling situation was forced on public attention in San Francisco. Leona La Mar, a young and healthy woman, after searching five days in San Francisco for employment, threw herself before a street car in a desperate effort to end her troubles. The *Argonaut* pertinently asks: "Why should anybody, man or woman, have any difficulty in finding work with the means of living by it in San Francisco? Leona La Mar is young and physically competent. Why should she not have found the means of living in some one of the ten thousand places which cry aloud for willing hands? Why should a young woman starve and seek to die in a city among whose chief social problems is the difficulty of finding hands to do essential and pressing work?"

San Francisco is by no means alone in the necessity for skilled labour. The cities and towns of Canada contain thousands of households where the great demand is capable domestic help. Is it not the sheerest rubbish to talk of any healthy young woman on this continent being unable to find decent and honourable toil? A comfortable home, nourishing food and, at least, three dollars a week await the woman who is willing to enter upon domestic service. The journal aforementioned is right in ascribing this out-of-joint condition of affairs to "our fool system of education." What is stated regarding the public schools of California is true of too many institutions—that they rarely turn out a boy or a girl competent to read intelligently, to write a plain hand, or with that discipline of character essential to any kind of steady-going capability.

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In Canada, of late years, educational authorities have seen the danger of ignoring practical capability and have torn away a few of the frills and devoted more attention to a substantial fabric. We may talk as we please about "acomplishments," but the true culture never disregards the value of a clear eye, a trained hand, a disciplined will. Ruskin taught the world much concerning the wedding of art and industry, although he may have made some mistakes in his Oxford enforcement of the teaching. There is neither dignity nor right living in drudgery; but there is no pleasure greater than "the pride of the craftsman" in good work properly accomplished. The matinee girl type is too common in all walks of modern life, and it is her cheap style of diversion and ambition which leads to such tragedy as that of the lady with the melodramatic name.

* * *

Queen Victoria's Letters.

THE publication of the letters of Queen Victoria is an event of interest to all circles of the British Empire. These epistles reveal a nature both shrewd and simple, one deeply sensitive to the claims of duty and nobly unselfish in devotion to the interests of vast and complicated dominions. Although Queen Victoria was not lacking in gentle and amiable attributes, she was possessed of high spirit, and undoubted courage. A critic justly remarks that on the eve of the Crimean War the sovereign wrote a letter to Lord Aberdeen which might have been the utterance of Elizabeth herself. Her political judgments were frequently revised and her willingness to be convinced forms one of her most admirable features. Common sense is declared to be a most uncommon gift, but Queen Victoria seems to have possessed a large share of it.

The selection of correspondence covers the period from 1837 to 1861, and closes with a note of tragedy, for in the latter year the death of the Prince Consort dissolved a union which had been rarely happy and sympathetic. The words in which reference is made to her loss are pathetic in their desolate simplicity. It is this union of administrative power with the domestic virtues which makes the figure of Victoria so remarkable. It has become the fashion of certain journals aiming at fashionable smartness to speak disparagingly of her homely qualities and to use the term "Victorian" in light scorn of the spirit of the sovereign to whom "duty" was a sacred word. Nothing could be a more dignified rebuke to such scoffing than this simple record of a life, not perfect indeed, but given to high thought and noble service.

* * *

Four Deaths a Day.

THE women of Canada are fairly aroused to the necessity for providing tuberculosis hospitals. Ottawa recently held a "Streets-of-Paris" bazaar at which over twelve thousand dollars went far towards such a cause. It is now being urged that there should be medical inspection of pupils in all the primary and secondary schools. In this way, children who are slightly affected with tubercular trouble might be warned of their danger and saved from untimely death. In one month there were one hundred and forty-three deaths from this disease in the Province of Ontario alone. Is it not time for Canadians to realise their duty in this matter? The record of more than four lives a day is largely attributable to ignorance and the apathy of the public. The National Council of Women and the Daughters of the Empire are thoroughly in sympathy with the movement for tuberculosis hospitals in every county, and let us hope they will have masculine support.

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Would-Be Voters.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER and Mr. Fielding may congratulate themselves that Canada has so far not been able to raise an army of suffragettes. The members of our Canadian Cabinet must be glad that they hold the reins of Government at Ottawa, not at Westminster, when they hear of the way in which Mr. Birrell, Mr. Asquith and even Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman himself are being badgered by ladies (!) in search of a vote. These gentle creatures have fallen out among themselves in consequence of one stalwart woman, Mrs. Parkhurst by name, desiring to dominate the association. How familiar this little disturbance sounds! But the suffragettes are united once more when the common enemy, a Cabinet Minister, appears on the scene. Even the charming and affable Augustine Birrell cannot quell the rising rage of these unfair dames who break up his meetings, until the police appear on the scene and carry off the shrieking and struggling disturbers of the peace. After all, perhaps the suffragettes are only bored and merely wish to have an exciting little change of programme. Cannot we get up a vaudeville performance of this sort in Canada? It is always a trifle dull after Christmas, and if some energetic sisters would only go to Ottawa after 1908 has fairly set in and worry Sir Wilfrid, Hon. W. S. Fielding, Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux and gallant Sir Frederick by shrieking after them for votes whenever such Ministers drive along Sparks street, the country would be highly diverted and the writers of the funny columns in our daily press would make haste to applaud the daring maids and matrons. The Legislature of Ontario contains one valiant member, who arises every year, and suggests that women should have votes. Friends and foes alike deride him, but his purpose is unshaken. But there should be a Dominion champion. Who would be better to fight and die in such a cause than Mr. Henri Bourassa, who is not, at present, occupied with any other burning question? He would rather enter upon a formidable contest than be Premier of this glorious country. Why shouldn't he study the woman suffrage question and come out as a champion of vote-seeking womanhood?

* * *

Sensational Columns.

AN Eastern correspondent has written to protest against the fashion in which crimes are exploited in some Canadian papers. The writer sends a copy of an Eastern newspaper, which is certainly offensive enough with its scare headings and its columns of sensational elaboration of murder and divorce cases. We have not yet arrived at the extravagance of applauding a murderess as she rolls off in an automobile, and there is no reason why any of our journals should use red letters and half pages of space in setting forth the perfidy and final murder achieved by a thoroughly unsavoury woman. Yet such seems to be the policy of the paper which, our correspondent justly declares, is not fit to enter her home. Last year a wretched New York case was discussed and "featured" to a disgusting degree in some Canadian papers, while others showed commendable restraint. There does not seem to be any remedy for this evil, unless the better class of citizens protest vigorously and practically against unnecessary dwelling upon sordid offences. Nearly everyone reads the newspapers in these days and, to the credit of Canadian editors be it said, few of our publications are morbidly sensational.

* * *

Military Drill in Schools.

THE matter of military drill in the schools has lately been discussed by certain associations of Canadian women, who strongly disapprove of such exercises, and who wish the Government to interfere in the matter. It

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is to be hoped that the Government will have too much sense to do anything of the kind. The idea that such drill encourages an unthinking militarism and makes the young schoolboy a blood-thirsty citizen is quite mistaken. In fact, Canadian boys are in need of just such drill, if we may judge from the shambling walk and round shoulders of too many Canadian lads. Like almost every other good thing, military drill may be so carried out as to be an injury rather than a benefit; but, if we secure the right class of instructors for our schools, there is little fear of such discipline having any but excellent effects. War is a terrible condition, but military drill does not mean war—it means readiness. All these wise citizens who are so fervent in their hatred of war and their condemnation of the soldiery would do well to remember the blood sacrifices of the past which have bought our civil and religious liberty. Do not let us discredit our own ancestry by speaking of members of the army as if "the widow's uniform were the soldier man's disgrace." We depend, after all, on the strength of the citizen soldier's right arm, and when there's a rebellion we are wonderfully willing to shelter ourselves behind the militia. We do not require a standing army, but we do need a large body of citizens who know what military discipline means. These good people who would abolish all references to war will be in a dilemma when they come to the Old Testament and will probably revise such phrases as "God of Battles."

Boys cannot be brought up as molly-coddles. It is not necessary to crush the fighting spirit but to direct it properly. Brutality is not found any more in excessive militarism than in excessive commercialism. To some of us, the grasping capitalist who crushes women and children in the slow death of the modern sweat shop is more repulsive than the departed Alvas and Modenas.

* * *

A Lady of Merit.

At the threshold of her eighty-eighth year, Miss Florence Nightingale has been given the Order of Merit by King Edward. It may safely be remarked that no other honour granted by His Majesty can be more popular than his recognition of Florence Nightingale's services to humanity. Before the years of the Crimean War, this gentle Englishwoman had given much toil and thought to hospital work, but when she heard of the wounded and diseased soldiers without proper care she offered her services to the Secretary of War and departed for the Crimea with thirty-four assistant nurses. What that band meant to the suffering thousands can be but feebly grasped in these days of anæsthetics and the Red Cross. When she returned, after eighteen months of such unselfish devotion as few women display in a lifetime she was honoured by Queen Victoria and other rulers, while the British Parliament, with practical Saxon sense, gave her fifty thousand pounds, which she used to establish the "Nightingale Training School for Nurses." "Kit," of the *Mail and Empire*, picturesquely describes the later days of this heroic woman.

"Down in Derbyshire, on her beautiful estate, Florence Nightingale is passing through the evening of her life calmly and peacefully. A sudden sunset illumines the darkening shadows. A blaze of light surrounds her invalid chair. England has remembered! Has the honour come too late to give keen pleasure to this great old woman? Why did it not come before?"

Jean Graham.

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The Front Window

ON the eve of a new year there is much evidence of a human weakness in the ease with which many persons resolve to do this thing or not to do that thing during the next twelvemonth. A resolution of that kind is better not considered at all if it be not made with a proper appreciation of its significance. Most determinations that are provoked only by the appropriateness of the occasion seldom live long after the hour of making. They are the wish of the moment, but they rarely become the father of the deed. Some persons make a practice, once a year, of looking about for something to take on or to leave off. Their practice is not a result of conviction; it is rather a result of fancy. The idea has attraction; and, having thought of something of no great moment, these persons go about asking their acquaintances whether they also have made any "resolves." But it is, after all, a human characteristic for us to wish to do better. Who does not possess it? Still, are we willing to do better? It is a comforting thing for us to think that we should like to do better; but, right down in our hearts, is our resolution to do so or otherwise sincere? We think there are some things that we should not do and other things that we should do, but in most instances, when it comes to the test, we fail both ways. Is it that we fail in our judgment of what is right or wrong, or do we naturally incline toward the wrong? For instance, we might resolve to have no more bazaars, but almost as sure as fate we would go right on having them. Would a resolution of that kind be wrong, or is it a human weakness that we cannot help having bazaars? Perhaps it would be easier for us to resolve that we would attend no more bazaars, but that again would be regarded as a human weakness, an act of selfishness. So it seems that no matter which way we look at it, we face a human weakness, if these phenomena could be called weaknesses. Doubtless the wisest thing to do is to resolve not to make any resolutions, and then to wait for a good opportunity to make at least one.

* * *

Canadian Writers.

It is always gratifying to a writer to have his work appear in the Christmas number of a reputable magazine. Editors almost invariably use their finest discrimination in choosing the material for the number that will bear the name of the greatest festival of the year, and so when a writer sees his name in the table of contents he knows that it is among the best that the editor has had to offer. It should be all the more gratifying, therefore, to those who read *The Canadian Magazine* to know that Canadian writers have been unusually well represented in the best magazines of the United States. Indeed, it is a fact

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worthy of special mention that names of Canadian writers can be found in many of the so-called American magazines from month to month. In the Christmas numbers Mr. Arthur Stringer takes first place with verse contributions to *Everybody's, McClure's, Success, The Smart Set,* and a contribution also of fiction to *Everybody's.* Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts contributes a short story to *Appleton's,* Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay a poem to *Scribner's,* Mr. Owen E. McGillicuddy a poem to *Outing,* Mr. W. R. Givens an article to *The World To-day,* Mr. Bliss Carman a poem in *The Smart Set,* Miss Agnes Deans Cameron an article to *The Atlantic Monthly,* Miss Agnes C. Laut an article to *Appleton's,* Mr. Louis A. Holman an article to *Appleton's,* and Mr. Archibald Sullivan a poem to *Appleton's.* Doubtless other names could be found if one had time to make a careful survey of the whole field, but the foregoing should be enough to attract attention.

Mr. Harvey O'Higgins recently won a prize of a thousand dollars in a short story competition conducted by *Collier's.* Miss Marjorie L. C. Pickthall has just taken a prize of two hundred dollars in the New York *Circle's* competition. She has also placed a short story with *The Atlantic Monthly,* and a poem with *Scribner's.* Mr. Norman Duncan has been sent to the East for *Harper's.* One of Mrs. Virna Sheard's stories and a poem have been accepted by *The New England Magazine,* and another story by a popular English magazine. But most gratifying of all to us, as we look out from *The Front Window* at this array of Canadian writers passing in review, is the fact that most of them can trace their beginnings to *The Canadian Magazine.*

* * *

A Real "Canadian Literature Club."

In the picturesque town of St. Andrews, New Brunswick, there is in connection with Greenock Presbyterian Church an organization known as the Canadian Literature Club. Its name is not a misnomer. Its wares do not belie its sign. Here is a list of the subjects chosen for discussion during the season: "Grand Pré in Literature," "Literary Periods in the History of New Brunswick," "Ralph Connor's New Book," "Charles Sangster, the Canadian Wordsworth," "Bible Characters in Canadian Literature," "Favourite Characters in Canadian History and Literature," "Some New Canadian Books of the Year," "Literary Possibilities in the History of St. Andrews," "Literary Products of Canada's Great West."

That list and the circumstances in which it appears is one of the best evidences we have of genuine patriotism. What a difference between the work of that club and the dozens of other clubs in Canada whose members speculate and cross-fire over the chance significance of a passage from Browning or a phrase from Dante! One should try to become acquainted first with the literary productions of one's own country, and, having done that, one need not feel ashamed if one should on occasion have to admit ignorance of the literary productions of some other country.

* * *

One's Own Country First.

The same spirit that should prompt one to know literature of one's own country first should also urge towards a knowledge of its geographical features and natural beauties before venturing farther afield. But of those who travel for the benefits that travel affords, how many begin at home? It is a very nice thing for a Canadian to visit Europe and to absorb the atmosphere of the old world, but how infinitely better it would be for him, before going, to make acquaintance with Canada. There is so much to be seen and enjoyed in the Dominion, so much of real interest, with a variety of aspects rarely excelled, that

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it is a great wonder why more Canadians do not take advantage of so magnificent an opportunity. It makes little difference whether the course be eastward or westward, the opportunity for culture and improvement is equally splendid. All over the Maritime Provinces nature is lavish with her charms; Quebec is noted for its quaint picturesqueness; Ontario affords an opportunity for witnessing the highest kind of husbandry; Manitoba and Saskatchewan present an expanse of almost awe-inspiring possibilities, while Alberta and British Columbia, of themselves, possess an ever-changing panorama of scenic grandeur. In her external aspects Canada is magnificently endowed, but there are as well a great variety of social and commercial conditions, all going to make of her a country not easily known but well worth knowing.

* * *

Canadian Art Not Fully Appreciated.

It is generally admitted by those who pretend to know that among Canadian artists pictures are being produced that will in all fairness compare with similar work produced anywhere; that is, that we have marine pictures that are as good as the best of the kind throughout the world; that we have allegorical paintings equally worthy of praise, and certain branches of landscape work that is also first-class. But it seems almost impossible to make many of those who buy pictures in Canada see merit in local productions. On the excuse of rareness or curiosity they will buy the work of dead men, but when it comes to a Canadian landscape or waterscape by a Canadian artist, with few exceptions, the pictures oftentimes have to go a-begging. Frequently foreign subjects from foreign brushes sell for three or four times as much, even though they be inferior in quality. This lack of home appreciation has been in particular evidence this season, the work of well-known artists like Frederick S. Challener, W. E. Atkinson, F. M. Bell-Smith, George Chavignaud, R. F. Gagen and C. M. Manly receiving inadequate support. These are the names of those who have had auction sales or public exhibitions in Toronto alone, and it is safe to say that, with perhaps one or two exceptions, expenses were no more than met. It was the first sale that Mr. Challener had had in a good many years, and yet his pictures, everything he had, went at ridiculously low prices. Mr. Atkinson, a clever water colourist, has been studying the Canadian field for almost a score of years, and yet most of his pictures were unsold. Mr. Chavignaud, a Frenchman who came some years ago to make a permanent business of painting Canadian landscapes and who has been doing conscientious, characteristic work, found that the pictures of foreign subjects that he offered for sale several years ago were taken at about twice the prices that he dared ask for his Canadian subjects. Mr. Manly and Mr. Gagen, at auction, were more successful. And it can be said with confidence that no country offers a better natural opportunity than Canada for the painter of marine or land subjects.

* * *

India Again.

Mr. Saint N. Sing, wishing to correct what he regards as a misunderstanding of his position, writes:—

The position of the writer of "The Irony of British Rule in India," and "The Grievances of East Indians," published in recent numbers of this magazine, has been misunderstood. He merely endeavoured to explain the native viewpoint. He is not soured against the British people; nor will he gain if the demands of Indian agitators are granted. Hindus are coming to realise that the Indian interests clash with those of the Britishers. Intelligent Indians feel that England has exploited India—throt-

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tled her industries to advance Manchester manufactures.

The impression is becoming general that the cleavage between the two largest sections of natives—the Hindus and Mahomedans—has been kept up and, of late years, widened, in order to weaken the people of India and make it possible for 150,000 white men to lord it over 300,000,000 Asiatics. The present agitation dates from the time when the Province of Bengal was partitioned against the will of the people, which act East Indians interpret as an effort to divide and rule.

The apologists for English bureaucracy in India allege that the British are there because the Indians are incompetent to administer their estate. Muscles that are not used become flabby. Brains that are not employed in attending to affairs become worthless. The people of India, for a century and a half, have been deprived of governing their country. No wonder that they are degenerating.

The annual income of an average East Indian is computed to be about fifty cents a month. The people do not die of starvation because foodstuffs are not available in the land. They simply lack money to buy food.

Indians do not desire a "good government." They want a national government with native administrators. The world-forces are leagued against England's retaining Indian as a "Dependency." Hindus feel ashamed of their position as a set of whining serfs—to be off their land in their own country and pay taxes to foreigners or their native allies.

* * *

THE MONEY STRINGENCY.

In view of lightness in the money market, which has been infinitely more marked in the United States than in Canada, it is interesting to read what Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, the great American banker, had to say at the opening session of the American Academy of Political and Social Science in New York. It was at this meeting that a proposal was heard to create a great central banking institution, backed by the United States Government, a chief object of which would be to prevent crises such as the recent one. Mr. Schiff said in part:—

"The origin of the crisis is to be sought mainly in too great an expansion of enterprise of every nature, both corporate and individual. This, as a consequence, caused a straining of financial requirements, and particularly of credit beyond legitimate limits. 'Prosperity run riot' expresses best, perhaps, the condition which existed and which brought us to our present plight. Nothing is probably so largely responsible for the breakdown as the obstinacy with which new enterprises became fostered; in the enormous volume of business which was developed in every quarter, even in the face of a steadily increasing money scarcity, and further in the stubbornness with which it was insisted that the country was so prosperous and rich that particular caution and prudence were not needed, the march forward was made with a totally unprotected rear. . . We have seen how the suspension of cash payments by the banks in the leading centres compelled us to throw upon Europe the burden of financing our cash requirements almost entirely during the important period of the crop movement, and forced the Bank of England into the position, so mortifying for us, where it has to assume this burden almost single-handed."

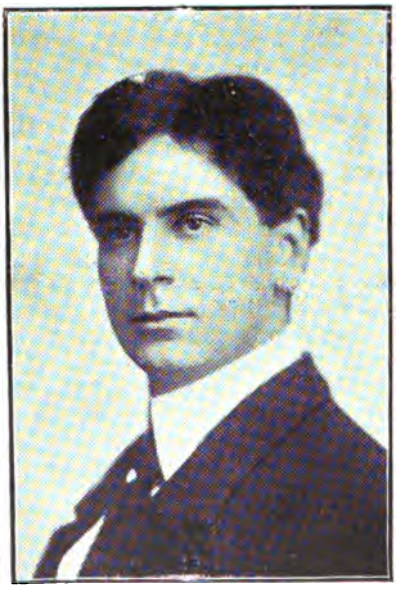
The Editor

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STRINGER STRIKES A HIGH NOTE.

A VERY important publication from a Canadian literary standpoint is Mr. Arthur Stringer's latest volume of verse, which is entitled "The Woman in the Rain and Other Poems" (Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Cloth, $1.25). The book contains a large variety of verse, running almost the whole gamut of form from the quatrain to the drama. But if the author had never written anything but the poem that gives title to the volume he would still have claim to a creditable place in contemporaneous poetry. In it there is a breaking away from the deeply indented paths that the poets of nature have so long followed, and in the newer way we find a picture of human experience that is terrible in its contrasts and awful in its measure of truth. In a word, it deals with the abandoned creature of the street, with the hag, round whose "perfumed languor" men once "wasted all their goodly hours and hated while they loved." Even the opening lines strike a high note and are full of poetical vigour:



ARTHUR STRINGER
Author of "The Woman in the Rain and Other Poems."

In God's uncleansing rain
It sits and waits,
This huddled heap of rags and ashen hopes,
This timeless thing of mumbling unconcern,
That holds all coffined in its agued bones
The embittered lives of men.

The picture is not pleasant, and yet, how true it is! And as the poet unfolds the scene its awfulness becomes more and more impressive, until the curtain is finally drawn in pity, following these lines:

For round her throb and glow the valiant lamps
Of midnight cities she has never known;
Spices of Sodom, and strange musks of Troy,
The fumes of Karnac, and the myrrhs of Rome,
Cling destined round her tremulous old limbs
That once to languid music throbbed amid
The sultry nights of laughing Hawadan,
The golden glooms of Corinth, dark with sighs
That down regretful ages echo still!

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For Thais and bold Phryne breathe in her,
Aspasia and Delilah, Jezebel
And Agrippina from her pallid eyes
Look forth with Lydian madness, and she nears
The plashing fountains of grey Babylon,
The breathing music of lost Ninevah,
Still steeped in golden moonlight and in sin!
And as she creeps in mumbling unconcern
To-night more desolately sterile than
The rain-swept stones she paces, scarred and torn
With timeless centuries of huddled sins,
A menace and a taint, deep in her broods
Derisively earth's million-hearted ache!

There is so much in the volume, apart from this particular poem, that it is imposible to do justice to it in what must necessarily be only a meagre review. The poetical drama entitled "Sappho in Leucadia" is not a surprising conception, but its treatment displays a lofty style and much roseate expression. It is perhaps too full of unveiled passion for the average reader, and indeed it plays freely upon the lower senses and emotions, such as were vulgarly cultivated in early Greece. It is withal a striking composition.

* * *

"The Last Robin."

Rarely does a more felicitous volume of poems come from a Canadian publishing house than the one entitled "The Last Robin," by Miss Ethelwyn Wetherald (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, $1.25). Besides a generous contribution of new material, the book contains the same author's previous work, as it appeared in three volumes entitled, respectively, "The House of the Trees," "Tangled in Stars," and 'The Radiant Road." Miss Wetherald's reputation had already been made as a writer of light verse of a high order. She possesses a fine lyrical style; and indeed some of the contributions are so full of exquisite singing qualities that one cannot help regretting that only enough of them had been retained in the volume to sustain the high standard throughout. But while some of the verse scarcely does justice to the author, there is enough of the true metal to subdue criticism. One of the book's outstanding qualities is its genial, optimistic tone. The author has few grievances to air. Many pages can be turned without the experience of a harsh, complaining, sordid or morbid note. That is an admirable quality, a quality that might well be affected by many of those who are offering rhymes for sale. However, Miss Wetherald's work is not monotonously cheerful, as may be seen in such a poem as "The White Moth," which is rather long to admit of quotation here. A very good example of the quality of the work is found in the following poem:

FLOWERS AND FLAME.

Between the flowering and the flaming woods,
All greening in the rain,
The fields unfold;
The sun upon the grain
Outpours its gold,
And sweet with bloom and dew are nature's woods
Between the flowering and the flaming woods.

Between the flowering and the flaming woods
The wind bemoans a host
Of withered leaves;
The winter is a ghost
That grieves and grieves
Around a ruined house where none intrudes,
Between the flaming and the flowering woods.

O woods that break in flower or in flame,
My winged days and hours
Shall meet their doom
Like to your leaves and flowers;
Let not your bloom
And brightness put my flying years to shame,
O woods that break in flower or in flame!

* * *

C. G. D. Roberts' Poetry.

There was occasion in this department last month to observe a falling off in the quality of Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts' prose. The reference was to a volume that contained some of his earliest prose, republished. It is there-

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fore all the more gratifying now to have an opportunity to give the same author unstinted praise for his work as a poet. Of course it was as a poet that Mr. Roberts' name first came to the front, and it is in poetry that his name will live. No matter where a search might be made among current verse it would be difficult to find anything better in its way than the sonnets of this author that have appeared in a collection called "Songs of the Common Day." Mr. Roberts has had several volumes of his poems published from time to time, but recently an edition was issued with the intention of bringing under one cover the contents of the several volumes, leaving out some poems that were not counted with the best (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Cloth, $2 net). This volume includes for the first time the verses that have appeared in a volume by themselves, entitled "The Book of the Rose," a book that is respected by many as the best example of the author's art. The complete volume is divided into nine parts, as follows: "Ave! An Ode for the Shelley Centenary," "The Book of the Native," "Songs of the Common Day," "Miscellaneous Sonnets," "Ballads," "New York Nocturnes," "Miscellaneous Poems," "Poems Written Before 1880," and 'The Book of the Rose." It is twenty-seven years since Mr. Roberts' first book of verse was published, and since that time he has had a varied literary career. For a decade at least he has stood as one of Canada's foremost poets, notwithstanding the fact that he has found it to his advantage to reside in New York.

* * *

Alice as Good as Joseph.

The wonderful success that crowned William De Morgan's "Joseph Vance" has been, if anything, exceeded by his second novel entitled "Alice for Short" (Toronto: Henry Frowde. Cloth, $1.25). There is a peculiar fascination about these two books. They are unusual. "Alice for Short" is perhaps a better book than the first. "Joseph Vance" is more amusing, and for that reason it seems to be more of a favourite with men, while "Alice for Short" appeals most to women and girls. The first is called an ill-written biography, and the second a "Dickronism." All who have not read either one of them have failed to become acquainted with the work of an author whose name will be one of the few that will outlive the persons to whom they belong.

* * *

New Story by Mr. Knowles.

"The Dawn at Shanty Bay," by Robert E. Knowles (Toronto: Henry Frowde. Decorated cloth, $1) is among the most artistic of this year's holiday publications. The make-up, designing and illustrating are worthy of much admiration, and the letterpress is equally praiseworthy. The story is not long, only about 12,000 words. It is a Christmas tale, intended to indicate how hardness of heart and unforgiveness might be overcome by an awakening of latent affection. Mr. Knowles is a Presbyterian minister at Galt, and is the author of St. Cuthberts" and "The Undertow."

* * *

Almost a Lost Art.

It is safe to say that letter-writing has become almost a lost art; at any rate, it has become much degraded. There was a time, not so very long ago, when the accomplishments of a person of standing fell very short if that person did not have the training to write, if not a brilliant, at least a charming, interesting letter. Facilities for travelling and therefore for easy communication have so greatly revolutionised conditions that it is no longer found necessary for friends to correspond to the same extent that they used to, but even to-day the ability to write a good letter is a mark

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of quality. The letters of famous persons are extremely interesting documents, and therefore one can imagine the charm that attaches to "The Gentle Art" by E. V. Lucas (Toronto: The MacMillan Company of Canada. Cloth, $1.50), a volume that contains a host of epistles, carefully chosen and carefully placed. The selections are mostly from epistles of English men and women of letters, and to read them forms a good part of a liberal education.

* * *

A New Firm's First Venture.

"The Peter Pan Picture Book" (Cloth, illustrations in colours, $1.50) which McClelland & Goodchild, Toronto, are placing on the Canadian market, is the first publication of which they have accepted the exclusive agency. The volume is a splendid example of pictorial reproduction, and the letter-press is excellent. Nothing need be said of Barrie's delightful fantasy, except that in this instance it has an appropriate setting. There are twenty-eight full-page coloured illustrations by Alice B. Woodward and Daniel O'Connor.

* * *

Good Story for Boys.

For an all round good boy's story "The Red Feathers," by Theodore Roberts (Boston: L. C. Page & Company. Cloth, $1.50), is recommended. The scene is laid in Newfoundland many years ago, when the magic arts were practised and many strange and wonderful things performed. The Red Feathers, although tiny and insignificant in appearance, possessed a great charm, and whoever wore them inside his moccasins could mount the air and travel at great speed. Much strategy was therefore required to obtain and retain these feathers, and the book is composed of the adventures that take place as a result and of an account of the customs and practices of the race of red men who inhabited that dreary land.

A New Canadian Writer.

With an introduction by the Hon. D. C. Fraser, Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, J. A. H. Cameron's first novel, "A Colonel From Wyoming" (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Cloth, $1.25 net), makes its appearance. The author, who writes in a chatty, intimate way, has managed to introduce a number of typical Highland Scotch characters into his book, and being a resident of Mabou, Cape Breton, a barrister of that place, he has had excellent opportunity to study the Scotch people of that part of the Dominion. If a criticism of the book were to be ventured it would be that there is too much in it, but that is a fault that could be easily overlooked. The title is somewhat misleading, as much of the story deals with life in Nova Scotia.

* * *

Mrs. Wharton's Latest Novel.

The practice of administering a strong anæsthetic to end pain and likewise life in cases of extreme physical torment, where hope of recovery is abandoned, is condoned by Edith Wharton, author of "The House of



THEODORE ROBERTS,
Author of "Red Feathers," etc.

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Mirth," in her latest novel, entitled "The Fruit of the Tree" (Toronto: McLeod & Allen. Cloth, $1.25). Owing to her high artistic attainments as a writer, the author presents a somewhat convincing case in favour of placing on one or more individuals the dreadful responsibility of the taking of human life — convincing to those who might be carried away by the mere subtlety of her art. The story is not Mrs. Wharton's best, and yet it is an excellent example of her fine quality as a writer and of her genius for developing singular situations, and then in a very cunning manner letting the reader form his own impression of the result. It is largely a socialistic novel, dealing with the efforts of John Amberst, manager of a large cotton factory, to improve the social standing and conditions of the factory hands, and at the same time it creates three outstanding characters—John Amberst, Bessy Westmore, owner of the factory, who early in the story becomes Mrs. Amberst, and Justine Brent, a nurse, who in turn also becomes Mrs. Amberst, after she has accepted responsibility for the life of the former Mrs. Amberst by administering an overdose of morphia. Husband and wife in the end justify the nurse's action, but continue together in a rather doubtful relationship. These characters, while being well drawn, are not strong. They fail where they should be expected not to fail. But it can be said for Mrs. Wharton that they are strikingly human, even if they are not idealistic.

* * *

Collected Verse of Kipling.

In view of the recent visit to Canada of the author of "Our Lady of the Snows," it is interesting to note that a new volume of Kipling's poems has been published under the title "Collected Verse of Rudyard Kipling" (New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. Cloth, $1.50). Admirers of Kipling will be pleased to see his collected verse published in so sensible a form. The volume is a little larger than the average novel, and is printed on good paper and bound in excellent taste. It contains about 155 poems and extends to 367 pages. Besides many miscellaneous poems, there are the old favourites, together with the *Service Songs*—South African War—and the Barrack Room Ballads.

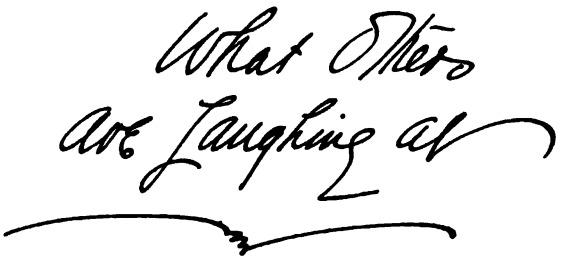
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Notes.

—Volume forty-one of *The Studio* (London) contains so much of value to all who are interested in the progress of art that it is impossible to give even a fair idea of the contents. There are between two and three hundred reproductions in excellent halftones and photogravures of the cream of the world's art, and many are full-page size and reproduced in colours. The excellence of the work throughout and the attractiveness of the subjects, together with the importance of the articles on art, make the volume one of the finest the publishers of *The Studio* have yet turned out.

—The *Christmas Globe* has once more by its artistic and literary excellence shown its right to be classed with the best holiday publications produced anywhere. It has the additional merit of being distinctly Canadian in tone. The literary contributions are all the work of Canadian writers, and the list includes well-known names, such as Goldwin Smith, Wilfred Campbell, Duncan Campbell Scott, Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, Virna Sheard, Jean Blewett, M. O. Hammond, William Banks, jun., Myrtle Corcoran Watts, Ethelwyn Wetherald and Helena Coleman. The supplementary plates are attractive and creditably executed.

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WHY BEN BOLTED

Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice, whose hair was once brown,
But now it is yellow as yellow can be,
And the change is the talk of the town.

You surely remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice, whose hair is her pride;
She inherits her beauty per Ma and per Dad,
But mostly, folks say, peroxide.

—*Toronto News.*

* * *

COULDN'T GET AT IT

AN IRISHMAN who had just united with the Catholic Church in a small town, was careless enough to let the priest catch him coming out of a saloon with a jug under his arm. The priest waited for him to come by and said:

"Pat, what is it you have in that jug?"

"Whisky, sor," answered Pat.

"Whom does it belong to?" asked the good man.

"To me and me brudder Moike, sor."

"Well, say, Pat, pour yours out, and be a good man."

"I can't sor; mine's on the bottom," answered Pat.—*Judge.*

* * *

NEEDN'T STOP FOR HIM

SHE—"I suppose you are a lover of music?"

HE—"Oh, yes; but you can go right on playing just the same!"—*New York Evening Telegram.*

TO A GERMAN BAND

OH, you who with robust Teutonic cheeks
Distended to extraordinary size,
Encamp beneath unfriendly British skies
And fill the air with strange, discordant squeaks,
Imagine not that I am one who seeks
To censure your misguided enterprise;
Your strains I welcome rather than despise,
Although they change not with the passing weeks.

I have not called down curses on your head,
Perhaps because I have the luck to own
A soul to music's influences dead,
And know not if your tunes be rightly blown;
And when I hear you I have merely said:
"This must be Friday—how the week has flown!"

—*Punch.*

* * *

THE FAMILY DOCTOR

"YOUR husband will be all right now," said an English doctor to a woman whose husband was dangerously ill.

"What do you mean?" demanded the wife. "You told me he couldn't live a fortnight."

"Well, I'm going to cure him, after all," said the doctor. "Surely you are glad?"

The woman wrinkled her brows.

"Puts me in a bit of an 'ole," she said. "I've bin an' sold all his clothes to pay for his funeral!"—*Telegraph.*

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THE YOUNGEST

I WISH that I could go to school,
An' have a double slate,
An' pencil, an' a book, an' rule.
I just can *hardly* wait.

I know my letters now as well
As Ted or any one;
I guess that I can learn to spell,
An' *then* won't I have fun?

I'll know *then* what they're talking 'bout
An' don't want me to know;
If they *do* spell the words all out,
An' I'll just *show* 'em—so!

They whisper now, an' nod an' wink,
An' smile—oh dear!—among
Them all it's pretty hard, I think,
To be so *awful* young!

One time my mother spelled a word,
And Daddy shook his head;
"I don't believe It really heard
Or noticed us," he said.

An' she said, "Little P-I-T-
C-H-E-R, you know,"
An' Daddy laughed, and looked at me,
An' said, "How she does grow!"

I haven't got so very far
In knowing things, you see,
But P-I-T-C-H-E-R
Somehow, I think, means *me!*

Edna Kingsley Wallace, in The Century.

* * *

YOU COULDN'T DISCONCERT HIM.

Two young ladies on the promenade of a seaside resort had been watching the vessels pass, through a telescope lent them by an "ancient mariner." On handing the glass back one of them remarked that it was a very good one.

"Yes, miss," said the old tar; "that 'ere telescope was given me by Lord Nelson."

"Good gracious! Why, Nelson has been dead nearly a hundred years.

"Well, I'm blowed," remarked the salty one, quite abashed; " 'ow the time do fly!"—*Judge's Library.*



FIRST TRAMP: "Well, poor Jim's dead! But, say, even in his last moments he stood by what the books'd call the 'ethics of his profession,' didn't he?"

SECOND TRAMP: "How's that?"

FIRST TRAMP: "Why, he died without a struggle." —*The Zazooster.*

* * *



ALL IN THE WAY YOU SEE IT.

MR. CARPER (a trifle short-sighted): "Don't you see how ridiculous these great hats become now that they are vulgarised by the lower classes?" —*Punch.*

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The Cariboo Trail
Illustrated

The Washington of the North
With Illustrations of Scenic Improvements at Ottawa

Last Letters of Wolfe and Montcalm

The Canadian Immigration Policy
An Outline

The Art of W. St. Thomas Smith
Illustrated

The Trade Into the North
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The Canadian Flag
A Suggestion for Canadian Clubs

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MAKING FOR HARBOUR

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7

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXX TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1908 No. 4

The Cariboo Trail

By FRANK YEIGH

A cruise on the longest stage route in America

SOME day a writer will appear who will do justice to the trails of Canada: through the hinterlands of New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario; up lonely waterways and over heights of land to farther heights and streams; across unpeopled empire areas to Arctic shores and Yukon creeks.

When such a history appears, the Cariboo trail must needs hold large space, though this particular trail is a road. Of all highways within the boundaries of the Dominion, it is the most interesting in its picturesque past, its cosmopolitan life of to-day, its variety of scenic setting and its romantic winding way, constituting the longest remaining stage route in America, operated by the famous "B. X.," as the British Columbia Express Company is locally known.

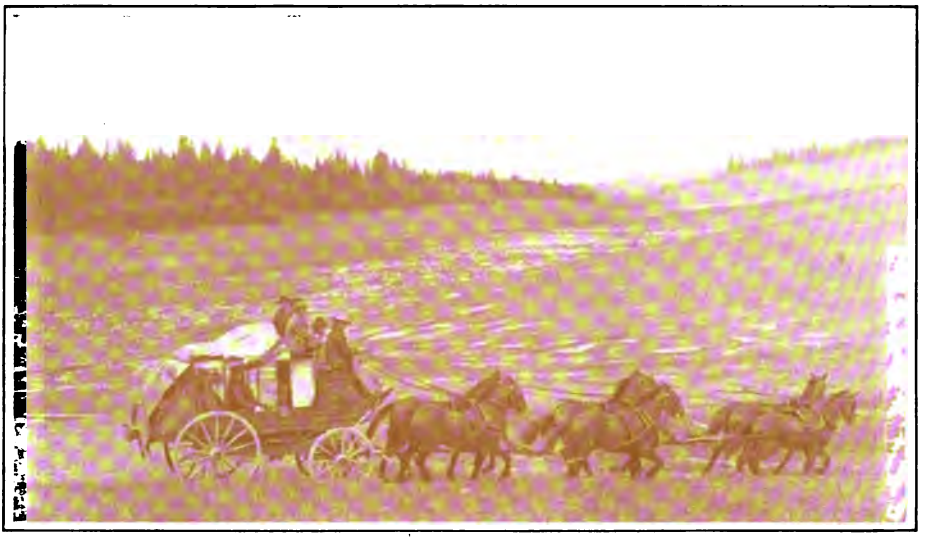
The Cariboo country is one of the many spacious parishes of British Columbia, stretching from Ashcroft and Kamloops to Barkerville and Quesnelle and beyond on the north. For nearly seven hundred miles the stage route extends, making accessible an area as large as many a State in the American Union.

Let us choose Ashcroft as our gateway for a cruise over the Cariboo trail. The town possesses the advantage of calling the west-bound traveller from his train at an hour long preceding the break o' day against the Bonaparte Hills, when the stars give just enough light to guide the sleepy tourist across the wide main street to the sleepy inn. One is conscious only of a bit of place set in a hollow of hills, and of the unceasing roar of the green-watered Thompson river as it rushes to its effacement in the yellow stream of the Fraser.

Daylight revealed a typical Western centre of population, squeezed in between the river and the railway. Anchored along its chief avenue of business were lines of ponderous freight schooners, with their canvas canopies and cavernous holes in which departmental stores of freight will be stored away for the long up-country haul.

Facing the freighters—the plebeians

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THE CARIBOO COACH UNDER WAY

of the trail—were the big stages, aristocratic in their coats of paint and architectural adornments. In the huge barns, where some of the two hundred and fifty horses of the company are stabled, the passenger-to-be is shown a coach of special gayety, in red attire, still enjoying the fame that came to it for carrying Lord and Lady Dufferin over the road away back in the seventies. Hobnobbing with this dignified old vehicle, but not presuming on an acquaintance of equality, are ranged a row of "jerkies"—an eminently suitable name applied to carriages for private parties.

It was mid-forenoon when the quartette of cruisers inaugurated their drive over part of the Cariboo highway. A group of Ashcrofters leaned against the balcony posts of the hostelry and saw us off as the driver cracked the whip, loosened the brakes and headed his lively team for the bridge that spans the Thompson. There was just time to make the first rest-house by the dinner hour. The dip to the bridge level involved an immediate climb through the canyon made in the gray hills by Bonaparte Creek, tumbling in a foam of whitecaps so far below that its voice of tumult was not heard. Cut out of the steep clay slopes, the road wound in serpentine fashion higher and higher, each turn bringing within the sweep of vision yonder ranges bathed in blue mists.

The very place names along the way illustrated its natural features. Rattlesnake Hill, an isolated rock mass, loomed up in its loneliness as if an outcast among its neighbours, and while the passersby failed to hear the rattle of the snakes for the rattle of the jerky, they were content to hear the creepy tales of serpent-hunters.

There was Cache Creek, too, where many a store of food has no doubt been placed in older journeying days. And Boston Ditch, which, in the tabloid language of the West country, once upon a time "went bust"—a phrase that fitted into many a case and place along the Cariboo since the first gold-searchers trekked over it nearly half a century ago.

For the trail has a history—history made up of the tragedies of unfulfilled dreams, of unrealised hopes, of the men who "went bust!"

It was just a century ago—in 1806—that Simon Fraser, the young fur trader, made his daring journey down

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the turbulent six-hundred-mile river that has since borne his name, and no one can gaze upon the mad-rushing stream coursing through its tortuous channel without marvelling at the intrepidity of its successful navigator.

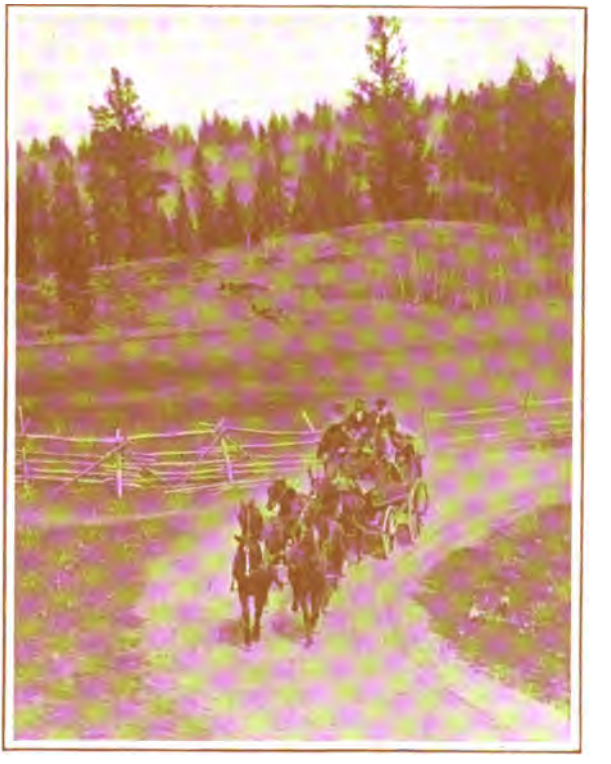
It was in 1857-8 that the Fraser River country first attracted the gold-seeker. In 1862 the rush to Cariboo was at its flow tide, and it was then that Governor Douglas built the famous highway at a cost of two million dollars, and which, even to-day, requiries forty thousand dollars a year to keep it in repair. Those were the good old days when, far up the trail, flour was fifty cents a pound; bacon, eighty cents; beans, eighty cents; and meals, two dollars and a half each. Prices even now in some lines are not on a bargain day basis, with hay $160 a ton at Barkerville and oats five cents a pound at One Hundred and Fifty Mile Station.

Every few miles a collection of primitive log huts, scattered promiscuously on either side of the road bespoke a rancherie, or Indian village. Everywhere in the West the red man appeals to one's sympathy. He is so shorn of the dignity that legend says was once his; he looks so dispossessed and beaten in the cruel racial struggle for supremacy; he falls so far short in real life of the ideal Indian we have pictured. And in the cabins of the Cariboo rancheries, where some live amid surroundings apparently inimical to a healthy existence, there is evidence of the dethronement of the original American.

Pure bred cayuses were tethered to the tie-posts or were mounted by the chubby-faced boys of the reserve, while down the road and past the little church and its surrounding graves came a retinue of the old folks, two to a *beastie,* the women flaunting bright bits of red colour against the sky line of gray and blue.

In a superheated tent, built beside an earth floor cabin, two babes swung in home-made cradle hammocks—two very sick babes, fretful under the choking heat and the troublesome flies. Resentful glances met the inquiring strangers, until the note of sympathy broke down the barriers, and smiles of welcome followed. How universal is the language of kindness. It is the Esperanto of the heart, read and interpreted by all races and tongues.

Succeeding the Indian hamlet, looking lonely and unkempt in a land of



"MAKING TIME" ON THE CARIBOO TRAIL

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ON THE ROAD NEAR 150-MILE HOUSE

sage bushes and sun-baked hills, came the irrigated oases. Blessed be water in a parched land! No wonder the eastern vendor cries out, as he sells the sweetened water, that it is the gift of Allah. And amid the barren desolation of the semi-arid region of the Lower Cariboo, the soil, with its germinating life seemingly burnt out, is ready to burst into a luxuriance of growth when its deep thirst is slaked.

Striking is the contrast: a circle of swelling hills, gray to their summits, with the dull garb of a parched vegetation, and in the bed of the valley a garden of trees and flowers and ferns; of green fields of grain, of sweet-smelling fields of hay through which runs a clear-hearted stream, lined with cottonwood trees and rushes having the first drink thereof.

Nothing fairer can be seen in all British Columbia than these water-won ranches, whether in the Okanagan and Kootenay valleys of the south or the Kamloops and Cariboo areas of the north and west.

More water will mean more ranches, more farms and orchards, more soil tillers, more wealth and prosperity, just in proportion as capital is applied to its transition from the reservoirs of the mountains to the thirsty lands of the benches and walls. To be told the actual annual yield value from a single acre of an irrigated fruit ranch in British Columbia is to tax an easterner's credulity to the straining point.

There is, too, the lure of the precious metals along the Cariboo. The very road which we traversed in easy stages during the summer days of 1907 witnessed, back in the 'sixties, the inrush of forty thousand men, seized with "the narrowing lust of gold." The few won fortune; the many failed, and echoes of the human tragedies still filter down through the years.

The enclosing hills of the trail reveal to the chance traveller their suggestions of untold mineral wealth. For miles the eye may trace the copper tints in the slopes, as in the bed of Marble Lake—that wonderful translucent pool of royal blue sleeping the centuries away at the base of the equally wonderful Marble Canyon. Farther to the north the Guggenheimers are experimenting by hydraulic processes with their recent purchases at Bullion, while along the flood-rent gorges of the Fraser the individual gold-seeker still washes out a living in pay dirt; and monster steam dredges are anchored to its banks awaiting the order of their owners to resume operations. And as British Columbia has yielded up a hundred millions in gold in the past, so no doubt as many millions' worth more are awaiting their discovery and recovery.

Every twenty miles or so the character of the country changed. After a day's driving from Ashcroft, we left the belt of aridity behind and entered upon a scene not unlike a bit of Scotland, with tree-covered hills guarding a chain of long narrow lakes at their base. "Now we've left the oven for God's country," exclaimed our driver, though the settlers along the route from Asheroft to Cole Macdonald's would probably not assent to the reflection. Herds of cattle and flocks of sheep helped to decorate the landscape; comfortable homes came

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into view with greater frequency, and nature was fair to look upon all the way to Clinton and beyond. By the roadside, however, was a bit of architecture that told of the makeshifts of the pioneers. An old piano box stood on end, and the rusty stove pipe emerging therefrom advertised the fact that it had been the one-room home of an old-timer. The rude habitation was in the same class as the ruined cabins along the way, half cellar and half log and mud huts. One's curiosity was aroused, however, regarding the piano. What was its history; who was the millionaire who could afford to pay the freight upon it, and is it still doing duty as a dispenser of music?



VIEW OF CLINTON, B.C.

Incidents of the trail were as many as the mile posts. Always picturesque were the freight caravans slowly but surely creeping their way up hills and down grades, each drawn by a score of horses. Perched high on the box seat would be a grizzled survivor of the reckless days of the past, holding a rich store of yarn and recollection in his memory. Or the driver would be a solemn Indian, or an equally immovable Chinaman, the latter trekking goods to his own merchant countrymen up the trail.

The midday halts showed the freighters cooking a meal in the most *al fresco* style, just as at night the merchandise wagons stood horseless on the street of a village. Accidents happened, too, at times. Just ahead of us, on a narrow bit of road bordering a lake, a wheel broke from a freight schooner and all traffic north and south was temporarily stayed. Our off-horse seized upon the episode to repeat a dance performance with which he had often entertained us, and could only be induced to stand on his four feet, in normal fashion, after a committee of drivers had waited upon him. Strapped to our vehicle was the broken-down wheel, which was later treated by the nearest blacksmith, eight miles away, and taken back to the waiting merchantmen.

Delightfully restful are the Cariboo inns. One is ready for both board and bed, for early to bed and early rising. The first few hours of driving, when all the world is fresh and cool and sweet, form memory-hours that will not soon fade away.

So it was the day we journeyed from Clinton to and up and over and down Pavilion Mountain. There were sufficient corkscrews on its heavy grades to supply a whole company of Kentuckians, and there were, moreover, numerous opportunities for amateur mountain climbing while the panting horses were making the ascent. But when the plateau was reached, a wondrous vision burst upon the eye: far below, a pear-shaped lake, hidden away in a tangle of trees; to the west, glimpses of the Fraser's northern course; to the farther west, the snow-crowned peaks of the Cascades, and immediately below, a fertile valley, dotted with farmhouses—a fair picture of peace and plenty in this big country of ours.

But on we pushed, for a fifty-mile course was marked out for the day's drive. Only a brief halt at the Grange for a midday meal, and then we were off for the Fraser and its environing hills of many colours. These we could see long before the first sight was

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A FIVE-SPAN HAUL UP GRADE

had of the yellow stream itself, hundreds of feet below, and many a descent, of startling steepness, had to be negotiated before we came to close quarters with the historic waterway.

I well remember the hour and the spot. The hour was ominously near sunset, with many weary miles for the tired team yet to go. The spot was at the Fountain, where the Fraser takes an acute turn, and where the scenery is of the wildest and grandest description.



CAMPED FOR DINNER ON THE CARIBOO TRAIL

It was a vast amphitheatre, the lofty river-hills showing strange sculptures in clay amid the Titanic clefts and gullies and buttes. A rainbow rested on the river, and all the colours of the rainbow were visible in the wierd earth walls on every hand. Wine-coloured masses here; red blood stained masses there, silver on the waters, gold on the mountains, and blue overhead.

It was overwhelming! The mind could scarce find a place for the lonely Shuswap grave, standing on a high bluff above the stormy stream; or for the pair of Indians, astride a diminutive pony, flashing a bit of clothing colour in our faces as they ambled by.

It was the River and the River's mighty bed that fascinated the human onlookers. With what infinity of patience nature carries the yellow soil of the northland to the making of a delta hundreds of miles to the west, and to the shifting of the gravels to the rich gold bars farther down stream.

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We have reason to remember the last stage of the day's journey from the Fountain to Lillooet. Darkness overtook us many a league from the only possible destination, and this on a road that clings sensationally to the forbidding defiles of the Fraser, now creeping around a promontory of rock; now hanging suspended over an unnerving depth.

The way was mostly down hill, but it seemed the longest down hill road ever built. Not for an instant were the brakes relaxed, nor the watchful eye of the driver allowed off its guard. It was a strange world in which we could hear the roar of the river, and it had a savage sound; we could detect its waters by a wierd ghostly light, the same that lingered on the overtopping peaks until a thunderstorm drove them away and filled the canyon with spirit mists.

Our route lay

"Where the mountain pass is narrow,
And the Torrent white and strong."

It was a course through a chaos of shades, but at last a bridge was reached; at long last the river was near at hand, and so was Lillooet, where in the midnight hours the tired and hungry but thankful wayfarers forgot the perils of the night ride in the joys of a dreamless sleep.

No space is left to sing the praises of Lillooet by sunlight, nestling amid the mountains on its fertile benchlands and dreaming of a day when the shriek of the locomotive will echo along the trail in lieu of the crack of the stage driver's lariat or the cry of his warning bugle.

Nor is space left to tell of the other days on the Cariboo till Ashcroft was again reached, the last relay of horses were released from labour, the jerky was taken to its corner in the big barn and the Cariboo-trailers had caught a two a.m. train for the elsewhere country.

But the cruise on the Cariboo has a place all to itself in the memories of its fortunate cruisers.

The Douglas Fir

By DONALD A. FRASER

Proud monarch of the West's green-fringéd hills,
Majestic pillar of the sunset sky,
In grim, dark grandeur thou dost raise on high
Thy tap'ring head to where the glory fills
The firmament. The roseate radiance thrills
My soul not more than that weird melody
The ocean breeze awakes mysteriously
Among thy boughs whenever that it wills.
Long centuries have scored thy rugged side
With gashes rude and deep; thy wounded heart
Has shed great tears, and these, congealing, hide,
Or strive to hide, the gaping rents in part;
And centuries more thou still might'st stand in pride,
But envious man now claims thee for his mart.

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Last Letters of Wolfe and Montcalm

By H. V. ROSS

By which a defence is made of Wolfe against those who parade his brigadiers, and also of Montcalm and de Ramezay

THE last letters of Wolfe and Montcalm afford a striking illustration of how the discovery of even a single document may make it necessary for a significant portion of history to be revised. The recent unearthing and interpretation of these important documents, which shed new light upon Canadian history and set at rest certain vexing historical doubts, is largely due to the researches of the present Archivist of Canada. To each of the commanders who led the opposing forces in the momentous final struggle before Quebec, posterity has accorded the meed of praise; but not unanimously. Some have tried to filch away from Wolfe the credit for conceiving and carrying out the daring plan by which Quebec was assaulted and the destiny of North America changed. Some, too, have cast a slur upon the generalship of Montcalm, as well as upon the act of de Ramezay in capitulating the city a few days after the French leader's death. Apart from their perennial interest as being the final written utterances of the opposing chieftains, the last letters of Generals Wolfe and Montcalm possess great value as pieces of historical evidence; for one of them shows that the glory of the taking of Quebec was Wolfe's and not his brigadiers', while another goes far to prove that de Ramezay's surrender of the city was not the precipitate act of a weakling or a coward, but an unhappy extremity forced upon him against his will.

The last letters of Wolfe are among the treasures of the British Museum. That institution obtained them from the Earl of Chichester, who had discovered them among the Newcastle papers. They were first published in "The Siege of Quebec and the Battle of the Plains," in 1902, and have since been mentioned by Waddington in his "*Guerre de Sept Ans.*" In neither case has their full significance been appreciated or understood. No other writer has apparently been aware of their existence. To the student of the affairs of old Quebec their importance is at once so manifest that this inference is fairly drawn: had Parkman, Warburton, Kingsford, LeMoine, Townshend, Casgrain or Garneau been aware of their existence, they would have given us an entirely different version of the last few hours of the siege. If any one of this group of writers could have availed himself of the final correspondence that passed between Wolfe and his brigadiers, he could have laid for all time the doubt that has probably caused more controversy than anything else in relation to the siege of Quebec—the source of the idea and authorship of the plan of attack. The mere printing of the letters would almost have sufficed: they tell their own story. It is patent from reading them that almost up to the last moment before commencing operations the brigadiers, instead of being the conceivers and formulators of the plan of attack, were ignorant of its details

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and of the exact spot against which it would be directed.

Most of the authorities have been agreed in attributing the conception of the plan to General Wolfe's three brigadiers —Monckton, Townshend and Murray. This is the position taken by Casgrain, Wright and Colonel Townshend, for example; and Warburton differs from them only in attributing it to one of the brigadiers, namely Townshend. Parkman, whose name stands for erudition and persistent research, touches upon the matter more than once, yet his attitude is on the whole non-committal. It is, however, characterised by his usual acumen and soundness. For instance, concerning Wolfe's early conception of the possibility of assaulting the city from the Heights, after a landing had been effected not far above the town, Parkman has this paragraph: "At the outset, before he (Wolfe) had seen Quebec and learned the nature of the ground, he had meant to begin the campaign by taking post on the Plains of Abraham, and thence laying siege to the town; but he soon discovered that the Plains of Abraham were hardly more within his reach than was Quebec itself."

The fact is that on the 9th of May, 1759, months before the capture of Quebec, Wolfe wrote to his uncle a letter which clearly reveals that even then the General had in mind the plan which he ultimately put into effect. In it he speaks of stealing a detachment of men up the St. Lawrence, landing three, four or five miles above the town and strongly entrenching them there. He was thinking at the same time of an alternative, which was to land his men at Montmorency and force his way into the town by way of the River St. Charles. The latter course was first tried and ended in failure.

There can be no doubt that after this failure at Montmorency the British general gave an ever-increasing amount of consideration to the more daring and difficult scheme which had suggested itself to him back in May. On the 20th of July he was certainly thinking of it, for on that date he sent Major Dalling to reconnoitre the shore in the vicinity of Anse du Foulon. Before the 20th of August, however, Wolfe fell sick, and for more than a week was debarred from active direction of the campaign. By the 29th he had recovered sufficiently to be able to send a letter to his brigadiers, but was still far from well enough to go on with the desperate plan he had in mind and which he was to carry out later.

This letter to the brigadiers was dated from headquarters at Montmorency, and in part said: "That the public service may not suffer by the General's indisposition, he begs the brigadiers will be so good to meet, and consult together for the public utility and advantage, and to consider of the best method of attacking the enemy. If the French army is attacked and defeated, the General concludes the town would immediately surrender, because he does not find they have any provisions in the place." The balance of the letter outlines three possible plans of attack, but none of them is the assault by way of the cliff and the Plains of Abraham.

The answer of the brigadiers came back on the following day. They disapproved of Wolfe's three suggestions and offered this substitute: "We, therefore, are of the opinion," they wrote, "that the most probable method of striking an effectual blow is by bringing the troops to the south shore and directing our operations above the town. When we have established ourselves on the north shore, of which there is very little doubt, the M. de Montcalm must fight us upon our own terms, we are between him and his provisions, and betwixt him and the French army opposing General Amherst. If he gives us battle and we defeat him, Quebec must be ours, and which is more, all Canada must submit to His Majesty's arms."

The plan submitted by the brigadiers involved a landing on the north shore four leagues above Quebec, where, although natural conditions offered no special obstacle, the shore was guarded by bodies of French troops placed there at short intervals by order of Montcalm, while at Cap Rouge, seven miles above the town, Bougainville kept watch with a strong force of men. Wolfe, at this time

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unable because of his health to direct the execution of his own idea, temporarily approved the plan. "Wolfe embraced it at once," writes Parkman. "Not that he saw much hope in it. He knew that every chance was against him." And a little farther on the same writer quotes from Wolfe's letter to Admiral Saunders, in which the General speaks of the projected attack on Quebec. "My ill state of health," wrote Wolfe, "prevents me from executing my own plan; it is of too desperate a nature to order others to execute."

This very significant language seems to have made no particular impression upon Parkman. Had he known of the recently discovered letters he would have had the key to Wolfe's expression. On the other hand Colonel Townshend, in the biography of his ancestor, who was Wolfe's brigadier, asserts that Wolfe instantly adopted the plan of the brigadiers, an assertion which the evidence that has come to light should force him to retract. The development of the situation is unmistakable.

On the last day of August, Wolfe was strong enough to leave the house for the first time since his attack of illness, and on the 2nd of September he sent off his last despatch to Pitt. It contained this statement of his circumstances and of the proposed attack: "I found myself so ill, and am still so weak, that I begged the general officers to consult together for the general utility. They are all of the opinion that, as more ships and provisions are now got above the town, they should try, by conveying up a corps of four or five thousand men.....to draw the enemy from their present situation and bring them to an action. I have acquiesced in the proposal, and we are preparing to put it into execution."

That they were actually making ready to strike a blow along the lines suggested by the brigadiers is confirmed by a letter of Admiral Holmes, and had Wolfe's health continued to render him unfit for close attention to his duties the blow would undoubtedly have been attempted in the way proposed. But he recovered sufficiently to be able to inquire more closely into the feasibility of his own plan and to develop its details.

A delay of three days was caused by wet weather, during which time Wolfe reconnoitred the north shore of the river in the vicinity of Pointe aux Trembles. On the morning of the 10th of September, accompanied by Holmes, Monckton, Townshend, Col. Carleton and Capt. Delaune, the last two of whom were his personal friends, he continued his scrutiny down the river at Sillery, and finally chose the Foulon as the best landing place for the troops. This place is about two and a half miles above the city; it is significant that in his letter of May, already commented upon, Wolfe had named a spot only three or four miles above it.

On the afternoon of the same day General Wolfe acquainted Col. Burton, in part, with the purpose he had formed: "To-morrow," he wrote, "the troops reembark, the fleet sails up the river a little higher, as if intending to land above upon the north shore, keeping a convenient distance for the boats and armed vessels to fall down to the Foulon; and we count (if no accident of weather or other prevents) to make a powerful effort at that spot about four in the morning of the 13th. At ten or eleven, or twelve at night, sooner or later, as may be necessary, of Wednesday, the 12th, we get into our boats."

The recipient of this letter knew no more of the exact spot chosen for the landing than the letter told him, and even the two brigadiers, Monckton and Townshend, who were with the General when he selected the spot in the morning, had not been taken fully into their superior's confidence. Indeed, viewed in one light, Wolfe was singularly reticent; it was part of his policy, for he probably deemed it wise to be so lest, through some inadvertence, the enemy might get an inkling of his intentions. Had he lived he would have explained this policy which, as it fell out, was misunderstood at the time and has been misunderstood ever since.

Weeks before the decision was arrived at, General Wolfe had given some attention to Foulon as the objective point of

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an assault, for the fact is recorded, under date of July 18th, in the journal of an officer of Fraser's regiment. The result of his reconnoitring was to confirm his belief that the attack could be most effectually delivered by way of the Foulon, and the plan of the brigadiers, in so far as it differed from Wolfe's own idea, was dropped. This change of plan is described in a letter of date the 18th of September, 1759, written by Admiral Holmes, who was entrusted with the landing of the troops on the morning of the battle.

"A plan," he wrote, "was immediately set on foot to attempt a landing about four leagues above the town, and it was ready to put into execution when General Wolfe reconnoitred down the river and fixed upon Foulon, a spot adjacent to the Citadel, which, though a very strong ground, being a steep hill with abbatis laid across the accessible parts of it and a guard on the summit. He, nevertheless, thought that a sudden brisk attack, a little before daybreak, would bring his army on the plain, within two miles of the town. The alteration of the Plan of Operation was not, I believe, approved of by many besides himself."

It was only natural that the brigadiers should feel some resentment and irritation at Wolfe's decision, which seemed to override their best judgment and assert the independent authority of the commander. Probably the fact that his plan lacked their approval was a strong contributing cause to the secrecy with which he enveloped its details, for clearly the brigadiers were not cognisant of these details within a few hours of the beginning of the execution of the plan. Proof of the latter statement follows.

From on board the *Leostaff*, on September 12, not many hours before the battle took place, Generals Monckton, Townshend and Murray wrote the following letter to Wolfe: "As we do not think ourselves sufficiently informed of the several parts which may fall to our share in the execution of the descent you intend tomorrow, we must beg leave to request from you, as distinct orders as the nature of the thing will admit of, particularly as to the place or places we are to attack. This circumstance (perhaps very decisive) we cannot learn from the public orders, neither may it be in the power of the naval officer who leads the troops to instruct us. As we should be very sorry, no less for the public than our own sakes, to commit any mistakes, we are persuaded you will see the necessity of this application, which can proceed from nothing but a desire to execute your orders with the utmost punctuality."

This letter, signed by the three brigaiers, was delivered to Wolfe on board the *Sutherland*. The General was at the time closeted with his old friend and comrade, John Jervis, to whom, with a foreboding of death on the morrow, he was engaged in confiding his last tender messages to kindred and friends across the sea. The letter recalled him to the stern duty of the hour. The time was half-past eight on the evening of the 12th and the place was the cabin of the *Sutherland*. Wolfe seized his pen and wrote his last two letters, one to Monckton in answer to the joint letter of the brigadiers, the other a short note to Brigadier Townshend. To Monckton he wrote:

"Sir,—My reason for desiring the honour of your company with me to Gorham's post yesterday, was to show you, as well as the distance would permit, the situation of the enemy, and the place where I meant they should be attacked; as you are charged with that duty, I should be glad to give you all further light and assistance in my power. The place is called the Foulon, distant upon two miles or two and a half from Quebec, where you remember an encampment of twelve or thirteen tents and an abbatis below it. You mentioned to-day that you had perceived a breastwork there, which made me imagine you are as well acquainted with the place as the nature of the thing would admit of. I took Capt. Shads with me also and desired the Admiral's attendance, that as the former is charged by Mr. Saunders with conducting the boats, he might make himself as much a master of his part as possible; and as several of the ships of war are to

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fall down with the troops, Mr. Holmes would be able to station them properly after he had seen the place. I have desired Mr. Holmes to send the boats down, so that we may arrive about half an hour before day, as you desired to avoid the disorder of a night attack, and I shall be present myself to give you all the aid in my power.

"The officers who are appointed to conduct the divisions of boats have been strictly enjoined to keep as much order and to act as silently as the nature of the service will admit of, and Capt. Shads will begin to land the men a little off this side of the naked rock, which you must remember to have seen; within which (to the eastward) the enemy is posted.

"It is not a usual thing to point out in the public orders the direct spot of our attack, nor for any inferior officers not charged with a particular duty to ask instructions upon that point. I had the honour to inform you to-day, that it is my duty to attack the French army. To the best of my knowledge and abilities I have fixed upon that spot where we can act with the most force and are likely to succeed. If I am mistaken, I am sorry for it, and must be answerable to His Majesty and the public for the consequences."

The note to Townshend reads:

"Sir,—General Monckton is charged with the first landing and attack at the Foulon; if he succeeds you will be pleased to give directions that the troops afloat be set on shore with the utmost expedition, as they are under your command, and when 3,600 men now in the fleet are landed I have no manner of doubt but that we are able to fight and to beat the French Army, in which I know you will give your best assistance."

These are the letters which, taken in conjunction with that of the brigadiers' and with other attending circumstances, settle beyond the cavil of a doubt the responsibility for the plan of assault by which Quebec was taken. Written a few hours before operations actually commenced, and when all arrangements had been finally settled, they supply absolute proof that the glory of the daring enterprise was Wolfe's and Wolfe's alone. The correspondence here quoted, however, shows that Wolfe had not his own glory or aggrandisement in view, but only the glory and good of his country. He was not too proud or headstrong to adopt the plan of his brigadiers when nothing better could be done; but his military genius had devised a better one, the success of which largely depended upon his own personal supervision. It was fortunate for Wolfe and for the British arms before Quebec that his partial restoration from illness permitted him at the crucial moment to put his masterly proposition to the test.

The last letter of Montcalm throws a new light upon the capitulation of Quebec. There has always been a considerable difference of opinion as to whether or not the Chevalier de Ramezay, commandant of Quebec, was recreant to his duty in surrendering the city to the English. In the main de Ramezay's memory has suffered unjustly. To a great extent the historians who have felt like censuring him drew their inspiration from Vaudreuil, the incompetent Governor-General of New France at the time of the war.

To his other sins of omission and of commission Vaudreuil added a selfish facility in transferring the blame for his own mistakes upon the shoulders of others. When de Ramezay, under the stress of a most difficult and hopeless set of circumstances, finally capitulated, Vaudreuil, from a safe point of vantage miles away from the besieged and hungry city, feigned to be surprised that de Ramezay had given up so soon, yet he himself had instructed the commandant to that effect days before. In justice to Vaudreuil it should be said here that his censure of de Ramezay, uttered on the spur of the moment, was completely withdrawn a year and a half later when he formally exonerated him from all blame; but of this historians seem to have been strangely silent.

Doubtless de Ramezay fell short of his duty in some particulars. He might, for instance, out of the hundreds of guns which lined the battlements of Quebec,

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have sent more than a paltry two or three to Montcalm when the latter needed them so sorely on the Plains of Abraham, although it is doubtful if many of these guns would have been of service in the field. But whatever his shortcomings, it is clear that in defending the besieged town until matters had reached the extremity they did, de Ramezay was actually contravening the explicit orders of Vaudreuil and the written sanction of Montcalm, to say nothing of the almost unanimous voice of the besieged themselves. And when he did at last surrender, he gained such honourable terms as left France beaten, it is true, but not disgraced.

The instructions which Vaudreuil gave to de Ramezay anent the capitulation are matters of authenticated history. When the battle had been fought and lost, Vaudreuil, who had borne no share in it, called a council of war in his camp at Beauport and despatched a messenger to Montcalm asking for advice. The stricken general replied that three courses of action were open—to fight on, to surrender or to retreat to Jacques Cartier. A retreat was decided upon. At six o'clock on the same day, the 13th of September, Vaudreuil wrote a letter to Montcalm just before beginning his retreat from Beauport. The letter set forth reasons for his movements and contained the articles of capitulation which, after being submitted to Montcalm, were to be forwarded to de Ramezay, commandant of the town. At the direction of Montcalm, his Secretary, Marcel, replied as follows: "The Marquis de Montcalm fully appreciates your kindness and directs me to tell you that he approves of all; I have read to him your letter and the draft of capitulation, which I have delivered to M. de Ramezay together with the letter addressed by you to that officer." This letter was written at a little after ten o'clock, as the postscript shows. It said: "The Marquis de Montcalm is hardly better; however, his pulse is a little stronger at 10 o'clock."

The Governor's letter to de Ramezay, which Montcalm approved, directed the commandant that forty-eight hours after the departure of the army from Beauport, if the supply of provisions in the town ran low, he was to capitulate and not suffer the place to be carried by assault. Vaudreuil neglected, however, to apprise the commandant that in his own hasty retreat from before the terrible English he was abandoning at Beauport a large stock of provisions which de Ramezay would do well to get within the town. They were much needed before the forty-eight hours had passed.

The dying Montcalm, aware of conditions in Quebec and knowing full well how little help might be expected from Vaudreuil's troops, had sanctioned the Governor's proposal of surrender. But he did more. He wrote a letter to Townshend, the British officer whom the fortunes of war had placed in the position of leader, admitting the necessity of surrender and requesting kindness towards the sick and wounded. Curiously, this letter which implicitly testifies to the integrity and valour of de Ramezay, was lost sight of until quite recently.

A couple of years ago, Colonel Townshend, of the Royal Fusiliers, whose ancestor was Wolfe's second brigadier, discovered the letter among the family papers, where it had lain unnoticed for nearly a century and a half. It was addressed to Brigadier Townshend, in command of the British forces at Quebec. Montcalm dictated it from his dying bed and his signature at the end is almost unquestionably the last word he ever wrote. The letter was received by Townshend early in the morning of the 14th of September, when the French general's life was ebbing swiftly away in the house of Surgeon Arnoux. The translation is as follows:

"Sir,—Being obliged to surrender Quebec to your arms I have the honour to request your Excellency's kindness towards our sick and wounded, and to demand of you the execution of the treaty of exchange which has been agreed upon between His Most Christian Majesty and His Britannic Majesty. I beg to assure you of the high esteem and respect-

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ful consideration with which I have the honour to be, sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

MONTCALM."

This letter is not mentioned by Parkman nor by any of the Canadian historians, but it seems to have been known to an early writer in the *British Magazine*, where it is apparently referred to, in the year 1760, in this passage: "Mons. Montcalm, before he died, wrote a letter to General Townshend, desiring that the prisoners and wounded might be treated with that generous humanity which distinguishes the British nation."

The discovery of the letter has an important bearing on Canadian history in two respects: it throws into strong relief the valour and persistence of de Ramezay in holding out against capitulation as long as he did, and its existence adds great weight to the suspicion of spuriousness that has attached itself to another letter purporting to be Montcalm's and quoted by most writers who have treated of the downfall of Quebec.

First, with regard to de Ramezay's surrender, mention has already been made of the instructions he received from Vaudreuil naming forty-eight hours as the limit of holding out, if provisions in the town ran short. On the 15th of September, two days later, the citizens of Quebec petitioned the commandant to yield the town, and on the evening of the same day he summoned a council of war. In this meeting the possibilities of withstanding a prolonged siege were thoroughly weighed and Vaudreuil's orders read and discussed. Of those present all except Fiedmont, a captain of artillery, gave their voices for capitulation. Marcel was there. He at least knew of Montcalm's letter to Townshend, admitting that surrender was inevitable. If he spoke of it to the council of war, the information must have strengthened them in their request that de Ramezay should yield.

But although de Ramezay himself must have known of the letter, since he had read Townshend's reply to it, the knowledge did not hasten him unduly to show the white flag. All around him was discouragement and despondency. The food in the town would not last a week at half rations. Yet in the face of everything, although he might honourably have surrendered, de Ramezay stood firm until internal conditions and the impatience of the English forced him to capitulate on the 18th. Fate was never more ironical. The commandant had held out for more than double forty-eight hours. Had he held out a little longer the besieged would have received the supply of biscuits that were brought to the town just a little too late. Moreover, Vaudreuil, accompanied by General de Levis, was now bringing his troops to the defence of Quebec. He had reached St. Augustin when the news of capitulation halted his further progress on the evening of the 18th. But that was not de Ramezay's fault. From Montcalm's letter, if from nothing else, General Townshend was aware that, in holding out, de Ramezay was only hoping against hope. Nevertheless, the latter's stubborn resistance, and nothing else, won for the vanquished all the honours of war; for had the British fully appreciated the extremities to which the city was reduced they would certainly have exacted entirely different conditions.

In the second place, the production of this genuine letter of Montcalm's possesses great interest for the historian and student because of its bearing upon another letter which many writers have blindly ascribed to Montcalm, and of which the original has never come to light. This, as many now think, mythical letter was said to have been dictated by Montcalm and sent to General Townshend after the battle. It appears in the pages of Parkman in this way: "Monsieur, —The humanity of the English sets my mind at peace concerning the fate of the French prisoners and the Canadians. Feel towards them as they have made me feel. Do not let them perceive that they have changed masters. Be their protector as I have been their father." Although he quoted it, the great American historian may have doubted the authenticity of this letter. At any rate

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he was careful to state in a foot-note that his authority for it was the Abbé Bois. Now the most careful research has failed to discover it among the papers of Bois.

Thomas Chapais, a French-Canadian writer, made an exhaustive study of this letter and found that no mention of it was made prior to the year 1867, when Father Martin published at Tournai, France, his "Montcalm en Canada, par un ancien missionaire." Father Martin was a Jesuit and had spent several years in Canada as rector of the college of Ste. Marie, at Montreal. The question arises, Where did he get the letter which he quotes? No one has yet been able to give a satisfactory answer. It has been suggested with a good deal of plausibility that Martin may have got it from the Abbé Bois, whom Parkman quotes. This Abbé, who was born in 1813 and was Curé of Maskinonge during the last forty-one years of his life (he died in 1899), collected many documents and was the author of several historical works. His papers, now in possession of the Seminary of Nicolet, have been searched for evidence concerning the Montcalm letter, but without results. Thus supposing Abbé Bois gave the letter to Father Martin, we are as far from the solution as ever. For where did the Abbé get it? The papers of Montcalm give no more trace of it than do those of Brigadier Townshend. In a word its existence was never suspected up to 1867. Since, then, however, it has been seized upon with avidity by nearly every pen that has depicted the great struggle at Quebec.

"It has," as Chapais says, "furnished a beautiful theme for the pathetic tirades of historians, orators and poets."

We know that in his final hours of pain Montcalm wrote another letter to Brigadier Townshend which comported better with his own character and the conditions under which it was written. Comparing the two letters given above, is it possible to believe that Montcalm wrote them both to the same man on the same day, and within a few hours of his own death? We have documentary evidence that he wrote one of them; the other is an unknown quantity. If both letters had been written it is fair to assume that both would have been preserved.

In spite of the fact that one has been utterly lost, the suggestion has been made that it may have been a second letter, written by Montcalm in reply to Townshend. It is evident that Townshend replied to Montcalm's first letter in which the French general admitted the necessity of surrender. The return letter to Townshend came from de Ramezay, and it was written on the 14th of September, the day of Montcalm's death. This letter which is somewhat imperfectly preserved, reads in translation: "M. B. M. Bernier, the Commissary, has forwarded to me the letter which your Excellency wrote M. le Mis (the Marquis), which I have handed to him. He has also acquainted me with the arrangements which it had made for carrying out of the truce between His Most Christian Majesty and those of His Britannic Majesty. I will give the most explicit orders for its observation on our side.....M. Bernier has given me an account. For myself I will always be (full) of recognition of this generous (kindness) which your Excellency will be pleased to show to our sick and wounded. I beg him to be convinced of the esteem and consideration with which I have the honour to remain, sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

de Ramezay."

The existence of this letter, which covers the ground of the supposed second letter of Montcalm to Townshend, lends weight to the other reasons adduced for considering that second letter spurious. Whether Montcalm actually wrote it or it was fabricated like other letters attributed to him cannot be positively settled at present; but the burden of proof is upon those who accept both letters as genuine. In any case, the authenticated letter, which Col. Townshend has produced in his life of the Marquess and the Dominion Archivist in his "Siege of Quebec," is a precious relic of the heroic days of 1759, which all students of this period will welcome.

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The Narrative of Col. Fanning*

Edited by A. W. SAVARY

Fourth Installment

SOMETIME after the receipt of the foregoing letter from Col. Edmond Fanning, I intercepted an express from Virginia bound for Gen. Greene's camp, which was at that time near the lines not far from Charleston; amongst which was Lord Cornwallis's capitulation, which I have since lost. We continued in small parties until Major Craig evacuated Wilmington, when one day I took a man with me to go for intelligence and to provide oats for the party I kept with me. When at a house I spied a party of thirty rebels coming towards said house where I was. We instantly mounted and rode off. On my return to my men, I ordered sixteen of them to mount, and went back to the house we had left, but found them gone off. I pursued them about sixteen miles, when we came up with them. We killed three of them and wounded two, whom I took prisoners. I had no loss or accident on our part.

I had now certain intelligence of Major Craig's evacuating Wilmington; and that the rebels in consequence of it had separated into small parties, and were returning toward their homes, and for the space of fourteen or fifteen days I fell in with and took more or less of them every day, during which time I had information of a Capt. Kennedy and his party, who had taken a number of horses and a quantity of household furniture. I followed him about five miles, and after a smart firing, took him and eight of his party, with the booty they had plundered. He gave intelligence that a Capt. Lopp with a party of sixty men who had been discharged by Gen. Rutherford were on their way home up the country. The said Capt. Kennedy (Cannady) all the time of our attacking Lopp stood and looked on; and as he declared that he would not make his escape, neither would he let any of his men, if we beat and drove off Capt. Lopp. I left him in a house with only two men to guard eleven, and found them all there. The guard informed me that he would not let any of his party make their escape. He proved so much to his honour that I gave him up one of his horses, saddle and bridle; and paroled him with all his men. I at this time had but thirteen men with me at a house near the road not far from where they were to pass. I mounted my men, and placed them in concealment along the road. On their coming up, I ordered them to fire and then to charge, which we did, three times, through them; they immediately dispersed through the woods; it being nearly dark, we could not tell what injury they suffered.

On the 10th of December Col. Isaacs came down from the mountains with a party of three hundred men, and formed his camp at Coxe's Mill, in the settlement I had formerly ranged in, in order to take me; where he continued nearly

* Col. David Fanning, of North Caroline, was one of the most remarkable chaarcters developed by the American Revolution. His own narrative of his sufferings, exploits, marvellous adventures and hairbreath escapes during the war has for years past been an object of quest by writers and students of American and Colonial history.—A.W.S.

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three months, during which time the following proclamation was issued:

"STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

By the Hon. Alexander Martin, Esq., Speaker of the Senate, Captain General, Governor and Commander-in-Chief in and over the said State.

Whereas divers of citizens of this State have been deluded by the wicked artifices of our enemies, and have revolted and withdrawn themselves from the faith and allegiance which, before God, they plighted to owe their country, and treacherously have taken up arms against the same; being convinced that they have been betrayed by false hopes, supported by deceit, and now find themselves deserted by our feeble and despairing enemy, and left unprotected to the vengeance of the State, to inflict those punishments due to their crimes, in tender compassion to the feelings of humanity to spare such who are willing to return, and to stay the hand of execution in the unnecessary effusion of the blood of citizens who may be reclaimed, I have thought fit to issue this my proclamation of pardon of such of the above persons who may surrender themselves before the 10th day of March next, on this express condition, that they immediately enlist in the Continental battalions, and there render a personal service for twelve months after the time of their rendezvous at headquarters, and having faithfully performed the same for the said term, it shall be deemed as having expiated their offences, and be entitled to, and be restored to the privileges of citizens. All officers finding men of this class guilty of murder, robbery, and housebreaking, to be precluded from the above notwithstanding; and I do hereby require the Honourable the Judges of the Superior Courts of law, of oyer and terminer, and general jail delivery, and all officers, civil and military, within the State to take notice of this my proclamation, and govern themselves accordingly. Given under my hand and seal at arms at Halifax this 25th of December, 1781, and in the sixth year of our Independence.

ALEXANDER MARTIN.

By his Excellency's command,

JOHN HAWKINS, D. Sec'y.

"*God save the State.*"

During Col. Isaac's stay at Coxe's Mill he ravaged the whole settlement, and burnt and destroyed a number of houses belonging to the friends of Government. They frequently applied to me privately for advice. I recommended it to them, if possible, to remain neutral, and make their peace; as it was entirely out of my power to protect or relieve them. A Capt. Stinson of this party took one of my men named David Jackson, *and hung him up without ceremony.* A few days before Col. Isaac's departure from Coxe's Mills, he sent out notice for the friends of Government to meet him, and he would give them protection agreeable to proclamation; but on their assembling, he made them prisoners of war, and marched them under a strong guard to Salisbury gaol. Not many days after, they broke out and knocking down the sentinels, made their escape except one, who was shot in the attempt.

Two Captains in each county were appointed by Col. Isaacs, on his leaving Coxe's Mill, to keep the friends of Government down; and were going with their own men continually through the country.

During all this time I was in the woods, and kept moving with a small party as occasion required. One evening I had assembled thirty men at a friend's house, and sent out spies; they soon returned with accounts of a party of rebels within four miles of us, distressing and plundering our friends. We immediately set forward to render our assistance, and got within half a mile of them. I then sent out to get information how they were situated, and receiving intelligence by break of day came upon them. We retook seven horses, which they had carried off, with a large quantity of baggage. We wounded two of them mor-

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tally and several slightly; we came off without injury, except two horses wounded. The day following we pursued them to Cumberland county, and on my way I burnt Capt. Coxe's house, and his father's. I had also two skirmishes and killed two of the rebel party. On my return to little River I heard of a Capt. Golson who had been distressing the loyalists, and went in search of him myself, but unfortunately I did not meet him, but fell in with one of his men, who had been very assiduous in assisting the rebels. I killed him. I mounted a man of my own on his horse and returned back. I then took Capt. Currie and the man of my own before mentioned, and went with a design of burning Capt. Golson's house, which I did; and also two others. In my way I fell in with a man *who had been very anxious to have some of my men executed.* I sent him word to moderate and he should have nothing to fear, but if he persisted, I would certainly kill him. He took no notice of this, but persisted for several months, and on observing me that day, he attempted to escape; but I shot him.

Two days after Capt. Walker joined me, which made four of us, and hearing that one Thompson, a rebel magistrate, had taken up a horse belonging to one of my men, I went to claim him; he gave him up without hesitation, and upon examining what arms he had, he owned to one rifle, which I took from him; he also informed me that the rebels were willing to make peace with me on my own terms, and would allow me any limited bounds I would require, provided I would not be troublesome to them. I therefore concluded after consulting Capt. Walker and Currie, to demand the following terms, which I forwarded by a prisoner I had taken; and in order to convince them that my intentions were sincere, I released him for that purpose, *though he had been the means of murdering several.*

Terms required by Col. David Fanning from Gov. Burke, forwarded to him by Lawyer Williams and Capt. Ramsay, of 1st battalion of North Carolina Continentals:

1. That every friend of the Government shall be allowed to return to their respective homes unmolested.

2. That they shall be under no restrictions of doing, or causing to be done, any thing prejudicial to his Majesty's service.

3. That they shall not be under any obligation to act in any public station, or ever to take up arms, or be compelled to do anything injurious to his Majesty's good government.

4. That they shall not pay, or cause to be paid, any taxes or money so levied by your laws during the continuance of the present war, to support your army by their industry. If these terms are granted, I request that they may be immediately conveyed to me at my quarters by a flag of truce, appointed for that purpose, and by such officers as I can rely upon, from your hands and seals.

If these terms are not granted you may depend upon my sword being continually unsheathed; as I am determined I will not leave one of your old offenders alive that has injured his Majesty's Government, and friends who would have been of service to your country in a future day, and I do hereby recommend it to you to govern yourselves accordingly.

Jan. 7th, 1782. DAVID FANNING, *Colonel.*
JOSEPH CURRIE,
STEPHEN WALKER, *Captains.*

To Mr. James Williams and Capt. Matthew Ramsay.

To be forwarded by them to the Commander in Chief for the time being, Hillsboro district.

I received the following answer from Lawyer Williams:

CHATHAM, Jan. 8th, 1782.

SIR,—I received yours by Mr. Riggin at the Court House on Sunday last, and immediately wrote to Gen. Butler on the subject of your surrender, as mentioned in yours. His answer is that he

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cannot receive you himself but will directly write to the Governor, and as soon as he receives his answer, he will transmit it to Maj. Griffith, who will send it to Winsor Pearce's on Deep River. If I obtain liberty, I will bring it myself. In the meantime I would recommend a moderate conduct as the best step to bring matters to an accommodation. The bearer, Mr. Riggin, has executed the trust you reposed in him; I therefore hope you will restore to him his property. *For your civility to me when I was a prisoner, I will do anything I can in honour.* Concerning your surrender, Col. Ray and Col. McDougald have surrendered and gone to Charleston. I am informed by Col. Thackston I am exchanged with a number of other prisoners at Charleston under a cartel which is renewed. You may depend as soon as I get the Governor's answer, you shall know it.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,
JAMES WILLIAMS.

COL. DAVID FANNING.

I also received another letter from Capt. Ramsay by another conveyance:

Jan. 8th, 1782.

SIR,—I saw a letter to Mr. Williams and observed what you say concerning my case. As to breaking my parole, that I am clear of; as Major Craig a few days before he left Wilmington sent a party of dragoons to where we were paroled at the Sound and ordered us under the main guard, whence I made my escape; which I am certain you will not blame me for, as you are well acquainted with my honour; when I was taken prisoner, I had it in my power to escape many a time, but as long as I was treated like a gentleman, or agreeably to the rules of war, I would rather suffer death than forfeit my honour. I observe what you say concerning your parole; for *the kind treatment I received at your hands, you may rely on it, anything Mr. Williams or myself can do for you in honour* shall not be wanting. Your letter I understand is transmitted to the Governor, who I make no doubt will comply with your request. For my part I wish for nothing else but peace.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,
MATTHEW RAMSAY.

I lay neutral until I got further accounts and on the 15th Jan., 1782, Messrs. Williams, Clark, and Burns, were kind enough to wait on me at Mr. Winsor Pearce's with respect to my former proposals which I had requested of them, with the letter as follows:

15th Jan., 1782.

SIR,—Agreeable to your request I have received order to offer you a parole on the terms you desired, thirty miles east and west, fifteen miles north and south. Hammond Coxe's mill to be the centre of your bounds. Should you incline to go to Charleston at a future day, let me know it, and I will endeavour to get you that liberty when I see the Governor.

You mentioned being waylaid; you may be assured that I know nothing of it. Mr. Williams, Mr. Clark and John Burns are the gentlemen that are kind enough to wait upon you with this flag, and a blank parole for you to sign, and they will give you a certificate for your security against any of the American troops to remain as prisoner of war in the bounds specified. You may rely on it, nothing dishonourable shall be done on my part; and I have the greatest reason to believe that you will act on the same principles. No inhabitants of this county shall be molested, either in person or property, who have not been guilty of wilful murder, or plundering; it is the duty of every honest man to bring all such to justice in order to restore harmony and peace once more to our country.

I am your obedient humble servant,
MATTHEW RAMSAY.

To Col. David Fanning
per flag.

Also the following letter was left at Mr. Pearce's by the three gentlemen before mentioned:

TUESDAY MORNING.

SIR,—Agreeable to Capt. Ramsay's letter left for you, we came up to Mr. Pearce's when we made no doubt of seeing you. I

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have seen his instructions to parole you, and you may depend no trap is meant for you, to any of our knowledge. Ray and McDougald were received in the same manner, and no man offered to molest them. Our orders were to have returned last night, and the Light Horse under the command of Capt. Ramsay kept back until our return; therefore we cannot possibly stay any longer. If you incline to accept the terms offered, which Capt. Ramsay cannot alter, you will meet us at Baalam Thompson's with as many of your men as you please, such as can be received according to the terms you propose, and are your obedient servants.

JAMES WILLIAMS,
A. CLARK,
JNO. BURNS.

To COL. DAVID FANNING.

In the course of this correspondence endeavouring to make peace, I had reason to believe they did not intend to be as good as their words; as three of their people followed Capt. Linley of mine, who had moved to Wittoguar, and cut him to pieces with their swords. I was immediately informed of it, and kept a look-out for them. Five days after their return, I took two of them and hung them, by way of retaliation, both on a limb of one tree, they being deserters from the British (Col Hamilton's Regiment); the third made his escape. After this Col. Alstine, who was a prisoner of war at this time, came to me at Gen. Butler's request, to know if I was willing to come to any terms. I asked the reason why the Governor had not answered my letter, and what was the cause of their behaviour to Capt. Linley. I then, with a number of my officers, sat down and wrote the following letter to General Butler:

"SIR,—On Friday, the 7th of January last, I wrote to Mr. Williams the terms I was willing to come under; he wrote for answer that he could not comply with my terms until he had the approbation of the Governor. On Wednesday, the 11th January, a flag was to meet me at Winsor Pearce's with a letter. But on its approach it was waylaid by Capt. Golston with a party of men, which had more the appearance of treachery than a wish for peace, had not the gentleman (Mr. Baalam Thompson) acted as honourable; for the minute he arrived he let me know it, and declared himself innocent. This gave me reason to think he would act with honour. Still on the 15th January, Messrs. Williams, Clark, and Burns, the three gentlemen that were kind enough to wait upon me, with a blank parole, and letter from Capt. Ramsay—who mentioned in his letter that my request was granted by the Governor; in the meantime, the gentlemen waiting on me at the place appointed, there came around a company from the Hawfields, commanded by Capt. Scorely, which plainly and evidently appeared to me there was nothing but treachery meant." On Sunday, the 10th of February, I fell in the rear of Capt. Colestons and Capt. Hinds, and following their trail, came on them at dark. After some firing that night I rode off, and came on them next morning, and we came upon terms of peace till I could write to their superior officer, for which I consulted my officers, and we joined hand and heart to comply with the terms hereunder written.

"We, the Subscribers, do acknowledge ourselves subjects to his Britannic Majesty, as you are well assured of our fidelity, zeal, and loyalty to his Majesty's Government, as it has been daily the case that we have been destroying one another's property to support and uphold our opinions, and we are hereby willing to come to a cession of arms, not under six months, nor exceeding twelve; conditions underwritten.

1. Our request is from Cumberland, twenty miles N. & S., and thirty miles E. & W., to be totally clear of your Light Horse.

2nd. Request is for every man that has been in actual arms, in a permanent manner, in order to establish a British Government (except those who have deserted from a regular troop that has voluntarily listed themselves), them we do obligate to deliver up, and each and every man that are at liberty, shall have a right to withdraw themselves in said district.

3rd. If any of our men should go out of

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said district to plunder, or distress, or murder any of the American party, we will, by information made to me, Major Rains, or any of the Captains, return their names (if the request is granted); they shall immediately be apprehended and sent by any officer appointed by you to be tried by your own laws.

4th. If any of your party shall be caught plundering, stealing or murdering, or going private paths with arms, signifying as if they were for mischief, these are to be left to our pleasure to deal with as we see cause agreeable to our laws. All public roads to be travelled by any person or company unmolested if he behave himself as becomes an honest man, or any army or company or waggons keeping the public roads.

5th. Every person that has been in actual arms in manner aforesaid, in order to support or establish a British Government, shall not be interrupted of their arms, provisions, person or property. If any one residing within the said district who are subjects to the States that you should want provisions or any other article from, by sending to either of the officers that I shall appoint for that purpose or use, we will send a sufficient guard to see them safe in and out unmolested. Quakers excepted from anything whatever.

6th. That I will not in the meantime disturb or distress any person or persons abiding by your laws in said district. All back plundering shall be void, as it is impossible to replace or restore all the plunder on either side.

7th. Our request is to have free trade with any port with waggons, or on horseback without arms; with a pass from any appointed officer for salt or any other necessaries and use, except the two Coxe's mills, to be free from any incumbrance of all armies belonging to the Americans.

8th. Any of my men that has been returned a Continental without taking the bounty, that has been in actual service as above mentioned, shall return in said district.

9th. If our request is granted as above written I request it may be sent to me by 8th of March, as I may forward my further determinations; if I cannot have any request granted, I shall exact and point out every feasible measure in order to suppress every person in arms against his Britannic Majesty. I am your most obedient humble servant.

Given under my hand at arms as aforesaid.

DAVID FANNING, *Col. Com. Loyal Militia.*
JOHN RAINS, *Major Loyal Militia.*
WILLIAM RAINS, *Captain.*
JOHN CAGLE, *Captain.*
WM. PRICE, *Captain.*
ABNER SMALLY, *Captain.*
JACOB MANNIES, *Lieutenant.*

To John Butler, Gen'l of Hillsboro District Pr favour of Col. Philip Alstine.

A copy of a letter received from Gen. Butler:

MOUNT PLEASANT, 5th March, 1782.

DEAR SIR:

Your letter of 26th of last month was handed to me last night. I have observed the contents. Had you proposed that you and the men now in actual service with you would have taken a parole to some certain bounds, until you could have been sent to Charleston to be exchanged, I should have entered on that business. But as your propositions are many, and some of them uncustomary in like cases, I conceive it out of my power. However, his Excellency Governor Burke is now at Halifax, and I will send him your letter with the proposals to him by express. This is now the 5th day of March; of course, it must be several days after the 8th before his answer can come to hand; in the meantime it may be as well to postpone the desperate measures you have in contemplation.

I am your obedient servant,
JOHN BUTLER, *B.G. for Hillsboro District.*

P.S.—If you would not choose to be confined to bounds any length of time, it might be contrived so that you might be sent off immediately under an escort of my appointing to General Greene. He has promised me to have all such exchanged which I send to his quarters.

JOHN BUTLER, B.G.

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About the 7th of March, 1782, Capt. Walker and Currie of the Loyal Militia fell in with a party of rebels and came to an engagement, and fired for some time, till the rebels had fired all their ammunition, and then wished to come to terms of peace between each party; and no plundering, killing or murdering should be committed by either party or side, which was to be concluded upon by each Colonel for such certain limited bounds which were to be agreed upon by each Colonel; and if they could not agree, each party was to lie neutral until matters were made known respecting the terms which they wished to agree upon; soon after which my men came to me and informed what they had done; we received the rebel Col. Balfour's answer, that "there was no resting place for a Tory's foot upon the earth." He also immediately sent out his party, and on the 10th I saw the same company coming to a certain house where we were fiddling and dancing. We immediately prepared ourselves in readiness to receive them, their number being twenty-seven and our number only seven; we immediately mounted our horses, and went some little distance from the house and commenced a fire, for some considerable time; night coming on they retreated, and left the ground.

On the 12th of March my men being all properly equipped, assembled together in order to give them a small scourge, which we set out for. On Balfour's plantation, where we came upon him, he endeavoured to make his escape; but we soon prevented him, having fired at him and wounded him. The first ball he received was through one of his arms, and ranged through his body; the other through his neck; which put an end to his committing any more ill deeds.

We also wounded another of his men. We then proceeded to their Colonel's (Collier), belonging to said county of Randolph; on our way we burnt several rebel houses and caught several prisoners, the night coming on and the distance to said Collier's was so far, that it was late before we got there. He made his escape, having received three balls through his shirt, but I took care to destroy the whole of his plantation. I then pursued our route, and came to one Capt. John Bryan's, another rebel officer. I told him if he would come out of the house, I would give him a parole, which he refused, saying that he had taken a parole from Lord Cornwallis, swearing by God, he had broken that and that he would also break our Tory parole. With that I immediately ordered the house to be set on fire, which was instantly done, and as soon as he saw the flames of the fire increasing, he called out to me, and desired me to spare his house for his wife's and children's sake, and he would walk out with his arms in his hands. I immediately answered him, that if he walked out his house should be saved for his wife and children. He came out, and when he came out he said, "Here, damn you, here I am." With that he received two balls, one through his head and one through his body; he came out with his gun cocked, and sword at the same time.

Next day I proceeded to one Major Dugin's house, or plantation, and I destroyed all his property, and all the rebel officers' property in the settlement for the distance of forty miles.

On our way I caught a commissary from Salisbury who had some of my men prisoners and almost perished them, and wanted to hang some of them. I carried him immediately to a certain tree, *where they had hung one of my men by the name of Jackson*, and delivered him up to some of my men, whom he had treated ill when prisoners; and they immediately hung him. Afteer hanging fifteen minutes thy cut him down. In the meantime there was about 300 rebels who had embodied themselves and came after us; on account of the rainy weather our guns would not fire on either side. We were obliged to retreat, on account of their numbers being so much superior. We had received no damage.

(To be continued).

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The Washington of the North

By M. O. SCOTT

THE transformation of the capital of Canada into a city of parks and drives is being realised more rapidly than most people are aware. When Sir Wilfrid Laurier first spoke of Ottawa becoming the Washington of the North, a large portion of the city was in a state of neglected ruggedness. Scenes of virgin beauty were almost inaccessible. Picturesque stretches of land and water were disfigured with building debris and city refuse. Rocky wilds and tangled bush intercepted and destroyed many a view of near or distant loveliness. Much of this has been changed. Stagnant ponds have been filled, rocks blasted, trees felled where they were not wanted and others planted where required, rough land levelled, running streams brought into requisition and lakes formed. Nature's glories are not obliterated but revealed. This is part of the work the Improvement Commissioners have accomplished and done well and are still doing, a labour Sir Wilfrid himself would delight in were he once out of public life. "If the occasion ever occurs," said the Prime Minister, replying to Ottawa's civic address of welcome on his return from the colonial conference of 1907,



SIR WILFRID LAURIER,
who looks forward to Ottawa becoming picturesquely as well as legislatively the Washington of the North

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RIDEAU CANAL DRIVEWAY. A LAKE NEAR THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS IN LANDSDOWNE PARK

"that I should relinquish my present position, I shall simply go into private life. There is only one position that I could accept, and it would be to become a member of the Improvement Commission of Ottawa."

With Laurier Bridge, which crosses the Rideau Canal a little south of the old Sapper's Bridge and the General Post-office, for a starting point, a good idea of the Commissioners' plans may be had. To the east, a driveway has been completed to Rideau Hall (Government House) gates, a distance of fully three miles, by way of King street, now King Edward avenue, with shade trees, boulevards and various improvements where needed, and Minto Bridge, built over the Rideau River from the north end of King Edward avenue, where the waste land has been turned into a park, to MacKay street and Union street. Beyond Government House and extending through the Rockliffe and National parks, fine substantial drives have been carried to Rockliffe rifle range, seven miles from the General Post-office, commanding at the most romantic points thirty to sixty miles of the far-famed Gatineau valley and hills and the Laurentian range, in their ever-changing hues of purple and emerald and gold. Rockcliffe Park contains an area of eighty-two acres, and the National Park about one hundred and fourteen acres, both giving access to the eighty acres of Government House grounds and Beechwood and Notre Dame cemeteries, containing over two hundred acres. The scenery of the two parks and in their vicinity is of the most diversified and fascinating character, unsurpassed probably anywhere on the American continent in many of its aspects. It may be mentioned, in connection with Rockcliffe Park, that their Excellencies the Governor-General and the Countess Grey, who are both skilled in landscape gardening and have taken a keen interest in the park, have from time to time offered valuable suggestions for improvement

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RIDEAU CANAL DRIVEWAY, WEST OF BANK STREET

for which the Commission took the opportunity in their last report of expressing their thanks. By personal direction of his Excellency a number of trees have been felled and underbush removed where the growth was too thick, "thus giving picturesque glimpses of the river flowing past the park and opening up beautiful vistas of the Laurentian Mountains in the distance." His Excellency, on one occasion, speaking to Mr. Cunningham of the panorama unfolded from where he was standing in the shade of a large tree, said: "I have been around the world, but this is one of the finest landscapes I have ever seen."

In the eastern section also, on the west bank of the Rideau River, from the high ground of Sandy Hill, one of the most fashionable residence parts of the capital, to the ridge on which the targets of the Rideau rifle range once stood, the Commissioners have created a most attractive park of eighteen acres out of the old range, with a couple of miniature lakes from the river and rocky mounds at intervals crowned and covered with thousands of shrubs and flowers. An embankment along the river front is utilised for drives and walks, and paths lead in every direction. Shade trees are planted the whole length of the embankment, drives and walks.

To the west, a driveway has been finished from Laurier Bridge to the Experimental Farm, along the Rideau canal reserve, through the Exhibition grounds and thence by a solid causeway through Dow's Lake, twenty-two feet deep at the water's edge. This causeway is a marvel of cheap and effective construction. A party of professors from the Washington of the South, after the road was finished, drove over it. The party with one accord stopped at the causeway. One of them said: "I have been in Venice, but never saw this equalled." Footpaths extend the whole length of the driveway, four and one-eighth miles, and at frequent intervals rustic sum-

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RIDEAU CANAL DRIVEWAY, WEST OF RIDEAU CANAL

mer houses or Kiosks have been placed. East of the Exhibition ground an artificial lake has been formed, filled with aquatic plants and spanned by a rustic bridge. To quote from that portion of the Commissioners' report which refers to this section, "the boulevards and parkways on each side of the roadway and between the footpaths have been sodded, the driveway is ornamented with trees, shrubs and flowers of many species and varieties and what was formerly a rough, weed-covered, unsightly piece of ground is now a constant source of pleasure to citizens generally and to the large number of strangers who visit the city."

Work has been commenced on another driveway in this section, across the city, from Rideau Canal to Concession street, which will be known as Monkland and Clemow avenues. It will penetrate the bush above Patterson's Creek, thereby making an alternative route to the Experimental Farm, with the choice of going one way and returning the other. The land in the vicinity of Patterson's Creek, which for years has been used as a dumping ground, will be converted into a delightful park of twenty-seven acres, eight of which are to be water. The work already done on this division and on the Rideau Canal driveway together cover a distance of close on six miles. Plans are under consideration for another extensive drive from the Experimental Farm to the Ottawa River, a distance of four and three-quarter miles, with parks. The point at which the driveway is to reach the river is Remoux's Rapids, where there are three small islands, which are already natural parks, one of eight acres and the other two of about four acres, each to be connected with the shore and one another by light bridges. Among the other improvements in the western section of the city is the conversion of a piece of vacant ground of two or three acres on Somerset street into an ornamental open space. From a

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HENRY N. BATE,
Chairman of the Ottawa Improvement Commission



S. E. O'BRIEN,
Secretary of the Ottawa Improvement Commission

sandy, ugly blotch of weeds it has been turned into a pretty little breathing spot and becomes the Alameda of Ottawa. The Government Reserve, on the west bank of the Rideau Canal and adjoining the south side of Sapper's Bridge, in the heart of the city, has also been made into a park.

The Commission came into existence under an Act of the Dominion Parliament in 1899. The Act provided for the payment of an annual grant of $60,000 and the appointment of four Commissioners. Commissions were issued on the 21st December, 1899, to Henry N. Bate, chairman, Joseph Riopelle and Chartres R. Cunningham, all of Ottawa, the fourth Commissioner, appointed by the Corporation of the City of Ottawa, being the then Mayor, Mr. Thomas Payment. A Commission was also issued, bearing the same date, appointing Stephen E. O'Brien secretary. The Commission appointed Charles Murphy as solicitor and Robert Surtees, C.E., as engineer. In 1902, the Act was amended, increasing the number of Commissioners to eight. Commissions were accordingly issued to Sir William Hingston and Hon. J. P. B. Casgrain, of Montreal, and Hon. T. F. Frost, of Smith's Falls, Ont., Senators, and Mr. George O'Keefe, Police Magistrate of the Capital. On the death of Sir William Hingston, Sir Sandford Fleming was appointed to the vacancy. Mr. Surtees, who prepared the original plans of the improvements and lived long enough to see some of them carried to a satisfactory completion, died in 1896, and was succeeded by Mr. Alexander Stuart, of Ottawa, who has proved himself exceptionally well qualified for the position by training, taste, and practical experience. The excellent work Mr. Surtees did in the execution of a task the difficulties of which can only be appreciated by those who are personally familiar with the ground he had to deal with, is universally recognised. The present representative of the Corporation of the City of Ottawa on the Commission is Mr.

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D'Arcy Scott, Mayor, son of the Hon. R. W. Scott, Secretary of State.

In 1903 the Act was further amended, to provide that the yearly payment of $60,000 to the Commission should continue until 1919, and to empower the Commission to borrow on debentures bearing interest not exceeding four and one-half per cent. a sum not exceeding $250,000 to purchase land and carry out improvements requiring a larger outlay than was available out of the yearly grant. Under these provisions the Commission received up to the 31st March last year $465,000 from the Government grant, $256,930.45 from debentures and small sums from interest and other sources, bringing the total to $725,965.50, of which $719,881.55 was expended. All the work undertaken by the Commission, except the construction of Minto Bridge, which was done under contract, has been performed by day labour.

In conclusion, it may be said, that it is only necessary to take a trip over the driveways constructed by the Commission to be satisfied that here, if anywhere in Canada, the country has received full value for its money, and that, so far as parks and ornamental roadways and open spaces and picturesque views are concerned, Ottawa is in sober truth fast becoming, as Sir Wilfrid Laurier promised, the Washington of the North, and well worthy in that respect of the distinction of being the capital of this great and growing Dominion of Canada.

To My Valentine

By OWEN E. McGILLICUDDY

There shines afar
A star,
Whose lustrous light,
Fair as white beams
In dreams,
Makes bright the night.

Love, like that star
You are
Its counterpart;
Come weel or woe,
You glow,
Star o' my heart!

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The Towers of Silence

By H. S. SCOTT HARDEN

The Parsees leave their dead uncovered to the sun and vultures—a strange custom

HERODOTUS tells us that "the body of a male Persian is never buried until it has been torn either by a dog or a bird of prey."

The Parsees, who descended from the Persians, do not quite go as far as that, but they believe in exposing the corpse to the purifying agency of the sun, and permit it to be eaten by vultures. So one sees wherever the Parsees have settled n India the Dokhmas, or Towers of Silence, where the dead are deposited. These round towers are built of stone, and are generally surrounded by beautifully laid-out gardens. The seclusion of these homes of the dead are carefully preserved, and no European is allowed to peep within.

Round the interior are arranged niches in which the bodies are placed. There are three tiers—one for the men and smaller ones for the women and children.



VULTURES WAITING TO DEVOUR THE BODIES AT A PERSIAN BURIAL PLACE

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In the centre is a deep pit into which through the gratings the bones fall. I have watched the funeral procession slowly wending its way towards the Silent Tower. Led by the priest with solemn tread through the flowering bushes and neatly kept paths, the white-cloaked party advances.

Already a number of horrible vultures have appeared as if by magic and perched themselves, with wide-open mouths, waiting for their prey along the wall. Then the door of the tower opens. The corpse is uncovered and laid out in the inches. There is hardly standing room for the birds. The door closes and in a few minutes the air is full of screeching vultures. In half an hour all that remains of the Parsee are the bones which lie under the great Indian sun to whiten and disappear.

It seems strange that these Towers of Silence are built in the midst of the European quarter, in the fashionable part of Bombay, amidst the palm trees on Malabon Hill, surrounded by the bungalows of the merchant kings of the East. Yet, with all the associations connected with the last rites of the funeral and the aftermath, which to our ideas seems so horrible, there is nothing which appears objectionable to the residents who live near these weird resting-places for the dead.

The gardens round the towers are a blaze of flowers at all times, the paths are beautifully kept, and every European visitor is permitted (with a card of admission) to wander round the walls when there is no funeral. The Parsees themselves are a wonderful race. One sees them everywhere in Bombay; indeed, this gateway of the empire might be a Parsee city, for the streets of the business part of the town are full of the merchants and bankers, and they give largely to charities. The great Jamsetjee Seejeebhoy Hospital was built and endowed by one of them of that name. The Taj-Mahal Hotel, the best hotel in India, and one of the finest buildings in Bombay, was constructed by another.

And the Parsees are lawyers and doctors, educated at their colleges, and at Oxford or Cambridge, and who have walked the great hospitals in London and taken degrees. They have their clubs and playgrounds, and have proved themselves great exponents at the English national game of cricket. Thousands watch the annual match in Bombay between a picked eleven of the Presidency and their own team.

In the cool of the evening one sees their ladies walking along the sea front, and sitting in their carriages listening to the military band at the European Club.

At the races and at the theatres the Parsee women give a touch of colour to the surroundings, with the delicate shawls artistically draped over their oval faces, with their men folk wearing their curious Beretta-shaped, shiny black hats, for their heads are never uncovered.

There is that freemasonry amongst the Parsees that binds them together like the Jews.



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French-Canadian Folk-Lore

By LOUIS FRÉCHETTE

NOW, with the fourth class of our French-Canadian folk-lore, that is the legends which are more or less connected with the history of the country. We have three good illustrations of this class of legend in the story of Cadieux, immortalised by a touching *complainte*, in the phantom fleet of Sir Hovenden Walker, and in the legendary trial and execution of *La Corriveau*.

Is there anything more poetical than those five canoes with women and children running to escape the Iroquois, the terrible hazard of the Seven Falls rapids, on the Ottawa, guided by a woman in white gliding on the floating mist at the head of the crafts, while the self-sacrificing Cadieux, the illiterate young poet of the wilderness, shoots his gun in the woods above to attract the attention of the enemy and save his comrades? Is there anything more touching than the finding of the poor fellow half buried in the grave dug with his own hands, and bearing on his dead breast his poetical farewell to the world, written on a piece of bark? And, mind you, all the details of this story—with, of course, the exception of the woman in white, where the legend comes in—are strictly historical. Do you think a more thrilling and poetical episode could ever be found in the history of any other nation? And both the picture and the frame are ours, exclusively ours in all its aspects.

The wreck of Sir Hovenden Walker's expedition against Quebec, in 1711, is too familiar to everybody for me to enter into any details about it. There were between sixty and seventy ships in the squadron, of which about fifteen were regular men-of-war, and the rest consisted of frigates, transports, bombs and galleys, many of which were also armed. A terrible disaster awaited them. On the twenty-second of August, the fleet, lost in a fog, was wrecked on the rocks of Egg Island, at the place since called Pointe-aux Anglais. Eight men-of-war were lost with several other vessels of less importance; and the rest of the squadron had, of course, to abandon the enterprise, to the great delight of the French colony utterly unprepared for such an invasion.

Since the terrible ordeal, a wonderful legend has been lingering on that spot. According to all the fishermen of the coast, on foggy days, a strange vision is often to be seen, at the very place where the disaster happened; it is nothing less than the phantom ships of Admiral Walker, which suddenly appear mounted by sailors and soldiers in ancient uniforms, strike the breakers, and vanish in a wild clamour of distress. I have personally questioned several inhabitants of the place; and, strange to say, none of them seemed to entertain the slightest doubt as to the reality of the periodical apparition.

The history of La Corriveau is less known, and so deserves a little more attention. Marie-Josette Corriveau was a handsome young woman of St. Valliers, a parish situated a few miles below Quebec. She was tried for the murder of her two consecutive husbands. The trial took place before a Court Martial—the only tribunal then existing in Quebec, as Canada had been ceded to England by France but a few days after the crime—and was very dramatic indeed. The evidence consisted

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principally in the declarations of a young girl named Isabelle Sylvain, and sentence of death was about to be pronounced on the prisoner, when her father, a white-haired old man, overwhelmed with anguish and despairing of any other means to save his daughter, arose suddenly before the court, confessed to be himself the murderer, and surrendered as such. His unnatural child consented to the sacrifice, and impassibly allowed the supreme sentence to be pronounced against this martyr of paternal affection.

The unexpected confession of the old man had, of course, destroyed the poor girl Sylvain's evidence. Her declarations were ascribed to motives of hatred for the accused; she was convicted of perjury, and condemned to receive fifty lashes on her bare back, and to be branded in the left hand with the letter P.

The superior of the Quebec Jesuits at that time, Rev. Father Clapion, was called to attend the self-convicted murderer. After hearing his confession, he impressed on the old man that, even had he the right to dispose of his own life, he could not, as a Christian, cause an unfortunate girl to suffer for a crime of which she was innocent. The devoted father had generously given his life to save his daughter's, but he would not sacrifice his soul, and the real facts were communicated to the authorities. A fresh trial took place. Marie-Josette Corriveau was condemned to death and executed on the Plains of Abraham, after having been lashed three times, once in the locality where the crime had been committed, once in the Quebec market place, and once under the scaffold. After the execution the body was locked up, naked, in an iron cage which was suspended to a tall gibbet on the heights of Levis, just opposite Quebec, at a cross-roads half way between the churches of St. Joseph and Bienville. This cage was a curious framework of solid iron, bearing the exact shape of a human body. There was head, trunk and limbs, all outlined in heavy iron bands, riveted and held together by cross-pieces, and surmounted by a hook turning in a socket.

The terror inspired by this frightful sight, in those days of superstition, can be readily imagined. The body confined in this horrible iron skeleton, turned and swung with outstretched arms, a lure to birds of prey, and soon became the subject of a thousand awful tales. According to popular rumour, La Corriveau used to come down from her gibbet to track benighted habitants on their way home. When darkness was thickest, she would steal into the churchyard, and tearing open some fresh-made grave, she would glut her horrible appetite, the bodies of impenitent souls being considered her property by right.

At sunset doors were solidly barred for miles round. Wherever the spectre halted in its wanderings, the spot was cursed and was sure to be the scene of dreadful mishap, until the priest had, by exorcism, removed the bane. Under the gibbet, the grass was scorched to the root. Here, goblins, evil spirits and *loups-garous* met for the celebration of diabolical mysteries. Many trustworthy persons had seen gigantic black brutes of hideous shape stand there on their hind legs and grow and grow in height until their snouts reached the suspended skeleton, and whispered fearful unknown secrets in its ear.

At other times, 'twas said, specially on Saturdays, when midnight tolled from the belfry tower of the Citadel of Quebec, the gibbet became silent; and, gliding slowly through the inky darkness, a strange and formidable phantom might be seen wending its way to the river side, adding at each heavy step the clinking of chains and fetters to the horrors of the night. Those who still happened to be awake in the neighbourhood fell on their knees, crossed themselves tremblingly, and prayed. It was La Corriveau going to keep vigil and dance a saraband with the sorcerers and witches of the Island of Orleans—*Les Sorciers de l'Ile*, as they were called.

What were those *Sorciers de l'Ile*?

Imagine a manner of cyclops of infernal aspect, with a mouth split from ear to ear, and a solitary rhinoceros tooth, movable at will from one jaw to the other. Monster heads with a single eye blazing like a forge-fire under a blood-oozing eyelid. Toad-like pustulous abdomens, with long and filmy frog's feet, with arms like im-

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mense spider legs provided with lobster claws. Add to all this the horns of a bull, forked tails twisting and wriggling like a batch of snakes, and a breath rolling in sulphurous vapour from their nostrils, polluting the atmosphere all about for acres around!

At stated hours of the night, these ghastly beings congregated on the south beach of the island, in some hollow and dark cove, where they built large fires; and, by the red glare, screeching, yelping, howling and distorting themselves in all manner and shapes, they clattered, rattled, and made an infernal hubbub, while a still-born infant roasted on a spit, to be served up at some abominable banquet. And then, leaping, waddling, tramping and stamping, they would squeal out some dreadful strain, to which the people on the opposite shore listened in terror.

It was in this company that La Corriveau was said to spend an hour or two, every Saturday night, as a reprieve from her confinement. Before the break of dawn, she would steal back to her dread station, and swing again her ghastly iron cage in the wind.

This could not last forever. One Sunday morning, the parishioners, on their way to mass, no longer saw the dreadful skeleton hanging on its hook. Rumour said the monster had been carried off by the devil. But this part of the legend at least was destroyed, in 1849, by the finding of the famous relic buried in the cemetery of St. Joseph. It disappeared again in a few weeks later, but the devil this time was called P. T. Barnum. The remnants can be seen to-day in the Boston Museum, in a glass case bearing the inscription "From Quebec."

The Tale of the Years

By OWEN E. McGILLICUDDY

Summer and Winter and Spring,
Heat and the cold and the rain;
This is the tale the years bring,
Blessing and bane.
Labour and reaping that's sweet,
Twilight and day and the night,
Seed and the soil and the wheat,
Darkness and light.
God made His earth for man,
Home for a little span.

Sowing and gleaning and rest,
Sorrow and mirth and a smile,
Glow in the east—in the west,
Day for a while.
Flowers to garland the earth,
Flowers to lay o'er the dead;
Tears and some sighs and some mirth,
Earth for a bed.
God gives His call to man
After a little span.

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The Canadian Flag

By JOHN S. EWART

A suggestion for Canadian clubs

THE Union Jack is the jack or symbol of the union of England, Scotland and Ireland. It is a compound of the individual jacks of the three kingdoms. When England and Scotland united, the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew were amalgamated; when Ireland joined the union, the cross of St. Patrick was compounded with the other two, and now all three may be seen upon the Union Jack. If by any other adhesion, the union were further expanded, the flag of the newcomer would be incorporated with the Union Jack. A flag should denote correctly the sovereignty which it represents. And if Imperial Federation should ever be consumated—if instead of a British Empire, consisting of one dominant State and a conglomeration of subservient States, we should ever have a federal union of all or many of these States, the flag which had symbolised the union of England, Scotland and Ireland would be quite inappropriate and inadequate for the representation of the new sovereignty.

The flag of a country is properly used not only within its own geographical limits, but wherever its ownership and jurisdiction extends. Over every subject-territory, and over all its ships, the metropolitan flag is properly flown. When the United Kingdom takes possession of some hitherto unappropriated territory, her officers hoist her flag in assertion of her ownership and sovereignty. The flag symbolises ownership and jurisdiction. Where these are absent the flag has no right to fly.

At one time Canada was within the ownership and jurisdiction of the United Kingdom. The Union Jack was then her fitting flag—it truly indicated her subjection to the country whose flag she flew. But it is not now as appropriate as it was. It is rapidly becoming still less so. And instinctively—to almost all of us quite unconsciously—our national aspirations have been urging us to the adoption of some symbol which would represent our Canadian nationality.

Almost immediately after federation in 1867—the great union which made Canadian nationality possible—our shipowners commenced the practice of placing the heraldic arms of Canada as a badge upon the flag of the red ensign (a). They had no right to do so. Their ships were British ships, and ought to have caried the flag prescribed by the Admiralty (b). But the Admiralty at first made no

(a) The red ensign is the flag of the British mercantile marine. It is a red flag, with the Union Jack in the upper left-hand corner.

(b) It must not be thought, however, that there was no precedent for defacing (to use heraldic phrase) a national flag with a private badge. For example, in 1868 (16th December) the Colonial Secretary notified

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objection to the practice. On the contrary, a notification was sent by its Board to the Colonial Office (22nd May, 1874) to the effect that

> "no objection would be raised to any vessel registered as belonging to one of Her Majesty's Colonies flying the red ensign with the badge of the Colony in the fly."

The Admiralty soon changed its mind, and on the 25th July of the following year intimated to the Colonial Secretary that the only proper flag for the colonial mercantile marine was "the red ensign without any badge."

Canadian shipowners took little notice of this inhibition, and finally an Imperial statute (c) was passed to put us straight:—

> 1. "The red ensign usually worn by merchant ships without any defacement or modification whatsoever, is hereby declared to be the proper national colours for all ships and boats belonging to any subject of Her Majesty, except in the case of Her Majesty's ships or boats or in the case of any other ship or boat for the time being allowed to wear any other national colours in pursuance of a warrant from Her Majesty or from the Admiralty."

Canada was notified of the passing of this statute (3rd October, 1889), and at the same time was informed that there would

> "be no objection to colonial merchant vessels carrying distinguishing flags with the badge of the colony thereon, *in addition* to the red ensign."

That was not, however, what Canada wanted, and an application was made (30th June, 1890) under the provisions of the statute

> "for the issue of a general warrant which will permit Canadian registered ships to fly the red ensign usually worn by merchant ships with the Canadian coat of arms."

Objection being made, the Canadian Government passed an Order-in-Council (31st October, 1890) in support of the previous application, and Sir Charles Tupper wrote to the Governor-General (Lord Stanley) on the 13th November, 1890, saying that

> "Since about 1869 our ships have been encouraged by the Government of Canada to use the red ensign with the Canadian coat of arms in the fly. . . . These ships ars in every quarter of the globe."

Afterwards (7th November, 1891) Vice-Admiral Watson, then stationed at Halifax, wrote to the Governor-General:

> "I have read with much interest the correspondence relating to the Canadian flag. It will certainly be a great pity if the Home Government insist on its abolition. As a matter of feeling and sentiment, I know for certain it will cause very great dissatisfaction in the colony, and I can see no good result from the enforcement of the order, but on the contrary I think a change enforced might give rise to trouble and will certainly cause general ill-feeling. They are proud of their flag, and their pride in my opinion should be encouraged and not dampened."

The Governor-General took the same view, and in writing to the Colonial Secretary (12th December, 1891), referred to the use of the red ensign with the Canadian badge not only at sea but on shore, where its appearance had become somewhat general:

> "It has been one of the objects of the Dominion, as of Imperial policy, to emphasise the fact that, by Confederation, Canada became not a mere assemblage of Provinces, but one united Dominion, and though no actual order has ever been issued, the Dominion Government has encouraged by precept and example the use on all public buildings throughout the Provinces of the red ensign, with the Canadian badge in the fly.
>
> "Of course it may be replied that no restriction exists with respect to flags which may be hoisted on shore, but I submit that *the flag is one which has come to be considered as the recognised flag of the Dominion*, both ashore and afloat, and on sentimental grounds I think there is much to be said for its retention, as it expresses at once the unity of the several Provinces of the

the Governor-General that colonial government ships, sailed under 28 Vic. c. 14, s. 3, "shall use the blue ensign with the seal or badge of the Colony in the fly thereof." By an Imperial Order-in-Council of 7th August, 1869, it was provided that Colonial Governors were "to fly the Union Jack with the arms or badge of the Colony emblasoned in the centre thereof."

(c) 52, 3 Vic., c. 73.

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Dominion and the identity of their flag with the colours hoisted by the ships of the mother country."

Lord Stanley added that the enforcement of the order

"would be attended with an amount of unpopularity very disproportionate to the occasion, and at a moment when it is *more than usually important to foster rather than to check an independent spirit in the Dominion* which, combined with loyal sentiments towards the mother country, I look upon as the only possible barrier to the annexationist feeling which is so strongly pressed upon us by persons acting in the interests of the United States." (d)

Thus urged the Admiralty gave way (2nd February, 1892), at the same time retaining its opinion that

"there are not unimportant objections to interference with the simplicity and uniformity of national colours. Whatever is conceded to Canada will almost certainly be claimed by the other Colonial Governments."

The warrant issued by the Admiralty (2nd February, 1892) is as follows:

"We do, therefore, by virtue of the power and authority vested in us, hereby warrant and authorise the red ensign of Her Majesty's fleet with the Canadian coat of arms in the fly, to be used on board vessels registered in the Dominion."

The Admiralty's warrant was of course limited to the use of the flag on vessels. The Admiralty has no control over its use on shore. That is a matter for Canadians themselves. From their own flagstaffs, they may fly what they please.

Disrespect to the Canadian flag has been exhibited on two ocasions: In 1895 at Bermuda the master of the Canadian schooner "Emma S." received the following note from the Colonial office there:

"I have to inform you that your ship having entered Hamilton harbour with a red ensign with a badge thereon flying, contrary to the provisions of Section 1 of the Imperial Merchant Shipping (Colonial) Act of 1889, the officer of the Customs at this port ordered the flag to be hauled down and handed to him, which was accordingly done."

An equally ill-informed official—Her Majesty's Consul at Rio Grande do Sol, Brazil—compelled the master of the "M. J. Taylor," in 1904, to remove the Canadian badge from his red ensign. Upon both occasions the officials underment correction: the "Emma S." got back her flag and the Consul sent an apology.

The Canadian flag—the only flag authorized for distinctively Canadian use—is this red ensign with the Canadian badge in the fly. Its first appearance on Canadian vessels was an irregularity. With some difficulty Imperial sanction for its use at sea was obtained. Improperly, but with increasing frequency, it has appeared upon land; has been displayed upon our public buildings; has been encouraged by our Government both "by precept and example;" and has at length been referred to by a Governor-General as "the recognized flag of the Dominion both ashore and afloat."

This Canadian flag very appropriately symbolises and expresses Canadian constitutional position, for the Union Jack in the corner indicates our political origin and present affiliation while the Canadian coat-of-arms in the fly denotes the severance of the umbilical cord and the commencement of independent national life.

The equivocal use of the flag on shore has its parallel and its explanation in the ambiguity of our political status. Were we in fact as well as theory, a part of the British Empire, we should of course fly the flag of the Empire alone—the Union Jack, the symbol of our subordination. And were we, in theory as well as fact, an independent nation, we should fly no flag which did not clearly express our status and our nationality.

(d) At the Dominion Elections of 1891 the question of closer trade relations with the United States was the principal issue, the Liberals strongly advocating a policy of unrestricted reciprocity.

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In 1776, after the thirteen American colonies had commenced concerted action, but prior to the Declaration of Independence, Washington (2nd January) hoisted a flag indicative at once of continued allegiance and of independent action—a flag of thirteen stripes of alternate white and red on a blue ground, with the Union Jack in the upper left-hand corner. Six months afterwards, the Union Jack disappeared and the "new constellation" of thirteen stars took its place. The greater freedom which Canada enjoys, the easy concession to her in more recent years of her every wish, the frank acknowledgement of her independence in every department of political life, and her admission to the councils of the Empire upon terms of perfect equality, have deferred indefinitely, if not removed forever (who can say?) all thought of any flag which failed to indicate Canadian veneration for the flag of their youth, and the flag of the greatest and the best of all historic Empires.

On the other hand, Canada's self-respect requires that her acknowledged right of independent self-government, her accession to the rank of nation, and her admission to a footing of equality with the United Kingdom itself, should not only be amply recognised at Imperial conferences but should be evidenced by her flag—by the flag of the Dominion of Canada.

Canadians who see something sinister, if not disgraceful and abominable, in the suggestion of a Canadian flag, may be helped by perusal of a press despatch from London of 8th July last:

> "Premier Botha and the Colonial Office have approved the new Transvaal flag, which is the Vieurkleur with the Union Jack in the corner."

The Vieurkleur was the Transvaal flag prior to the war.

I Dreamed

By T. MURIEL MERRILL

I dreamed that I did wander out alone
Along the river's edge as even fell;
Came from misty seas the warning bell,
Where water black spake out with whispered moan,
With melancholy sigh, in mournful tone,
With singing weird refrain, a ghostly knell,
Longing deep pent sorrow there to tell;
White the cresting waves the wind had blown.

I dreamed that I did find thee waiting, dear,
Beside the shore where shadows softly pass,
That thou didst then thy love to me make clear;
And as we walked upon the sweet young grass
It seemed that thou didst hold me very near,
And then I woke—'twas but a dream, alas!

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Mr. Piper Jumps the Traces

By SHAN S. BULLOCK

THERE could be no doubt about it. Spring had come at last. In the morning, on his way to business, Mr. Piper discovered it. There was something in the air, in himself, something new and young. The soft wind stirred his blood. The sunshine glowed in him. He found himself thinking of the country and longing to be there, knee-deep in meadows full of buttercups and daisies, or wandering on the hills. He could not read his newspaper. He pushed back his silk hat, opened the top button of his waistcoat, and basked on the omnibus.

"Ha," he said to the driver, "this is something like, Bill, isn't it? Makes one glad to be alive, hey?"

"Ah, reckon it does, sir," answered Bill. "Kind o' skittish feeling. 'Osses seems to know it somehow. Want to pull their blessed 'eads off, they do."

All the morning too, Mr. Piper, toiling at his desk, felt the inspiration of spring. It flowed into the big dingy room through the open windows. It sweetened work. He felt jovial, happy, almost contented; jested with the clerks, talked cricket and holidays with the juniors.

"Glorious weather, Brown," he said, lifting eyes from the ledger and bending to catch a glimpse of the sky. "White waistcoats and straw hats, tomorrow, if this continues. How's the forecast? Ha! good! Wouldn't mind being out Dorking way this morning—or Margate, hey?"

"Yes," said Mr. Brown, with a sigh of regret, "that would be all right, I suppose. But Margate? Hum. A bit too rowdy for my taste. Now if it was Folkestone or Bournemouth. Tell you what, Piper, a little sea voyage is what I'd like. Complete rest, don't you know; braces you up, and all that kind of thing. Wish I could—wish I could. Round Scotland, say, or out to the Canaries, or down to Gibraltar and Tangier. Ah! That would make a new man of me." Mr. Brown stretched his arms, rubbed his bald head. "I'm stodgy, Piper. I want a change."

"Why yes," said Mr. Piper, and sat pulling his whiskers. "I suppose we all do. Worst of it is we can't get what we want. Tangier and Gibralter? Ah!"

Mr. Piper was not imaginative, but spring was kindly in him, and that glimpse of blue sky out over the roofs gave him longing. He had a confused vision of the sea, of himself in a deck-chair, of dark-eyed Spaniards with guitars, of Arabs in dazzling white robes and enormous turbans, of date trees and camels and lions in the desert; and for a while he dreamt vain dreams, an elbow on the ledger and his round, grizzled head resting on a hand.

Stupid! What chance had he of voyages out into the world? A spin on his bicycle, with Mrs. Piper or one of the girls, out to Reigate or Hayes Common on a Saturday afternoon; a Sunday now and then on the river; pottering about in the garden of evenings; a fortnight in Septem-

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ber with the family at a farmhouse or some cheap seaside place; that was all the change he might expect. Some day, perhaps, when his ship came home, and the girls were off his hands, and burdens had lightened, he and his wife would see Switzerland and Paris, maybe would get sight of the lions and camels on the desert; meanwhile, spring or no spring, it was work for him and the simple pleasures of old England. Mr. Piper dipped his pen and turned the ledger.

"Easy to talk, Brown," he said and ruled a neat double line beneath a total. "Bachelors like you can do as you like. Wait till you have a wife and family, my boy. Ah, just wait. Then you'll know what Gibralter and Tangier look like. Might as well think of the great wall of China. Just as well," said Mr. Piper, and squared his elbows, and bent to work.

But throughout the morning and during luncheon time, and in the long hot hours that ended mercifully at six o'clock, he had intervals of vision, times of longing and dreaming, moments of self-pity when the figures on the ledger blurred and he saw himself as he was and as he might be, whole minutes of dull, patient revolt against the narrow monotony of things. Why should he be condemed always to the drudgery of a high stool and a desk? Why might he never look for a while of freedom, himself on a deck-chair out on the great sea, himself sitting under a date tree in the big desert, before he died? Only one life. Only one chance. Only one spring in every year.

"Ha," said Mr. Piper to himself, "by George it's hard upon a man. That fellow Brown now! Off he goes wherever he likes. Free—no cares—only himself. And here am I!—Silly fool. Get on with your work—"

By six o'clock there was little vigour and less enthusiasm left in Mr. Piper. Slowly he trudged amidst the crowd that flowed homewards down to London Bridge—a commonplace figure of a little man, squat, rotund, his shoulders twisted a little, his neck thick-set, his face heavy and plain. one hand grasping his umbrella, the other hiding the back buttons of his frock coat, and his silk hat tilted sideways at a rakish angle. His step was measured. His round blue eyes had a weary expression. He felt hot and hungry. In him now was small inspiration of the spring.

The cool breath of the river revived him somewhat. He stood a minute leaning on the parapet of London Bridge and watching the ships in their berths by the jetties. In the forecastle of one a sailor sat playing lively airs on a fiddle; along the gangway of another porters went burdened with boxes of oranges. The music and the smell of the oranges, sight of the river running out to sea, and the tugs churning along, and the barges drifting easily, all this had a certain poetic appeal for Mr. Piper. He felt again that dim longing for freedom—a change—something he knew not what. That sailor had seen things. The ships down there had lain in foreign ports and ploughed the roaring main. Orange groves in Seville, vines on sunny slopes, mosques with gilded roofs and men praying on carpets before them, dancing dervishes, brigands wearing cloaks and slouched hats: these made a vague picture before Mr. Piper's round blue eyes. He had read about them somewhere. Brown had seen them. Why could not he see them too? Just once, for a week, for a day! "They that go down to the sea in ships," said Mr. Piper to himself; then smiled, and with his face to the pavement trudged on homeward across the bridge.

At St. George's Church Mr. Piper bought an evening paper and took a tram-car to Camberwell Green; thence walked to his home in a road leading from Denmark Hill. It was a small two-storied house, having a grass-plot in front, a small garden behind, and

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flower-boxes faced with cork-wood, on the dining-room sills. Usually Mr. Piper lingered a minute to admire the tulips and daffodils in the grass-plot and window-boxes, for he loved flowers; usually, too, waited for Mrs. Piper to open the door; but that evening he used his latchkey and went straight in. An odour of washing-day filled the hall. In the drawing-room a Miss Piper was practising scales on the violin. From the dining-room Mrs. Piper came out, kissed Mr. Piper, and helped him to change into his alpaca jacket.

"Well, dearest you've got home," she said and stood before him with folded hands. They were large, honest hands, and had not yet recovered from a day's work at the wash-tub. Neither had Mrs. Piper herself quite recovered from it, and Mr. Piper noticed that. He hated washing days. There was no necessity for them. Always they brought discomfort and disagreeableness. Women were so obstinate.

"Yes, I've got home," said he and sat down in an easy chair in the dining-room. "Pretty glad, too. Oh, I'm hungry and tired. Where's the girls? Is that Marie performing in the next room? Wish she wouldn't. It gets on my nerves. You look done up, Emily. This beastly washing again, of course. Why will you? You know how I dislike you doing such things. Wearing yourself out. Why can't you engage a charwoman?"

Mrs. Piper did not answer. Long ago she had learnt the wisdom of not answering a hungry man. She was a homely little woman, dressed in simple black, with a patient face that had once been pretty. Quietly she went out, persuaded Marie to cease practising, called Julia from her painting upstairs, lured Helen from her novel in the garden, and helped the maid to serve dinner. "Now, dears," she said, when all was ready; and the family sat down to their evening meal.

As a rule the Pipers were happy together; but that evening, as it happened, they did not harmonise. Mrs. Piper was suave enough in her patient way, Mr. Piper tried to be pleasant, but the girls were snappy, inclined to be sharp with their mother and cool with their father. Ma looked such a fright, they thought, and in various subtle ways expressed their thoughts. Why must she wear that disgraceful black gown, and persist in dressing her hair like some old frump, and lower them all in the eyes of the neighbours by acting like a servant? Such hands, thought Miss Julia. Drinking bottled ale, sneered Miss Helen. Cold beef and salad again, and rhubarb-tart, of course, sniffed Miss Marie. Then Pa was in one of his humours, they could see. Doubtless he was tired, poor man, and hungry; perhaps the sudden change had affected him, too; and the usual things had been said about washing-day. Still what he had to endure was little—a nice comfortable office to work in, a good hot lunch, no worries or bothers—and the least he might do was to make himself agreeable. Think of their day! Nowhere to go, nothing to do, nobody calling, and now this!

Poor Mr. Piper. His share in the proceedings, which ended at last in an unseemly wrangle between the sisters, was not more than an occasional grumble and sometimes a gentle word of remonstrance. He wanted to laugh and jest, to talk over the events of the day, to enjoy his meal. He felt a strange need of sympathy, a desire to confide his thoughts. He wanted to be soothed. He wished to see everyone happy and peaceful. And here was everything at sixes and sevens, the wife worn out, the girls jangling, the dinner not fit to eat, himself sitting on thorns.

"Oh, stop it, can't you!" he said at last, flinging down his serviette and pushing back his chair. "Haven't you all the day for your squabbling.

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D'you think it's for this kind of thing a man comes home!"

"Well, I'm sure!" said Miss Julia, with a toss of her head.

"Well, I never did!" said Miss Helen, with a curl of her lip.

"A pretty thing!" said Miss Marie, and rose slowly and sailed off to resume her performance in the drawing-room.

But Mrs. Piper only sighed wearily; and Mr. Piper, taking pipe and pouch from the mantel, tramped out into the garden.

There he fell to pottering among the flowers and rose trees. Presently he grew calm; yet not quite calm. His temper had a ruffle still, his nerves a quiver. He put his foot viciously on a grub, and thought "women are so deuced obstinate. They rub one up the wrong way." He pricked his finger on a rose thorn and said "There! Nothing will go right. I'm—I'm—oh, it's too bad!" The sound of Marie's violin came out to him and he said, "Confound the thing. It puts my teeth on edge." Turning he saw Helen reading at a back window and he thought, "Hum. A lot they care how a man feels." Mrs. Piper came out and stood by him with her patient hands folded and her face smiling patiently; and she said, in a while, "Hasn't it been a beautiful day, Henry? It really seems as if spring had come at last."

"Yes—oh, yes," answered Mr. Piper. "The day's been all right—what I've seen of it. Not much chance for a man shut up in a beastly office. Wish I was out of it."

He straightened his back, looked at Mrs. Piper, called himself a brute, tried to smile.

"Don't notice, Emily," he pleaded. "It's nothing. It's the change in the weather, I suppose, or a touch of liver, or something . . . Yes. Spring is here, I think. Beautiful—beautiful. It was delightful going to town this morning. Felt quite jolly, you know. Pity the feeling didn't last . . . I say, Emily. I do wish Marie would practise some other time. And look here. I'm going to put my foot down about this washingday business. There's no necessity. It's wearing you out."

So the evening went; and night came and peace with it. The air was balmy. The stars shone clear. Up and down the grass-plot Mr. Piper went pacing, hands behind him and his head down. And as he went memories of the day came back to him, and he felt spring working in him again.

He saw the wharves by London Bridge, and the sailor fiddling, and the porters laden with oranges. He saw the sea, a ship upon it, and himself reclining happily in a deck-chair; another ship sailed away, away, and came to that foreign land where Arabs rode on camels, and dervishes danced, and lions prowled among the date trees. Ha, it would be good to see that foreign land. A change, an entire change! No worries, no cares, no wrangling, no dusty office, no stuffy rooms, no poky little garden where wasn't room to swing a cat. Lots of sunshine, life, colour, the swell of the big sea—freedom—a change. For more than thirty-five years now he had slaved. For nearly thirty years he had been married. And in all that time never a week he might call his own—not a day. The same monotonous round, the same things always—day after day, year after year, just the same.

"By heavens," thought Mr. Piper, and stood looking at the stars, "it's pretty bad. Every man should have a fling now and then. He ought to get away. It would make him feel better, more contented. It would make people value him more. By George, I've half a mind to—to—"

He laughed, knocked the ashes from his pipe, and turned for bed.

"I'm a silly ass," he said. "Don't know what's come to me. Must take a liver pill. Poor Emily, think of

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keeping her awake till this hour of the night."

II.

Mr. Piper slept well; woke next morning and found it still spring weather. He shaved by the open window; dressed in his grey flannel suit; came down singing to breakfast; at half-past eight, put on his brown shoes and straw hat, kissed the girls and Mrs. Piper, and with stick and newspaper started for the office.

"Don't think I'll need an umbrella to-day, Emily," he said on the doorstep. "By Jove, it is splendid. Hope it will last, eh. Well, good-bye, my dear," he said; then closed the gate, waved his hand, and went. Afterwards he had sight of Emily standing with folded hands in the doorway and smilling her good-bye; and Emily, too, kept seeing Henry go down the road in his light grey suit, straw hat tilted and stick swinging.

In full sunshine Mr. Piper made the journey to St. George's Church; there finding himself in good time and feeling need for a little exercise, got off the omnibus and walked towards the river. His step was jaunty. He pushed out his chest. It was good to be alive, he thought. On London Bridge he lingered, watching the river and the ships, enjoying the sunshine, taking the air in deep breaths. What a time! What a day to spend on the hills, by the sea! That great longing for change took hold of him again. His heart sank at thought of spending the day in a dusty room, bent over a ledger and ruling neat double lines at foot of long columns. How could he? It was like going to prison. Shut in like a rat in a cage. The same weary round. The same drudging grind. And all the day the sun would be shining, and the wind blowing fresh on hill and meadow; and he would dream and fret again; and he would grow tired, tired; and at last he would trudge home once more, back to the little home and the little garden, back to more jangling perhaps, worries, discontents.

"It's a shame," said Mr. Piper to himself, and leaning an elbow on the parapet looked down at the wharves. The ship and the fiddling sailor were gone. Where had they gone? To California—the Mediterranean — the Cape? Lucky sailor!

"It's a shame," said Mr. Piper to himself; then, at thought again of the office and all the weary day, covered his eyes with a hand and moaned, "I can't. I can't. It's cruel. It's a shame."

Suddenly he braced himself, full of decision.

"I won't," he cried to himself. "I don't care. I'll have a holiday. I'll have a fling. Yes, I will. I will. I will." And with that, full of the strangest excitement, his face set and hands clenched, Mr. Piper strode on.

What he meant to do, Mr. Piper did not know and did not care. He was full of recklessness.

"I won't think," he said, "I musn't think. Anything, anywhere." By chance he turned down a street that led along the river; by chance found himself standing presently before a Shipping office and reading the notices in the window. Names in large type swam before his excited eyes — Naples — Venice — Malta — Lisbon — Oporto: and then with an arresting shock the names of *Gibraltar* and *Tangier* caught his eye and left him gaping.

Eh? What? The very places of his dreams. It was like fate. Oh, but absurd. Ridiculous! He couldn't. Yet—yet—what did he care? He had holidays. He was free. To the North Pole he felt like going that minute.

A minute Mr. Piper stood hesitant; then with a rush went into the office.

"Ah. Good-morning," he said to the clerk. "I've just been reading—. The fact is I'm thinking of taking a little trip. Somewhere south—yes—not too far, you know. I see you book

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to—ah—Gibraltar and Tangier." Mr. Piper drew breath and rid the lump from his throat. "When does the next boat sail for those places?" he asked.

"This afternoon, sir," answered the clerk. "Leaves the dock at 3.30. Don't know as I've got a berth left, sir; but I think I could manage something. Just a minute. I'll telephone."

Mr. Piper stood bemused. Conscience pricked him. He thought of home, of the office, of consequences. He wondered at himself, called himself a fool. He shivered. His knees trembled. Mad—ridiculous! Lose his situation perhaps? Emily and the girls? Yet—yet——"

"It's all right, sir. We can manage a berth for you. Just in time it seems."

It was the clerk's voice. Mr. Piper turned.

"Eh? What. Oh, yes." He smiled vaguely. "That—that's pretty lucky now. The last berth, you say? Hum." He nodded. "What's the fare? I see. That's return to—Tangier? Yes." He pondered a minute. "Pretty expensive, isn't it? No. The usual prices aboard, I suppose?" He pondered another minute. "How long would it take me? Hum. Pretty certain of catching a boat back, eh? From where? Oh, Tangier!" He stood in a whirl of indecision, things plucking him this way, things plucking that. "You're sure I can do it in the time?" he asked; then, without waiting for an answer, made the plunge. "Book me," he cried. "It's all right. Book me! Name? What for? Oh, Smith, then — Mr. John Smith, of Hampstead. Look here. I'll be back in an hour. Have to go to the bank, you know, and—and—Back in an hour," cried Mr. Piper, and with a wave of his stick hurried from the office.

"Well, I'm dashed," said the clerk. "Of all the rum coves! A bit touched, I should think."

For the best part of the hour Mr. Piper wandered aimlessly here and there; at last drew a coin from his pocket, laid it on the back of a hand, and glanced at it.

"That decides," he murmured. "I'm going. Don't care. Not a button. And now for it. No more thinking, Piper, my boy. Let everything go. Enjoy yourself. That's it. Enjoy yourself—and no more worrying—and cover up your tracks. Mr. John Smith of Hampstead? Ha! My word, what a jolly old lark!"

Once decided on his jolly old lark, Mr. Piper tried not to look back. Not himself he felt now, but someone else, a new man, an adventurer—Mr. John Smith of Hampstead. Cautiously, and with an alertness of mind that surprised even his new self, he strode along, rejoicing in freedom, feeling like an errant schoolboy or some hero in a story, a large cigar in his mouth, and his round blue eyes on the watch.

"Musn't be seen, he murmured.

"Mustn't think. Must cover up my tracks. Mr. John Smith of Hampstead! My eye, what a joke!"

He drew money from the bank. He ventured near the office, and had a furtive look at it. In a quiet restaurant, hidden behind a newspaper, he ate a steak and potatoes and drank half a bottle of Burgundy. At a shop in Cheapside he bought a bag, filled it with shirts, collars, ties, gloves, a large yachting cap, a pair of rubber shoes, cigars, tobacco, and other necessaries; then took a cab to the Shipping office, paid his fare, and asked the clerk to have his bag put aboard.

"What's the number of my berth?" he asked. "Good. Three-thirty you say she sails? Hope we'll make a good passage. Weather looks all right, doesn't it? And you've got my name, haven't you: Mr. John Smith of Hampstead? Right. Oh . . . My word, what a lark!"

From the office Mr. Piper went to a hairdresser's and had his hair cut and shampooed.

"That's refreshing," he said to the

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barber, and sat eyeing his new self in the mirror. "Look here," he continued, "I'll have my whiskers off. Weather's turned so hot, you know. And I say. Everyone is clean-shaven nowadays." He sank back into the chair. "Just take off my moustache too," he said, a throb of excitement in his voice. "May as well be in the fashion, you know."

It surely was a new face that presently looked from the mirror at Mr. Piper. Sight of it startled him just a little; soon he felt as though Emily were looking reproachfully over his shoulder, and he flushed with shame, turned from the face, and rose hurriedly.

"Curious the difference a moustache makes to a man," he said. "I doubt if my own wife would know me now . . . No, I doubt if she would," he mused, as slowly he walked towards Fenchurch street. Anyhow there's one thing sure. I must go now. I wouldn't face Emily like this for worlds. Heigho. Fool! Ass! . . . And there's another thing I must do," he said in a while, so turned into a post-office and despatched two telegrams, one to Emily, the other to the head of his office. "That may keep them from worrying," said Mr. Piper; then, a little dolefully, resumed his jolly old lark.

For all his assumption of bravado, Mr. Piper could not help thinking. When a man has nursed conscience through fifty years or so it will not easily be stifled. Even when at last he was sailing away and away to the places of his dreams, and the winds blew, and the sea lay wide in the sunshine, and he was free, and all the day he might recline in deck-chairs, and eat, and drink, and be happy, still even then conscience shadowed him: not closely, perhaps, but more insistently as time went by. He made the most of things. He enjoyed himself all he could.

With his artless ways, his easy manners, his inoffensive appreciation of everything, his absurd questions, his stories, his ready laugh, he found favour with his fellow-passengers — this podgy little Cockney, with his round blue eyes and beaming smile, his great cap and rubber shoes. He made friends of the captain and crew. The ladies thought him such a funny little man; the men voted him not half a bad sort. Yet sometimes at table, or whilst he sat talking on deck, suddenly he would falter and sit quiet for a minute; and then he would have sight of Emily standing in the doorway, or sitting forlorn in the dining-room, and he would imagine the girls weeping together, or the detectives uncovering his tracks, and he would flush and be miserable.

"I shouldn't have done it," he would say to himself. "What tempted me? Why did I not see the consequences?" And then maybe he would go and look at his face in a mirror and say, "They're growing again. It isn't the whiskers make such a difference. It's the moustache. But it really is growing again. By the time I get back—oh, I wish I was back!"

Before Mr. Piper came to Tangier that wish was stronger in him; for the Bay was stormy and showed him little mercy. Down in his narrow berth, lonely, wretched, sometimes afraid, he lay through the weary hours, and now wished himself dead and now longed for home. Conscience was remorseless then. It stripped him bare, left of Mr. Smith of Hampstead hardly the cap hanging on its peg and the rubber shoes lying near the spittoon. If only he were back with Emily and the girls once more; back in the garden, on the omnibus, in the office. Why had he done it? What madness had filled him? What were they thinking, doing, saying? Imagine their fears, their suspicions! How could he explain? What excuses had he? Never in life could he make them understand, never find forgiveness. The disgrace! The shame!

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"Emily, Emily," cried Mr. Piper, the unfortunate, tormented man, and lay seeing his wife in the doorway, hands folded and a smile on her face, "I'm being punished. It serves me right. I thought unkindly of you. But never, never again!"

And with that perhaps Mr. Piper would let his fingers wander over the places where once his moustache and whiskers had been. The absurd little man!

But peace came at last, and Mr. Piper crawled back to the sunshine once more, and revived quickly there. He saw the Rock, walked up through the narrow white town, saw the lines, went from glare to shade in the tunnels and out to the broiling sunshine again; crossed over to Tangier also and saw his Arabs and camels, his mosques and palms, had a glimpse even of the desert wherein the lions roar. It was all wonderful enough and very good; yet somehow did not reach the fine heights of Mr. Piper's dreams. The heat and the glare tried him. He felt weary, preoccupied, out of sorts. Wherever he went there was conscience at his elbow, whispering in his ear and fretting his guilty soul. He saw Emily among the Arabs; amid all the strange sounds and sights of the place constantly he was imagining the hour of his return to the home in Camberwell and all that would happen then. How could he face them all? What explanations would suffice? Would they believe and forgive him? Oh, not Arabs and camels did Mr. Piper want to see; what he longed for now was the homeward ship and sight of old England again. . .

Well, in due time Mr. Piper got back home. What happened there does not greatly matter. Enough to say that after a fashion Emily understood, believed, and forgave; enough if we can picture Mr. Piper going henceforward on his monotonous round, subdued, reconciled, the same commonplace little man with his round blue eyes and grizzled whiskers, yet glancing back sometimes, as at the Rock itself, towards the romantic heights of his great experience. Whatever came now he had *that*. It was there.

The Heart's Response

W. INGLIS MORSE

NE'ER can the murmur of the shell
Answer the sea
As I in my undoing
Respond fore'er to thee.
What choric cry, fair one, I give,
That thou mayest tell
The dull chimes offered in the house
Where Passion and Beauty dwell!

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The Builders

By EVELYN GUNN

To the builders of the highways that skirt the canyon's brink,
To the men that bind the roadbed fast,
To the men that grade and the men that blast,
I raise my glass and drink.

Theirs the great Endeavour and the deed of high Emprise;
For they fight their fight with naked hands,
'Gainst forest swamps and shifting sands
And the fury of the skies.

To the builders who have fallen, whose graves mark out the line;
To the blind who nevermore may see,
To the maimed and halt in their misery,
In silence drink your wine.

For them no crashing volleys or roll of muffled drums,
Only the roar of the great rock-blast
Is their requiem-song when the day is past,
And the final darkness comes.

To the engineers, the wizards, whose word brooks no delay;
Hearing, the sleeping glens awake,
The snow-plumed hills obeisance make,
And lo, the Open Way!

For them no flaring banners when a bitter fight is won;
No cheering thousands in the street
Their gallant heroes ever greet,
Though dauntless deeds be done.

To the builders of the highways that skirt the canyon's brink,
To the men that bind the roadbed fast,
To the high and low, the first and last,
I raise my glass and drink.

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The Art of W. St. Thomas Smith

By R. HOLMES

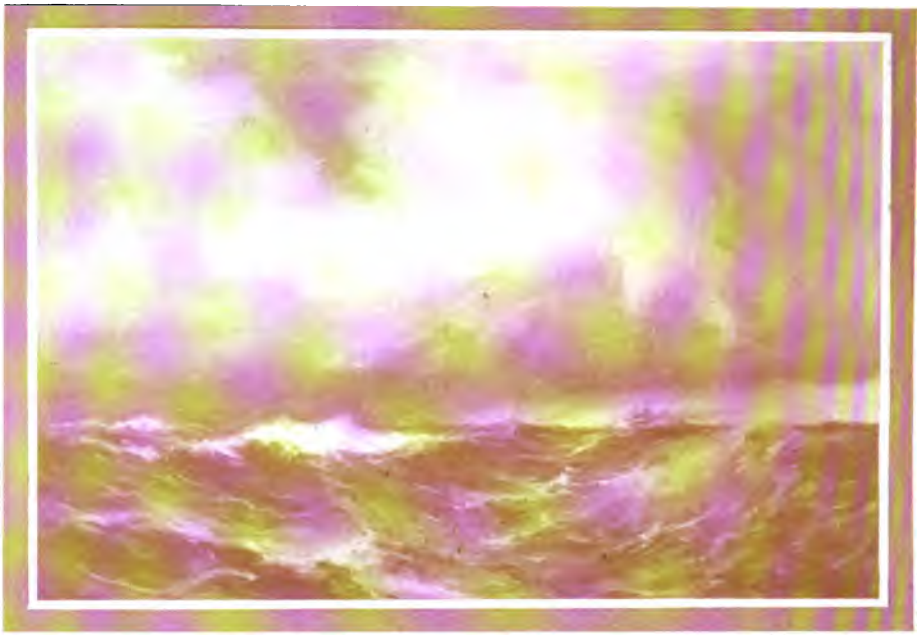
An appreciation of a Canadian water-colourist who is doing work that counts

THEY paint the big things in Nature." That was St. Thomas Smith's summing up of his reasons for the faith that is in him regarding some of the living British painters of whom he had been speaking. When he does speak, which is not often, it is of other men than himself and other work than his own, and upon this occasion the conversation ran on the personality and the painting of such men as Macaulay Stevenson, Sir George Reid, Robert Hope, Alfred East, Stanhope Forbes, Clausen, Brangwyn, of the Scottish and English schools, most of whom he knew personally, and the work of all of whom he greatly admired. A man is known, partly at least, by the company he keeps, and these are strong and sincere men who, in all the concerns of life and of art, are ruled by conviction rather than caprice, who regard facts rather than fancies, and in whom a strong and deep feeling takes the place of the emotion and sentiment that move the smaller men along the lines of least resistance. Instinctively men of such mentality view things from the higher outlook, instinctively they grasp the salient points, the dominating force, the essential truth — instinctively they paint the big things in Nature. And as practical thinkers and exponents rather than visionaries, they have seriously studied the medium through which they are to express what is in them. But the message is of first importance, and while many lesser men, especially the men cradled in the schools and nurtured in the schools from their youth up, seem to regard the canvas and the paper sheet largely as a stage upon which to parade a technical dexterity, the greater man will always regard his technique, not at all as an end in itself, but as a means whereby the greater his command over it the more forcibly and more effectively will he be able to



W. ST. THOMAS SMITH

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Painting by W. St. Thomas Smith

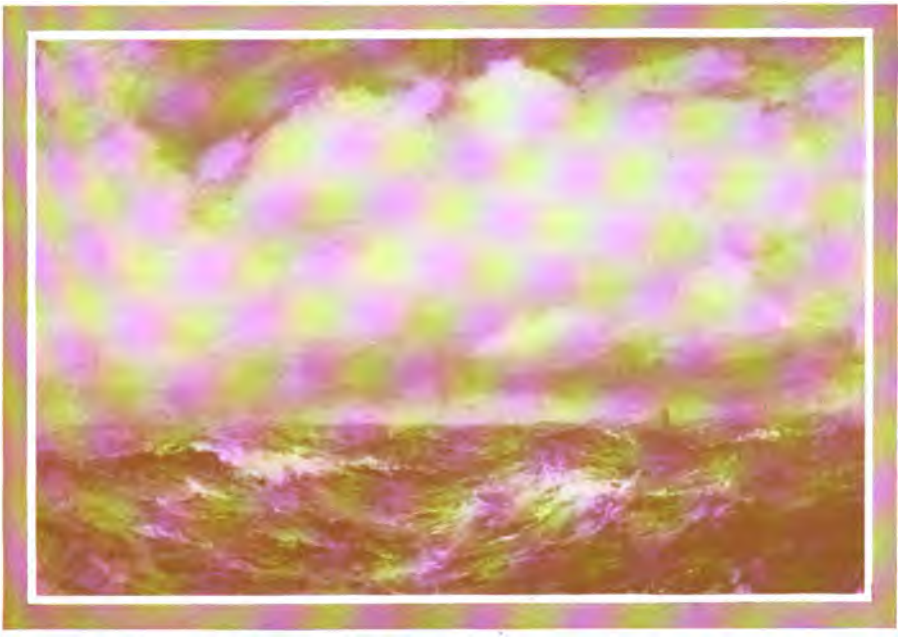
NOVEMBER DAY AT SEA

deliver his message. In the attitude of his mind the subject of this sketch is very truly at one with the men who regard the big things in Nature and the virility of his artistic equipment impels him to paint things in the big way.

As to what the big things in Nature are, a note by one of the great men who himself dealt in them may be of interest. Speaking of this very thing one day to some friends, Millet took them to Nicholas Poussin's picture of *The Deluge* in the gallery of the seventeenth century French painters in the Louvre. "See," he said, in free translation, "you can feel that the terrible rain has been pouring down for a long, long time, and that it will continue to pour down for a very long time to come. You can feel that man and beast and all Nature are tired out, overcome by the pitiless unceasing destruction of all things. Everything is still, awed by the terrible downpour." Then, to show the difference between truly great art and mere talent, they are taken to Girodet's picture of the same subject. Here a solitary rock with figures clinging to it rises above the waste of waters. "It is all very dramatic," he said, "but it is an event, something short-lived, like a thunderclap or a flash of lightning. Those people on the rock cling to the branch of a tree that is breaking. They will disappear and there will be nothing left in your mind. This is a momentary scene, soon to be finished. It leaves nothing to think about. But Poussin's *Deluge* in its quiet way leaves in your mind so much of gloom and distress, so real a feeling of merciless calamity, that you are bound to remember it all your life."

And these great facts that contain the essence of the subject must be set forth by the painter of great pictures. In the case of St. Thomas Smith the great facts, whether always realised in his work or not, are certainly always very strongly present to his mind, his reach is always toward them and they

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Painting by W. St. Thomas Smith

MID-OCEAN

sometimes at least come within his grasp.

The sea, with him hardly ever sunlit, seldom in a towering rage, nearly always low-toned and heaving with a great suggestion of reserved strength; the sky, not sunlit either, nor rent with storm but heavy with the mystery of power that breeds the storm, that holds in reserve the might of the storm and may at any time let it loose—these are the big things in Nature that most inspire him. The men of the sea he meets on the sea. Their chequered life is known to him at first-hand, and his pictures of the sea bear the strong impress of the seriousness born of intimate communion with it. His landscapes, too, large and small, and nearly everything else that he paints, strike the same serious note—the note that speaks of the mystery and might of the forces of Nature.

His compositions are usually arrangements of large simple masses, more often than not merging into one another without any very sharply defined boundaries, and there is little suggestion of any fore-ordained arrangement of lines, or the equivalent, an approximation of spots forming a broken line, to lead the eye to any centre of interest, like the lines and blotches of colour in many flowers leading the bee to where the honey lies. His pictures certainly never suffer from any complex artificiality of composition, and if he works on any pet "system" either it is a very simple one or its complexity is very successfully concealed. Someone has said that "the greatest art is to conceal art," and the absence of any obtrusion of ways and means is probably very largely responsible for the feeling of spontaneity always present in his compositions.

Colour and values seem to be uppermost in his mind. Naturally so, it may be said, since these are the painter's business as painter, in contra-distinction to draughtsman or sculptor, for instance, or architect,

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but not all painters seem to live up to this view or we should not have so many examples of a subordination of the qualities that paint is peculiarly fitted to realise. His conversation continually runs on colour, but his colour is not gay, his pictures are not by any means what might be termed a riot of colour, nor are there among them any symphonies in pink and navy blue. It may be for the reason that very strong light takes the colour out of things that he does not paint sunlit scenes, but in any case the trend of his mind is not toward gayety, and his quiet seriousness seems to naturally draw him toward the purity and richness and glowing force of colour as revealed in a somewhat subdued light. In his effects of tone and colour one recognises the direction of the same mental qualities that make him paint billows rather than wavelets, and the wind that bends the pines rather than the zephyr that only lightly shakes the barley. Perhaps it is by reason of its colour or its absence of colour that the snow-covered landscape fails to attract him. One would think, however, that some aspects of the strenuous season of frost should make a powerful appeal to such a man, for the winter as "made in Canada" is surely of the big things in Nature, and it seems strange that, notwithstanding his admiration of Thaulow and the season as he paints it, St. Thomas Smith seems to have never painted an important winter subject.

Like most men who achieve anything worth while, St. Thomas Smith is a worker. The "infinite capacity for taking pains" is very severely present in him, though all evidence of struggle is carefully eliminated from the picture. The larger pictures especially — those on double elephant



Painting by W. St. Thomas Smith

A DUTCH LANDSCAPE

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sheets 27 x 40 inches, and those on imperial sheets 23 x 30 inches—are monuments of careful work, however much they may look as if they had sprung into existence after the manner of the great Minerva. The colours are prepared in liberal quantities and set out in enamelled tin saucers, the paper is stretched on boards and then, whether painted on the spot or from a sketch, or from a mental impression, the board is laid flat, the paper made wet and the whole subject laid in with full rich colour in broad masses which on the moist paper are merged into one another by almost imperceptible gradations, or more abruptly as required, but without harsh dry outlines, which are of necessity absent in any subject in which atmosphere is present. The first wash is permitted to dry. Then the whole sheet is again wetted and again worked on in colour. The process is repeated in some cases many times, with an eye always open to preserving the spontaneity of the original impression while realising those other qualities that go to make up a picture as distinguished from a sketch. The method is simple enough—in theory—and Whatman paper, Cambridge colours in tubes, and camel-hair brushes—for the larger washes the flat varnish brushes one, two, three inches wide such as painters use—are the material equipment.

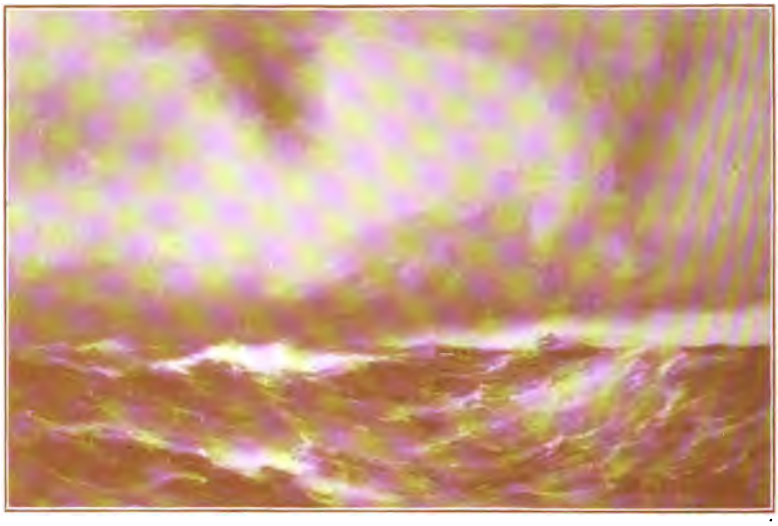
A man's work and his influence as a unit in the community in which he plays his part are the chief concern of the public, but a few biographical details may be of some slight interest. St. Thomas Smith is Scotch as to parentage, Belfast Irish, as to place of birth, and Canadian through having lived here and studied and developed here from his very early youth. His boyhood days were spent



Painting by W. St. Thomas Smith

OLD WINDMILL

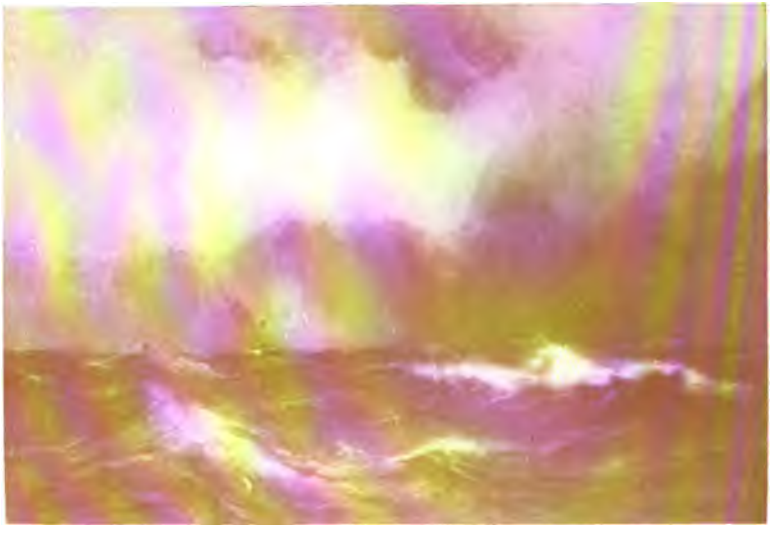
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Painting by W. St. Thomas Smith

THE DERELICT

in Beaverton, on the shores of Lake Simcoe, and the waters of that lake first moved him to picture things. In 1885 he began his studies in the Toronto Art School, and later he spent some time in the studio of J. W. L. Forster. At the Art School he met Miss Julia Payne, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Payne, pioneers of Talbotville, and for a time the graven images of the school had only a second place in his thoughts. They were married, and in 1889 established a household in St. Thomas, which has been their headquarters ever since. Mrs. Smith is a sculptor, and has charge of the department of sculpture in Alma Ladies' College. A bust



Painting by W. St. Thomas Smith

THE STORM

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Painting by W. St. Thomas Smith

AFTERGLOW

of Judge Hughes in the library of the Elgin Law Association is one of her more important works. During the last fifteen years much of Mr. Smith's time has been spent, whether in Canada or abroad, on shores washed by the sea. Seven years have been spent in Europe, principally in Scotland, England and Holland, three summers were devoted to Percé and one or two to different parts of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Newfoundland, the Magdalene Islands, and all the Gulf very naturally took a strong hold upon him. The grand scale upon which the effects are massed, the mystery of the vapour-laden atmosphere, the stern, relentless war of the elements had a fascination for him that will be readily understood by those who know his temperament. His being is attuned to that sort of thing. The serious attitude of his mind towards the things of Nature and the sincerity in which he approaches the work he has assigned himself are his strongest characteristics. These are the impelling forces that most strongly move him. These are the factors that stamp his pictures with their large measure of what is impressive. And it is the ever-present bearing of these elements of seriousness and sincerity that seems likely to preserve the strength of his work and to keep him always among those who paint the big things in Nature.



Painting by W. St. Thomas Smith

OCTOBER

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The Nova Scotian Hero of Lucknow

By EMILY P. WEAVER

THE names of many noble men—Lawrence, Havelock, Outram and Colin Campbell—are inseparably associated with that of Lucknow, the Indian city on the Goomtee, but the soldier who has perhaps best claim to the title "Hero of Lucknow" is our own Inglis, for it was he who, through the terrible summer of 1857, held the place against a host of rebel Sepoys, and thus greatly aided in restoring British prestige in India.



From an oil painting in the Legislative Buildings, Halifax

SIR JOHN INGLIS, DEFENDER OF LUCKNOW

John Eardley Wilmot Inglis (to give him his full name) was born at Halifax, in November, 1814. He came of a good Loyalist stock, being the grandson of the first Bishop of Nova Scotia, and the son of the third. He was educated at King's College, Windsor, and obtained a commission in the 32nd Regiment of Foot a few weeks before he came of age. He first saw active service in Lower Canada during the Rebellion of 1837. Some years later his regiment was ordered to India, and in 1848 and 1849 he fought in the Punjab.

On the outbreak of the Indian mutiny, fifty years ago, Lieutenant-Colonel Inglis was second in command to Sir Henry Lawrence at Lucknow, the capital of the then recently annexed Province of Oudh. The city extended for miles along the bank of the Goomtee and was a wonder at once of

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magnificence and squalour, with its great temples, its gilded palaces, its gardens, its mud-hovels, its narrow, crooked ditch-like streets, from which the gorgeously caparisoned elephants of the native princes often crowded out other passengers. Between the city and the river stood the King's palace, a stronghold, named the Muchhee Bhowun, and the famous "Residencey." The latter consisted of houses for the British officials, a fine banqueting hall, and various guard-houses and other buildings, surrounded by beautiful lawns and flower gardens. On the opposite side of the river were the cantonments occupied by the native troops.

The population of Lucknow numbered about 300,000, chiefly Mohammedans of a wild and lawless type. When, in the spring of 1857, Lawrence was appointed British Commissioner of Oudh, he perceived that the people were in a state of great unrest, and, while endeavouring to conciliate them, wisely made preparations for defending his post. He laid in stores of ammunition and provisions, strengthened his fortifications, and collected the sick and the European women and children at the Residency. Inglis ably seconded his chief's endeavours to secure the safety of their position, but both realised its danger, for they had few European soldiers under their command, and it was impossible to tell which of the far more numerous body of native troops were trustworthy.

On May 30th, within three weeks of the outbreak at Meerut over the greased cartridges, many of the Sepoys revolted. Others, however, remained true then and to the last, doing noble service in the defence of the Residency against the traitors. But the revolt quickly spread through the country and many Europeans lost their lives.

Towards the end of June, Lucknow was threatened by a host of rebels, and Lawrence marched out of his entrenchments to meet them. But his troops were far outnumbered, his native gunners betrayed him, and he was obliged to retreat with heavy loss. This forced him to blow up the Muchhee Bhowun fortress, and to concentrate his men within the Residency itself. The siege now began in earnest with a furious bombardment, and on July 2nd Lawrence was fatally wounded by a shell which exploded in his own chamber. It was the second that had burst within two days in that one small room.

The command now devolved upon Colonel Inglis, and none could have proved more worthy of it. He enjoyed the unbounded confidence of his brave men, and for eighty-seven weary days he guided the operations of the defence "with a master hand."

Through the sweltering heat of the Indian rainy season, scarcely taking rest by night or day, the heroic little garrison stood at its post, while outside, thirsting for their blood, raged tens of thousands of rebels, half-savage, but the more formidable from the European training they had received in the art of war. Inglis says that eight thousand men were at one time firing into their position, and that there was "no place in the whole of our works that could be considered safe." Sick men were killed in the banqueting hall, which had been turned into a hospital, and "women and children were shot dead in rooms into which it had not been deemed possible that a bullet could penetrate." It must have added sorely to the anxieties of the commander that his own wife and children were suffering with him all the horrors of the siege.

Douhtless the presence of such helpless ones nerved every man in the garrison to do his utmost to save them from the appalling fate, which had overtaken men, women and little children at Cawnpore.

But the rebels were terribly persistent. When their fierce bombardment failed to make a breach in the

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British defences, they tried to carry the place by storm. They kept the garrison on the strain by night attacks, they endeavoured to scale the walls with huge ladders, they burrowed in the earth and tried to mine beneath them.

Wounds, exhaustion, cholera, smallpox and other sicknesses wore away the lives and the strength of the British, but their courage never faltered and the vigilance of their heroic commander never slumbered. For weeks they heard nothing of what was going on outside. "We sent out messengers daily," says Inglis, "calling for aid, and asking for information, none of whom ever returned till the 26th day of the siege," when there arrived the joyful tidings that Havelock would be with them in five or six days. But the hope proved delusive. After thirty-five days longer of wearing suspense, Inglis heard that the rescuing army had been obliged to fall back for reinforcements. Then there was another long, long silence, as far as all without was concerned.

The provisions of the garrison began to run low, but not their courage. Even the women, surrounded by their suffering little ones, showed "patience, endurance and great resignation." "They have animated us by their example," says Inglis.

At length, on. September. 22nd, came word that Havelock and Outram were advancing with a force sufficient to bear down all opposition, but the beleaguered garrison had still to endure many heart-sickenings of alternations of hope and fear.

On the third day of suspense (so the story is told in Mr. Burnham's "Canadians in the Imperial Service," to which I am indebted for many details in this article), a young Highland woman, half delirious from fever, sprang from her sleep, crying, "Dinna ye hear it? Dinna ye hear it? I am no dreaming. It is the slogan of the Highlanders. We are saved!" Then she rushed out to the men at the guns, shrieking, "Courage! Hark to the slogan—to the MacGregor—the grandest o' them a'."

"Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,
Came the wild MacGregor clan call,
Stinging all the air to life."

Then the others heard also, and burst into sobs and prayers and cheers, while their rescuers replied with the plaintive strains of "Auld Lang Syne."

But ere Havelock's forces could reach the gates of the Residency there was grim and terrible work to do. Through the narrow streets, past temples and palaces that blazed forth death they had to cut their way. It cost many hours, many lives but they did it. As night fell on September 25th, Havelock and Outram passed through the Residency gates. Thus Inglis and his men were relieved after making a defence "without precedent in modern warfare."

The British forces were still not strong enough to attempt to force their way through the rebel hosts with their great company of women, children and disabled men; therefore, for seven weeks longer, they were obliged to stay in Lucknow. Then Sir Colin Campbell, with 5,000 men, fought his way to their aid, and on a dark night in November the British made their way out of Lucknow without the loss of a soul.

In recognition of his services, Inglis was made a Major-General and a Knight Commander of the Bath, and on every hand he and his gallant soldiers received high tributes of praise. "The annals of war contain no brighter page than that which will recall the bravery, fortitude, vigilance and patience, endurance of hardships, privations and fatigue displayed by the garrison of Lucknow," said a high military authority, and Canadians may well be proud to claim the valiant commander as their countryman.

Sir John Inglis did not long enjoy his honours. He died at Hamburg, at the age of forty-seven, five years after the siege.

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The Slighter Ghost

By KATHARINE L. JOHNSTON

ONE rainy Sunday Jimmy asked his wife to help him look over certain packets of old papers. He had forgotten for the moment that he had ever written verse, and even when Mrs. Jimmy mentioned a date he did not recollect.

"These are letters from your mother, written in 1901," she said.

"Oh, read those, Mary; they are like mother," he answered, with some pride. "Read them aloud."

So she read them, stopping for explanations of the household jests and allusions, considering gravely the philosophical and political views expressed, and making out of it all a picture of those earlier days she had not shared.

"So *that's* the kind of boy you were," she said, replacing the last letter in its envelope. "And here's something else in the same drawer—poetry, Jimmy! Is that another kind of boy you were?"

"Poetry!" he said, remembering. But she was already reading it. He listened in helpless silence.

"That's pretty bad," he said, with conviction, when she had finished.

"Pretty bad," she echoed slowly. "But—for whom did you write them? I didn't know there was anyone—before me. It's love poetry, not an imitation. You couldn't have written such bad verse if you hadn't meant what it said."

"I meant what it said," he answered, and took the paper in his hand.

"You're not to tear it," she said, warningly, "because *I* found it, you know."

He nodded acknowledgement of her right, and read the imperfect verses through once more.

"Tell me about it," Mary said.

"If I can," he answered. "How much self-analysis do you expect of a fellow of nineteen? And it's hard to analyse a stage of your development when you are once past it—though it's called easy. You can't feel what you were like; you can only remember." He stopped to consider. "Yet, some things aren't just remembering. I was nineteen that year; I thought I was in love; I have never stopped thinking so; and yet"—he looked about the pleasant, quiet library, the heart of their home, and then at Mary.

"And yet this is home, you mean?" she said. "That's what takes my breath away. I never imagined any home but this, not in my unlikeliest dreamings. But you—for you there might have been another home if—if what?" she broke off to ask. "You haven't told me what happened Amy?"

"Amy?"

"Yes. I remember thinking, when I read the second Locksley Hall, that I'd sooner be Amy than Edith. Wouldn't you? He just called her a slighter ghost to flatter Edith. And now I'm Edith."

"It isn't like that a bit," he pro-

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tested. "You don't understand—any more than I do," he added. "But it isn't like that—not like two girls of contrasted characters. It's more as if that were the beginning of—of me, I suppose. A fellow doesn't think much at nineteen; at least, I didn't. I never though of her as a sweetheart, or a wife-to-be; I just thought of her. I didn't get past that. You know, if you opened your eyes for the very first time, and saw light, you wouldn't think of anything but that it *was* light."

"No, not at first. But after a while you'd have begun to see what light was for, and then you would have lighted your home with it. And it wouldn't have been *this* home. You see?"

"I see," he said, slowly. "It's rummy when you look at it that way. Hear the rain on the windows, and realise that this is the present we're in—this present when it seems to me there never was anyone but you from the beginning of time. And yet that other day, the day when I made those verses, is no more past than this minute I'm wasting in misleading talk."

"It isn't misleading," she said, and was silent for a little. "You haven't told me yet what happened Amy," she said, at last.

"She is dead, dear."

"Dead!"

"It was that summer we went out to the coast—father and I. You've been through the Rocky Mountains?"

"Yes, but it's a long time ago."

"Did you try to describe them when you came back? Neither did I."

"But *I* didn't fall in love on the way through them," Mary said.

"Oh, *that* wasn't why. There's room in one's consciousness for two things at a time, when they are things as big as that. No; it was the mountains' very selves. When I thought of them afterwards my mind used to crawl 'way off into a corner of my head and hope nobody would ask it any questions. Well, perhaps Amy had something to do with it—Amy and the mountains—they were all associated in my mind. Mountains can't be unhappy, you know — not meanly unhappy, at least, not discontented or sulky or spiteful. And Amy couldn't either. The movement of her mind was bright and quick and clear, like the mountain streams.

They were in the same Pullman with us, Amy and her relatives, and we were all more or less acquainted before our ways parted. Amy's father and mine used to smoke cigars and talk politics in the smoking room, and the rest of us admired the scenery. You know the way to see, when a particularly swagger bit of outdoors comes along on the other side of the car, is to drop on your knee in the aisle, and look out of the opposite window, while the people in that seat carefully hold their heads out of your way. Amy's mother had a good profile."

"And hadn't Amy?"

"Oh, I daresay she had. I never looked to see. But I do know the colour of her hair; it was like yours, only lighter, and of course she wore it in a long braid; she was only sixteen."

"Sixteen!"

"Yes. Oh, did you think it was a two-sided love affair—that *she* cared for me? Of course not. She didn't know anything about it; she never saw those verses. I had some sense, if I was only nineteen. But, oh, Mary, it was good, good, good for me, that first light! I never said a word to her, of course, though we got on fine talking of everything else, and even of herself and myself (except that one thing) and what we thought and felt, and all about the insides of our minds. You know youngsters' talk?" Mary nodded, but said nothing.

"At Glacier the train stopped for a little time, and we all got off and walked about. Do you remember the

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stream that falls over itself all the way down the mountain there? We looked at that a long time; Amy loved mountain streams, too. She tried to get a snap-shot of the glacier, but if that film had ever been developed it would have been a better picture of me than of the glacier, because I blundered into the foreground just as she was taking it. I wanted to ask her to send me a copy, I remember, but I hadn't the cheek. After she had taken the picture we walked up and down and talked till the conductor called "all aboard." We had other talks, but that's the one I remember best."

"What did you say?"

"I don't know. *That* isn't the way you remember talks; you just remember they were good."

"I know that," Mary said, placidly. "I just wanted to see if it *was* really good."

"There was another," he went on. "Just before we reached Vancouver, but I knew we were near the end of our journey, and I hadn't any wit in me, nor the right mood for talking. But I talked, because I knew there wouldn't be another chance; they were going down to California, after spending a day in Vancouver." He stopped, and looked at Mary. "It sounds flat, doesn't it? But you'd have undersotod if you'd been there."

"I understand," she said.

"We took the steamer to Victoria," he went on; "and a few days later I read in a newspaper the account of a train wreck—the train they left Seattle in. I knew their route, of course, because I had heard them talking of it. But I don't think father did, and I put the paper out of his sight; I didn't want to hear anyone speak of it. Do you know, I didn't even know their name? Dad may have known it, but he was talking politics to someone else by that time, and I wouldn't have asked him for the world. And I didn't need to; there were only three lives saved out of their Pullman, and they were grown people. So I knew, and I hid the paper."

"Poor boy!" Mary said in a half whisper. His attention was caught for a moment by her tone, but the tide of memory carried him on.

"I didn't know her Christian name, even; only the nickname they called her."

"They called her Röslein," Mary said, suddenly. "And not one of them could pronounce it, and her name wasn't Rose in the least, or anything like it. So when she grew old enough she made them stop and call her Mary."

"Mary!"

"Yes. We didn't take that train, because papa had caught a heavy cold on the steamer, and we stayed in Seattle till he was better."

"Mary!"

"And *you* were that nice boy. I'll show you the picture of you and the glacier, if you'll wait a minute; it isn't a bit like either of you." She was rummaging in her desk, and presently came back to him with the photograph in her hand. "And that's *you* there, Jimmy. Now give me my verses."

He gave them, laughing, and bent eagerly to examine the picture.

"Röslein — Amy—Edith—Mary," he said, "we'll go again some day."

"Of course we will," she answered; "because that time I didn't know it was *us*."



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The Canadian Immigration Policy

By W. S. WALLACE

THE present immigration policy of the Canadian Government dates, in its broad outlines, from the year 1897. In that year Mr. Clifford Sifton came into office at Ottawa as Minister of the Interior, and under his direction, the Department of the Interior entered on a policy, not merely of encouraging immigration into Canada, but of fostering it by all means in their power. The United States had been, previously to that, absorbing nearly all the immigration flowing from the old world to the new; it was the aim of the Department of the Interior, in striking out their new policy, to divert a fair share of that immigration towards Canada. To this end, immigration agencies were established by the Department in the British Isles, and in all the larger countries of Europe. In Great Britain immigration affairs were taken out of the hands of the Canadian High Commissioner, who had carried the work on in a semi-diplomatic manner, and was placed on a business basis under the control of an official who had nothing else to do. This official, when appointed, applied himself to bringing before the notice of the people of Great Britain the advantages of Canada as a country for immigration. He placed atlases and maps of Canada in all the schools of the United Kingdom; he mailed to some 1,200,000 agricultural labourers copies of a paper on the resources of Canada; and by newspaper advertising he computed that he reached about ten million people.

Not only, however, did the Department attempt to capture the United States immigration at its sources, but it carried war into the enemy's country by establishing immigration agencies in the United States itself, in Omaha, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Paul, and most of the other large cities of the West. Between two and three hundred immigration agents were employed on commission. Advertisements of Canada were authorised in American papers, which reached 5,700,000 families. At first, progress was made very slowly. Mr. Clifford Sifton, in an address delivered four winters ago before the Canadian Club at Toronto, told an anecdote which illustrates the difficulties and discouragements the Department had at first to face.

"We had," said Mr. Sifton, speaking of the immigration agents in the United States, "a young man who, shortly after his appointment, sent me a telegram, saying that he was coming back to Ottawa. When he came he told me that there was no use in his continuing, that the people did not know even where Canada was. We told him to go home for a holiday, and then go back to his post. Six months later he sent a telegram saying that he could make no impression, and that he was again coming home. When he came to Ottawa, I sent for him and told him I did not want to get any more telegrams of that kind from him. In six months' time I got another telegram from him. This time he said he had got one family, and thought he

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could get another. In the last five years that man has sent to Canada 5,000 of the best people we have in the West."

In the end perseverance has won the day, and the immigration into Canada has now grown to proportions that have exceeded the most sanguine expectations. In 1897, the immigrants who came from the United States to Canada numbered 712; last year those who came over the border numbered 57,919. In 1897, the immigrants from the British Isles numbered less than 20,000; last year they numbered 86,796. In the last seven years, in the neighbourhood of 900,000 immigrants have settled in Canada.

Has this policy been on the whole in the best interests of the Canadian people?

It is not the aim of the present article to discuss this question fully or to answer it definitely. The subject of immigration is admittedly a difficult and complex one; and to attempt to deal with it exhaustively in a magazine article would be to court the wrath of the gods. The aim of the writer is rather to suggest, in an impartial way, the various standpoints from which the question may be viewed. It must be confessed that most of the discussion which has taken place with regard to immigration hitherto has been undisguisedly *ex parte* in character; and anything which serves, however inadequately, to suggest the different aspects of the question, must help to clear the air.

(1) What object or objects had the Department of the Interior in view in inaugurating the present policy in 1897? In his Canadian Club speech on immigration, already quoted, Mr. Sifton expounded the object of the Department thus:

"We have always been proud," he said, "of our high educational system, especially in Ontario; but one of the results has been that our young men, not finding the place their endeavours entitled them to, have sought other fields, notably the United States. We can only keep them by furnishing them with something to do, and by building up the country in such a way that they may follow their occupations as profitably as in any other land."

That is, the object of the immigration policy was to build up Canada, to enable Canada to do business on a larger scale, to enable her to better herself in a financial and material sense; and so to keep at home those of her sons who were flocking over the border. Now, it is universally admitted that in these regards the Canadian immigration policy has been a success; it has attained the ends it contemplated. The prosperity of the country during the last seven years may not be entirely owing to the immigration policy of the Canadian Government, but few unprejudiced observers would say that it was not at least partially owing to that policy. The immigration of many poor people may bring about a certain stringency in money; but it will be only for the time being, since each wage-earner, no matter how poor he may be when he enters the country, will soon be contributing his quota to the wealth of Canada annually. During the five years from 1898 to 1903, 123,000 people came from the United States alone, bringing with them $19,000,000 in settlers' effects, and $25,000,000 in cash, or a total of $44,000,000—at a total cost to the Department of $701,000. These immigrants included 25,000 heads of families, who, at a moderate estimate, would in six years be producing $2,000 worth each every year, and thus be adding $50,000,000 to the wealth of Canada annually. These figures, which were prepared by Mr. Sifton, show in an almost sensational manner how immigration is adding to the wealth and prosperity of the country.

(2) Is this increased wealth and prosperity likely to have a good effect on the character of the Canadian people? This, of course, is one of those elemental problems which humanity, in its headlong pursuit of wealth, delights to ignore. Sweet are the uses of adversity, but most people prefer prosperity. It is interesting to note, however, the opinions of Herbert Spencer. "I detest," wrote Spencer in his last book, *Notes and Comments*, "that conception of social progress which presents as its aim increase of population, growth of wealth, spread of commerce.....quantity only, and not

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quality.....A prosperity that is exhibited in board of trade tables year by year increasing their totals is to a large extent not a prosperity, but an adversity." And so Goldsmith:

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
When wealth accumulates, and men decay.

(3) A very important feature of immigration is the question of its effect on the native stock. What effect is immigration likely to have on our native-born population? In this, as in so much else, Canada may learn from the experience of the United States. I venture to quote at some length from an article on American immigration in Vol. 179 of *The North American Review:*

"Back of all statistics of the criminality, pauperism, illiteracy, and economic value of immigration lies the great question of the effect of immigration on our native, or older, stock..... The immigration of the last fifty years has contributed millions to our population; has undoubtedly added enormously to the wealth of the country, but these things have been accomplished at the expense of the native stock. The decreasing birth-rate of our native population—the complex resultant, without doubt, of many factors—has been very largely due to the effect of foreign immigration. The late General Walker first advanced this view, that, as newer and lower classes of immigrants came to this country, Americans shrank more and more from the industrial competition which was thus forced upon them; they became unwilling to subject their sons and daughters to this competition; and hence these sons and daughters were never born. The stronger the competition, the greater the effort to maintain and raise the standard of living and the social position above that of the majority of recent immigrants; and the greater this effort, the greater the voluntary check to population..... Many of our recent immigrants, not discouraged by the problem of maintaining high standards of living with their many children, are replacing native Americans. It is fundamentally a question as to what kind of babies are to be born; it is a question as to what races shall dominate this country. Mr. R. R. Kuczynski, after a very careful study of the population statistics of Massachusetts, concluded that the native population is 'dying out.' General Walker believed that foreign immigration in this country has, from the time it assumed large proportions, not reinforced our population, but replaced it. The United States Industrial Commission, which made one of the most thorough studies of immigration ever undertaken, says in its final report that 'it is a hasty assumption which holds that immigration during the nineteenth century has increased the total population.....' And more recently still, Mr. Henry Gannett, well known for his statistical work in connection with the census, in a hitherto unpublished statement says: 'I do not think that our population has been materially, if at all, increased by immigration. On the contrary, I think that our population would be almost, if not quite, as large if the great flood of immigration which began in 1847 had never reached our shores.'"

It is possible that this quotation rather overstates than understates the case; and it is possible that what applies to the United States may not apply wholly to Canada; but it appears to be shown here clearly that there are grounds for believing that the tendency of inferior immigration (and nearly all immigration is, in the nature of things, inferior), is to lower the birth-rate of the native-born population. The native-born population, in the struggle to keep up appearances in the face of the increasing competition, fails to propagate itself, commits race suicide, in short; whereas the immigrant population, being inferior, and having no appearances to keep up, propagates itself like the fish of the sea.

(4) At the same time, it must be borne in mind that the falling-off in the birth-rate of the native-born population as a result of immigration may be partially compensated for by the fact that the Canadian immigration policy has preserved to Canada numbers of young men who would in earlier days have gone to the United States. These young men now, instead of going to the United States

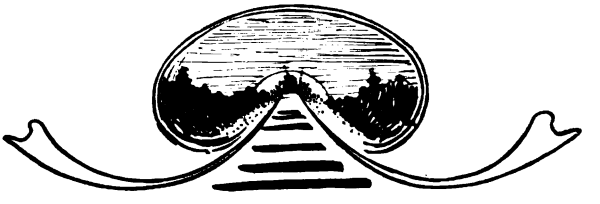
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to better themselves, go to the Canadian West.

(5) There are a number of the more detailed features of the immigration policy that call for consideration. Should the immigration of foreigners be encouraged? The crucial question here is the question of the effect of foreign immigration on the character of the electorate. In a democracy like Canada, everything depends on the character of the electorate, on the soundness of the public conscience, on the integrity of the public vote. What will be the effect on the country of a large foreign vote, unfamiliar with the spirit of our institutions and ignorant of our political history? Will they cast their votes intelligently? Or will they sell their franchise for a mess of pottage? These are matters on which statistics will be forever unobtainable; but it is perhaps not false to say that there is a widespread impression that the foreign vote does not always stand for intelligence and integrity. It is a conceivable hypothesis which traces many of the ills from which the body politic of the United States is suffering to-day (such as the sluggishness of public opinion) to the great masses of unassimilated foreigners who are within her gates. It may be objected that the foreigner can be educated; but one can only reply by saying that the foreign immigrant puts a strain on the inadequate educational system of Western Canada that it cannot bear. Few foreigners could be transformed into good Canadians in five years' time by the best educational system.

(6) The evil of foreign immigration has been intensified tenfold by the "block system" of settling immigrants. Every Canadian knows what a solid French-Canada, impervious to outside influences, has meant to Canada. By establishing solid colonies of Doukhobors, Galicians, Mormons, Mennonites, etc., here and there in the West, the Department of the interior has repeated the French-Canadian situation all over the country.

(7) Should there be a literacy test for immigrants as well as a medical test? President Roosevelt has advocated earnestly a literary test for immigrants coming into the United States. Should we have one for immigrants coming into Canada? We require a modicum of education in the case of our youth; why not require it in the case of our immigrants? Of course, it is conceivable that if immigrants of any sort are an imperative necessity, the dispensing with a literacy test may be justified as an emergency measure. But are immigrants of any sort an imperative and urgent necessity? Is not quality more than quantity? Is not safety better than speed? Here one touches, perhaps, on the very core of the immigration policy of the Government; it is essentially a policy of forcing immigration rather than merely a policy of welcoming it judiciously. It is a policy of making haste quickly, instead of slowly. Is it not possible that by forcing immigration into Canada, and thus filling Canada with aliens and illiterates as well as with immigrants of a higher type, the Immigration Department is fulfilling its duties not wisely, but too well?



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The Trade Into the North

By AUBREY FULLERTON



THE MACKENZIE RIVER RAMPARTS, FOUR MILES LONG

ONE side of a top-storey room lined with shelves, and each shelf filled with boxes and rolls of miscellaneous cloth things; the opposite side piled high from the floor with colored rugs and thick white blankets; one end stacked with tin trunks, boxes of hats, and more blankets; the other with rolls of duffle and bundles of tri-coloured sashes; the centre of the floor covered crosswise by long tables, and each table filled with assorted sizes of men's ready-made suits, bundles of cotton prints, and still more boxes: that is the drygoods store-room in Edmonton of one of the Northern trading companies. It is in no way different from the wareroom of a small wholesale house except that its wares have very evidently been chosen for a particular trade and with the wants of a somewhat peculiar class of buyers in view. A few months hence the entire stock will have been distributed among retail trading establishments at distances of two hundred miles along the Mackenzie River, and will have entered into the barter system of the North. Remembering that, one sees why the blankets should be so thick and woolly, why the sashes and prints and tartans should be so gay of colour, why the cloths and trousers should be so firm and full of wear. They are for the North, and the North needs warm things and sound things.

In another room is the stock of those other wares which form an important part of the Northern trade—the things to eat and the tools to work with. There is the same substantiality in these as in the woven and knitted goods upstairs, with even less of the fancy goods appearance. Iron and steel wares are too heavy to freight a thousand miles unless there is a use for them at the other end, and a can of syrup is the nearest approach to the fine-grocery line. A few months hence Indian trappers away down the Mackenzie will be handling the knives and hatchets, and Indian housewives will be cooking up the flour and ladling out the syrup.

It all seems very much like any other miscellaneous stock of merchandise, and is modern enough to fit well on the shelves and tables of almost any general supply house; yet just the fact that these goods have been picked for the Northern trade and that they are shortly to be offered for sale to the inhabitants of topmost Canada, differentiates the asortment from that in any other kind of warehouse on the continent. Since the

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Photogtaph by Mathers, Edmonton

LANDING SUPPLIES AT FORT RESOLUTION

days when Cartier and Champlain first traded beads and knick-knacks with the wondering chiefs at Quebec there has been an interest—call it romance, if you will—about the white man's trade with the red man; it has now been long driven back to the Northland, and it has grown from a barter of beads to an elaborate system of modernised commerce, but it is still the trade of the white with the red, and it still has its old-time fascination.

That stock of goods represents the best that two continents can do for the wants of the Indian. In the olden days the Northern trade was supplied entirely from England, but with the growth of Canadian manufactures it has been found a better policy to outfit as much as possible in the home market, and such wares as ready-made clothing, knitted goods, and nearly all kinds of provisions are of Canadian production. The greater part of the whole, however, still comes from over the sea. Three or four great exporting houses in London and Glasgow send their travellers each year to catch the head traders on their return from the North in the fall. That is perhaps the most unique drummer-work, in point of distance covered and territory represented, that is done within the Empire. Other British houses sell through agents in Toronto and Montreal. In either case they show their samples, quote their prices, and book their orders just as for any other class of trade; but they must meet the particular demands of the Northern trade or they won't get next year's order.

It pays to cater to this trade from Canada's back-door country, and nowadays, with a number of firms competing for it, things are being put up especially to suit the North. For instance, the trappers in the Peace and Mackenzie country felt the need of something to wear as a foot covering, inside their moccasins, a heavy fabric that would keep out the cold and keep in the natural foot warmth without becoming moisture-soaked. British mills produced a fabric that precisely met the want, and the rolls of "duffle" on the floor upstairs are some of it—a thick, woolly, reversible cloth of which the trapper cuts a strip and winds it around his stockinged feet. The Hudson's Bay Company had the monopoly of this happy thought for many years, and opposition firms were unable to find where or how it was made, but the secret leaked out, and duffle is now a common article of Northern commerce. Rugs, blankets,

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tartans, tweeds, hats and cutlery are among the other wares supplied from the English and Scottish mills.

It is all good stuff, too. The Indian, the half-breed, or even the Eskimo, is not to be put off with second-grade wares. He knows good quality in the things he uses and will have nothing else. When the Hudson's Bay Company first traded into the North it instituted the policy of taking only No. 1 stock, and this policy having been followed ever since, the Indian buyers have become educated to a keen appreciation of good quality. The high freight rates, too, work against the shoddy-man, and since it costs as much to transport cheap goods as high-class goods the traders have found it more to their profit to handle only honest stock. That does not at all mean that the clothes an Indian buys at a Northern trading-post are as dressy as you or I would choose, or that the relishes he buys to fill out his bill of fare are as dainty as those on a white man's table, but of their kind they all are good and, as things go, worth their price.



PARTLY LADEN SCOWS AT FORT SMITH, MACKENZIE RIVER

These shelffuls and tablefuls of made and unmade goods were to be divided among fifteen widely separated posts down the Mackenzie. The entire collection represented a portion of a year's supply for the North: some had already gone forward, the rest had not as yet arrived from England. It was a straight on-order stock. Every yard and pound of it had been ordered last autumn by the factors of the several posts, just as the country merchant makes up an order to fill his season's wants. The trading firm sends very little on its own initiative, unless it be some particular ware or new line which it thinks might profitably be introduced at its posts; but the responsibility of estimating the year's quantities is put entirely upon the factor, whose place it is to know the conditions and trade prospects of his especial field. What he orders the firm sends. Summed altogether, it makes a very respectable consignment for the North. These fifteen Mackenzie posts, belonging to one of the independent companies, will total on their annual orders 2,000 hundred-pound sacks of flour, 7,500 pounds of oatmeal, seven tons of lump sugar, a carload of tea imported direct from Japan, 150 cases, or 7,200 pounds of syrup, six tons of tobacco, 420 pairs of blankets, of a quality selling at Edmonton for $10 a pair, and other wares in proportion. Lard and jam are on every factor's list; a few stoves and sewing machines may be asked for; and private orders are made up for the factors themselves, or for gilt-edge customers, that sometimes include gee-gaws and notions.

In all the North country tributary to Edmonton, which means the Peace, Athabasca and Mackenzie districts, straight to the Arctic coast, there are about one hundred trading-posts. The ancient and honourable Hudson's Bay Company, which began trading into this region nearly a century and a half ago, has sixty of these, and the

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remaining forty belong to the world-known Revillon Brothers, in the Peace and Athabasca, Hislop and Nagle, on the Mackenzie, and some four or five private concerns that have not as yet attained to very large proportions. To these hundred posts goes each year a stock of goods worth nearly a million and a quarter dollars, at Winnipeg prices. From twenty to twenty-five per cent. must be added for cost of freight, making it easily a merchandise value, when it reaches the North, of $1,500,000, in exchange for which a like value in furs is brought back. These furs, which all pass through Edmonton, more than double in value, however, when they reach London and Paris. That's where the profit in the Northern trade comes in.

Packing time comes for the Northern freight as soon as the goods arrive from the mills and as soon as there is snow enough for sledding for the first hundred miles from Edmonton, which is the end of the railway, is by the horse-and-sled route. The Hudson's Bay Company sends out supplies for all its Northern and Northwestern posts from Winnipeg, shipping by rail to Edmonton and thence by sled. The Edmonton office of the Company is headquarters for the Peace and Athabasca district, but the Mackenzie posts report to Winnipeg, while all three districts look to Winnipeg for their supplies. The other traders, however, operate from Edmonton, receive their stocks there, and from there outfit their posts.

Strong and tight must be the packages for the North. The boxes are packed solid and secure, iron-banded, and then covered with sacking, all to the end that if upsets come *en route* the iron bands will hold if the boxes break, and if wood and iron give way the sacking will still keep things in. The boxes are kept as near as possible to one hundred pounds each.

Four days by sled, from Edmonton to Athabasca Landing, is the first freight stage in the real North. All through the winter big loads of boxes and bales are kept moving along the hundred-mile trail, and the spring break-up finds a vast amount of merchandise ready for the water route. Athabasca Landing is the distributing point for the North. Navigation opens there about mid-May, when staunch Northern-built steamers set out with full-up cargoes, up the Athabasca and Lesser Slave Lake for the Peace River country, down the Athabasca for Great Slave Lake and the Mackenzie.



Photograph by Mathers, Edmonton

TRACKING ON ATHABASCA RIVER

On the last route, covering a distance of 2,000 miles, there is a deal of hard travelling. The first 160 miles, by steamer, are followed by 100 miles of rapids, through which nothing but open boats can be taken. The freight is therefore transferred to scows, ten tons to each, and put through the bad water by sheer man power until steamer is taken again at Fort McMurray. Much of the same process is repeated down the Mackenzie, with frequent portages and shiftings

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Photograph by Mathers, Edmonton

FORT CHIPPEWYAN, ON ATHABASCA LAKE

of cargo, and on Great Slave Lake the scows are strung together and towed. The North-country scow is a boat of about forty-five feet long, fourteen feet wide, and three feet deep, built of North-sawn spruce, and worth a hundred dollars. Five half-breeds, strong, reckless, happy-go-lucky offspring of the wilderness, man each boat with four at the oars and one at the sweep. Very seldom do they lose a cargo, for the half-breed is a navigator seemingly proof against bad weather and bad water. He, nor any man, is equal, however, to bringing back his fleet as easily as he took it down. The greater number of the scows are sold at their journey's end for firewood, for the reason that only as many are brought back up the swift Mackenzie current as are needed to carry the return cargo of furs, and one scow can carry the fur-equivalent of perhaps ten scowloads of merchandise. Each year, therefore, a new fleet of boats is built for the down trip, a side industry of considerable importance. Of steamers there are in all about twenty on the Northern rivers and lakes, of which the Hudson's Bay Company own six and the missions an equal number.

This method of freighting costs money. The rate is fourteen cents a pound to the way-down posts, which means $14 added to the price of a hundred-pound sack of flour. On the return trip the rate is twenty-two cents. One may look for high prices as a natural consequence. The traveller with some money in his pocket may have to pay fifty cents for a can of corn even at Peace River Landing and a dollar at Fort Graham.

The Northern store is not radically different in general appearance from the average country store down East. It used to be a log-built house, pioneer in all its appointments, but it is a frame structure nowadays, neatly ceiled, and fitted with counters, shelves, and bins, like any trader's shop. The art of displaying goods is not unknown, either, and samples of the stock are hung or laid about as prompters to the sometimes uncertain patrons of the establishment. The store is the hub, centre, and heart of the settlement. It stands for power and authority, for industry and the reward of industry, for comfort and respectability; and the Indian of the North looks upon the trading-post store even more in awe and admiration than we, as children, used to look upon the corner store down home.

A few white settlers in the Peace River country, the forerunners of a large population soon to come, give a somewhat different character to the trade in that district, but the Mackenzie posts have only the Indians and the half-breeds as customers. It is trade by the barter system, as it has always been, and the amount of stock which each takes out is governed by the amount of fur which he brings in. A good year's catch per man runs at about $500; the average is nearer $200, and according to whether his furs count near the one figure or the other will be compara-

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tive affluence or bare necessities for the Indian trapper. If, however, his traps played him even more poorly, or if he was lazy, and has but a handful of furs to trade with, it means that he must go without even the necessities. He will live, but how, Heaven only knows.

There is, it is true, a credit system, and if an Indan bears a good reputation he will be given advances upon his next season's furs. But the payment of a debt, or the necessity of paying it, depends, in the Indian's code of ethics, upon whether it is a good fur year or not. If he dutifully set his traps and no fur come, he considers the debt cancelled and is thereupon ready to open a new account; nor can the store-keeper recover the old one. For this reason the traders are discouraging the credit system, and while it will probably always be necessary to some degree, it will be infinitely better for the Indian himself when his trading is wholly upon a spot-down basis.

The basis of trade is the "made beaver" skin. It is the uncoined money of the North, a wholly technical standard, in terms of which the value of furs or merchandise is estimated as equal to so many "skins." In actual money value it varies from a quarter to a half-dollar as one goes North. There is a standard of prices for the furs, which is adhered to as closely as the competition between opposition traders will allow, and if the trapper is a fairly good arithmetician he can figure up the extent of his shopping and whether or not he can afford luxuries or only necessities.

At Arctic Red River and Fort McPherson the traders are in the Eskimo country, and the funny, happy natives of the Top Edge of the Continent have learned enough of the white man's good things to have become patrons of his stores. It is eatables, rather than clothing, that the "huskies" want, for garments of skin suit them better than wool, and such furs as they are able to bring to the posts are exchanged chiefly for lard, flour, sugar, and suchlike substantials. The Eskimo has a somewhat different system of buying from that of the Indian. Instead of disposing of his furs in a lot and taking a lump price on them, he brings one at a time and buys its worth alone of merchandise. He uses the skin as we use a dollar bill, and seems to believe that in this way he gets more for his money.

The annual visit of the supply boats to these Mackenzie posts is, it may be assumed, an event. But it is a hurried visit. The entire season is short enough to make the long trip down to McPherson and back again before the rivers freeze; and so one day's stop to unload the supplies and tell the news, and another on the way back to receive the factor's accounts and take on his furs, is all, barring storms and sicknesses, that the trader is able to give each post. And even then, though he started early in May, it is the very last of September when he lands his harvest of the North in Edmonton.



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The Letters of Queen Victoria*

A REVIEW

No better evidence of the democratic nature of the British monarchical system of government could scarcely be desired than the publication of three bulky volumes of Queen Victoria's private letters. But while the sanction of the publication by King Edward was a remarkable instance of royal lenience, the letters themselves show that the late Queen possessed a strong and unwavering persistence in her monarchical rights. Even though the letters have been selected by the editors with much apparent freedom, one cannot help wishing that the three volumes contained all of her available correspondence, or at least as much of it as would give a good idea of her attitude towards private and public affairs throughout her entire reign, for the volumes, large as they are, comprise only the selected correspondence that took place in the first twenty-four years of the Queen's reign—that is, from 1837 to 1861. It must be taken for granted that the letters end with the year 1861, in keeping with the wish of the editors to conclude the series with the death of the Prince Consort. Some of the most important events in Queen Victoria's reign took place after her husband had been removed from the scene, and it therefore stands to reason that so important a period will not be finally overlooked, the first part having already been dealt with. The publication of



From the Miniature by Essex at Buckingham Palace, after the painting by Winterhalter

QUEEN VICTORIA AS SHE APPEARED IN 1842

*"The Letters of Queen Victoria" (Montreal: The Cambridge Corporation, Limited. Three volumes, with many engravings, $16 net.)

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these letters has been attended by a general indication of gratification by those at large who take an interest in the working out of constitutional government.

The King's sanction must be accepted as an assurance that had the Queen lived she herself would have given approval, and, indeed, there seems good ground for the belief that it was the intention of the late sovereign to write an autobiography, for she seems to have had an earnest wish to give her subjects an opportunity to become closely acquainted with whatever she had to do that concerned them. On the other hand, she has given instances of her resentment of whatever publication of private documents would unnecessarily expose the privacy of individuals. An instance of her generosity was shown in the publication, shortly after the Prince Consort's death, of a history of his early years, in which she allowed to appear the intimate story of her courtship and marriage, as revealed in her diary and letters. The same sources of information were at the disposal of Sir Theodore Martin when he wrote "The Life of the Prince."

Taken as a whole, the letters have no great significance as political documents, and their publication offers but little new or illuminative comment on any political epochs or crises. On the other hand, they are marvelously human and full of human interest, particularly in view of the fact that they come from one who occupied the most exalted position in the greatest kingdom in the world. The letters reveal without doubt the great fact that Queen Victoria was above all things a woman, and they afford abundance of proof that she possessed an earnest and pious appreciation of the sacred duty imposed upon her. That, at least, is her attitude as revealed in her correspondence up to the time of the death of the Prince Consort, and doubtless that is the attitude that will be shown when the final selections from her letters have been published. But while the first letters, as published, reveal her personal characteristics and sympathies to a marked degree, it is nevertheless the preponderance of political subjects that will give them most permanent value. They show how exhaustively she communicated in writing with her Ministers on affairs of state, and indeed it is known that at the outbreak of the Egyptian War, in 1882, she sent the Secretary of War, during the working portion of one day, no less than seventeen letters. It is estimated that during her lifetime she wrote at least 500,000 letters. Many of the letters declare her views on political questions of various kinds and importance. There is in them nothing to detract from the very general impression that she reigned with an eye single to the best interests of her subjects, and that she was remarkably earnest and remarkably energetic. She seems to have utterly ignored the theory that the British sovereign is in many respects a figurehead, and apparently she persistently demanded treatment as one who took an active hand in the affairs of the Empire. But, while the democratic spirit of the constitution developed materially during her long reign, notwithstanding royal activity, there is little doubt that the Queen's influence was greater than her power. Indeed, it was on questions of her power that she frequently clashed with her Ministers, and while she was apparently not a success as a dictator, she oftentimes achieved her object by means of persuasion, especially objects that worked to the national advantage.

King Leopold of Belgium, Queen Victoria's uncle, was greatly beloved by his niece, and it was to him that she poured out her heart in times of joy and in times likewise of sorrow. When the death of William IV. appeared imminent, she wrote as follows to her uncle:

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"I look forward to the event, which, it seems, is likely to occur soon, with calmness and quietness. I am not alarmed at it, and yet I do not suppose myself quite equal at all. I trust, however, that with good-will, honesty, and courage, I shall not, at all events, fail." The conclusion shows her trust in a higher power: "The All-Powerful Being, who has so long watched over my destinies, will guide and support me in whatever situation and station it may please him to place me."

That the Queen was a very motherly woman is indicated in the following reference to the babe Albert Edward (now King Edward), shortly after his birth: "Our little boy is a wonderfully strong and large child, with very large blue eyes and finely formed, but with a somewhat large nose and pretty little mouth. I hope and pray he may be like his dearest papa. He is to be called Albert, and Edward is to be his second name."

In one of the letters the following is written about the Duke of Wellington:

"I am sure you will mourn with us over the loss we and this whole nation have experienced in the death of the dear and great old Duke of Wellington. He was the pride and the *bon genie*, as it were, of this country. He was the greatest man this country ever produced, and the most devoted and loyal subject, and the staunchest supporter the Crown ever had. He was to us a true, kind friend and a most valuable adviser. To think that all this is gone; that this great and important man belongs now to history and no longer to the present is a truth which we cannot realize."

In a letter referring to the Crimean War she writes of the "dreadful and incalculable consequences of war weighing upon my heart." In another she quotes Shakespeare's words, "Beware of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in, bear't that the opposed may beware of thee."

In 1857 there is this reference to the Indian Mutiny: "We are in sad anxiety about India, which engrosses all our attention. Troops cannot be raised fast or largely enough, and the horrors committed on poor ladies, women, and children are unknown in these ages, and make one's blood run cold. Altogether, the whole is so much more distressing than the Crimea, where there was glory and honorable warfare, and where poor women and children were safe."

The Queen wrote to King Leopold from Windsor Castle, the day after her marriage, as follows:

"Dearest Uncle,—I write you from here the happiest, happiest being that ever existed. Really I do not think it possible for anyone in the world to be happier or as happy as I am. He is an angel, and his kindness and affection for me is really touching. To look in those dear eyes and dear, sunny face is enough to make me adore him. What I can do to make him happy will be my greatest delight and independent of my great personal happiness.

"The reception we both met with yesterday was the most gratifying and enthusiastic I ever experienced. There was no end of crowds in London and all along the road."

Referring to Sir Robert Peel's bill to increase the grant to the Roman Catholics' College at Maynooth, the following appears:

"Buckingham Palace, April 15, 1845.

"My Beloved Uncle,—Here we are in a great state of agitation about one of the greatest measures ever proposed. I am sure poor Peel ought to be blessed by all Catholics for the manly and noble way in which he stands forth to protect and do good to poor Ireland. But the bigotry, wicked, and blind passions it brings forth is quite dreadful, and I blush for Protestantism. A Presbyterian clergyman said very truly that bigotry is more common than shame."

That Victoria had an appreciation

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of a humorous situation is shown in the following:

"Millions of my subjects showed good humor and excessive loyalty, and really I cannot say how proud I feel to be Queen of such a nation. When my good Lord of Melbourne knelt down and kissed my hand he pressed my hand, and I grasped his with my heart. The Archbishop had most awkwardly put the ring on the wrong finger, and I had the greatest difficulty to take it off again, which at last I did with great pain. The crown hurt me a good deal."

Between 1848 and 1851 there was friction between the Court and Palmerston over the conduct of foreign affairs, and finally the latter resigned. On December 3, 1851, the Queen wrote to King Leopold I.:

"Dearest Uncle,—I have the greatest pleasure in announcing to you a piece of news which will give you as much satisfaction and relief as it does to us, and will do to the whole of the world. Lord Palmerston is no longer Foreign Secretary, and Lord Granville is already named as his successor. He had become of late really quite reckless, and, in spite of the serious admonition and caution he received, only on the 9th of November, and again at the beginning of December, he tells Walewki that he entirely approves of Louis Napoleon's coup d'etat, when he had written to Lord Normanby by my and my Cabinet's desire that he (Lord Normanby) was to continue his displomatic intercourse with the French Government, but was to remain perfectly passive and give no opinion."

The Queen was sorely afflicted on the death of the Prince Consort, and, writing in her sorrow to King Leopold, she says:

"Osborne, 20th December, 1861.

"My own dearest, kindest father, for as such have I ever loved you. The poor fatherless baby of eight months is now the utterly broken-hearted and crushed widow of forty-two. My life as a happy one is ended. The world is gone for me. If I must live on—and I will do nothing to make me worse than I am—it is henceforth for my poor fatherless children, for my ushappy country, which has lost all in losing him, and in only doing what I know and feel he would wish; for he is near me; his spirit will guide and inspire me. But, Oh, to be cut off in the prime of life; to see our pure, happy, quiet, domestic life, which alone enabled me to bear my much-disliked position, cut off at forty-two, when I had hoped with such instinctive certainty that God never would part us, and would let us grow old together!

"Although he always talked of the shortness of life, it is too awful, too cruel, and yet it must be for his good, his happiness. His purity was too great, his aspirations too high for this poor, miserable world. His great soul is now only enjoying that for which it was worthy, and I will not envy him, only pray that mine may be perfected by it, and fit to be with him eternally, for which blessed mopent I eanestly long."



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FOR several months to come the United States navy will afford the world at large a considerable amount of spectacular interest. Whatever may be the real intent of the move, and whatever may be the outcome, the American people have once more succeeded in doing what is for the moment the biggest thing of the kind ever attempted, for so great a naval force has never before started on so tremendous a voyage. Officially the American nation is endeavouring to dissociate the voyage around the Horn of the United States fleet from the bit of unpleasantness between the relations of the United States and Japan; but unofficially the two matters are everywhere discussed together. President Roosevelt, in his recent message, expresses the view that it would be well to have the fleet pass to and fro between the Atlantic and the Pacific and back again every year or two; the redoubtable Admiral "Bob" Evans takes it on his own responsibility, or appears to do so, to declare his belief that the fleet will return to the United States by way of the Suez Canal next year; and Secretary Taft, the probable successor of Roosevelt, seizes the occasion as the psychological moment for a visit to Japan; all of which does not lessen the general impression that whatever other virtues the great voyage may have, in the way of testing machinery, administrative capacity and other matters, there is also an element of precaution in it; and the precaution has of necessity more or less to do with the newly-risen power on the other side of the Pacific Ocean. Without exaggerating the importance of the friction between the United States and Japan on the question whether or not Japan's subjects shall be allowed to emigrate to the United States—a question which may assume an acute form whenever Congress undertakes to enact a Japanese exclusion bill—it is at least within the mark to say that the appearance of this new and aggressive power as a neighbour of the Republic—and a very close neighbour so far as the Philippines are concerned—greatly increases the responsibilities of the United States and may not impossibly have a sobering effect on that diminishing portion of the American population whose delight it has been to twist the tail of the British Lion. There are great states and great cities on the Pacific as well as on the Atlantic coast of the United States, and this fact and the coming of Japan make new and vital problems for American statesmen to solve.

* * *

Mr. Stead has been giving in a December contemporary, his impressions of The Hague Peace Conference, which he had the best of opportunities for observing, having edited the daily paper of the Conference for some four months; the value of his impressions, of course, is another matter. On one point the reader who follows Mr. Stead is not disappoint-

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ed—he finds it possible to speak good of the representatives of every country save his own. Of the British delegates he speaks slightingly, save when he goes further and charges them with making a "discreditable but unfortunately characteristic" attempt to raise the colour line, while it was only, he assures us, by the Marquis of Soveral, the Portuguese delegate, that "the honour of England was saved," and even then only "as by fire." As a good journalist, however, Mr. Stead notes the somewhat picturesque fact that the Latin-American "nations" found themselves at this Conference, eighteen of them, a third of the Conference, being represented, as against Mexico alone at the former Conference; and that as a consequence the Spanish and Portuguese delegates—leaders by reason of the seniority of the Spanish and Portuguese nations—found themselves unexpectedly ranking as powers almost of the first class. It is true the eighteen South American powers included such small fry as Panama, Haiti, San Domingo, Guatemala, San Salvador, Cuba even—though actually administered by a United States officer at the present time—the delegates of which gravely voted with those of Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia and the United States; moreover, Mr. Stead notes with special glee, these small fry voted in many cases before the big fish: Montenegro, for instance, before Russia, and Luxembourg before Spain, precedence being governed by the alphabet.

* * *

Undoubtedly the South American republics are growing in wealth and importance and the greater ones of their number, Mexico, Argentine, Brazil, Chile and Peru, must take a fitting place in the councils of the world. So far as the mass of little squabbling nationalities and segments of nationalities south of Mexico are concerned, however, it would have seemed not unfitting that they should have a preliminary peace conference on their own account before going to The Hague to undertake by their feeble voices to sway the destinies of the world. Their general condition is aptly illustrated by the fact that the



FALL OF THE FINANCIAL SKY-SCRAPER

When the American bird of freedom lights upon it, the sky-scraper of rotten finance gives way
—*Kladderadatsch* (Berlin)

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THIRD DOUMA

NICHOLAS—"I am rather afraid of her, but she'll melt away when the spring comes, like her sisters"
—*Rire* (Paris)

delegate from Honduras was unable to take his seat at the Conference because the Government from which he received his credentials had been already overturned by revolutionists before he reached The Hague. Mr. Stead closes by remarking that "as a demonstration of the possibility of managing the common affairs of the world by an assembly representing the whole human race, the Conference of 1907 must be regarded as a conspicuous landmark in the progress of mankind towards a realisation of the federation of the world." But, one is tempted to ask, what did the Conference manage among the affairs of the world? It is not clear from the comparative dullness of the record of the British delegates as compared with that established by the South American delegates, that the grand debate, despite some famous figures and much admirable thought and speech, was mainly irresponsible chatter, and cannot change the attitude of nation to nation any more than it can change that of man to man, and how little influence it had in this last respect is shown by Mr. Stead's admission that two of the South American delegates settled their differences by the old-fashioned method of a duel, the utmost their fellow-delegates could achieve being the postponement of the duel until after the close of the Conference. Therein lies the root of the war problem, and how is a peace conference to mend the matter?

* * *

The passion for reform sometimes leads to unforeseen consequences, and the Prevention of Corruption Act enacted at the last session of the Imperial Parliament was hardly expected by its authors, presumably, to give a quietus to the time-honoured custom of giving and receiving Christmas boxes. Not altogether, of course, but in the wholesale way in which the custom has prevailed as between retailers and purchasers for employers. A gift to a postman will be always in order, because the postman will hardly be induced to bring a few extra letters in return therefor; but a Christmas box to the employer or retail merchant in return for some duty outside the employer's proper duty is believed to be clearly within the meaning of the Act, there being a modicum of corruption in the motive. More frequent and more flagrant in Great Britain are the cases where the merchant makes a present to the employers of his customers, the motive of which is apparently, if analysed to the bottom, to influence the recipient to order from the donor more goods than might be ordered if the present had not been made. The corrupt intent in such methods may no doubt be sometimes considerable, though in other cases it must be microscopic if it exists at all. As originally practised the Christmas box was certainly the most innocent of customs and one of the most pleasant, but in a social sense as well as in a business sense it has been carried to an extreme degree of late years, so that there is a perfect carnival of mutual giving and taking as the season comes around, without in most cases those who really need being benefitted by the annual

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burst of generosity. Such matters can hardly be effectively regulated by Act of Parliament, however, and it is to be feared that the British Act, though it will apply to only a certain class of Christmas gifts, will have a tendency to exaggerate the importance of the presents made, and will result in wholesale evasion of a too rigorous law, so that what was probably but unconscious corruption in the past in the great majority of cases will become a crime deliberately committed, under the new Act.

* * *

President Roosevelt has once more declared emphatically that he will under no cirmcumstances be a candidate for or will accept another nomination. "I have not changed," he says, "and shall not change the decision thus announced," referring to his announcement to the same effect in 1904. The Democratic press of the United States is inclined to insist that in spite of this renewed declaration the President will allow himself to be forced into the fight, and the Republican writers charge that this is done deliberately as a piece of party tactics. It is no doubt the definite intention of Mr. Roosevelt to do as he has stated and refuse to have his name go to the convention, but no man is quite the master of his fate, and it is possible that in the event of any such national calamity as a war, a financial panic widespread and prolonged, or some other condition needing swift and drastic treatment, arising, there would after all be an irresistible demand for the continuance in power of the man whose character and personal force have impressed the nation and the world more than any American statesman since Lincoln. These are, of course, remote contingencies, and hardly worth taking into account as reasons for a third term precedent. There is in the meantime no lack of candidates. Secretary Taft, Senator Foraker and Senator Knox are open and avowed candidates for the Presidency, and other names prominent are those of Messrs. Hughes, Cannon, Cortelyou and Fairbanks. Several of those mentioned are strong and able men, notably Taft, Hughes, Foraker and Cortelyou. The last named is young, and will no doubt wait his turn. Senator Foraker is elderly, and may be depended upon to make a vigorous effort to secure a nomination which age will put out of his reach four years hence, should he live. But the real fight appears to lie between Secretary Taft and Governor Hughes. Secretary Taft, however, appears to be the choice of the President, and his powerful backing will weigh heavily with the Republican convention next fall. Against an array of strong names, so numerous as almost to embarass the Republican party, the Democrats can set only the name of Wm. Bryan, who, however, has not gained in influence during Mr. Roosevelt's Presidency, and will make but a losing though doutless a gallant campaign.

* * *

The Campbell-Bannerman Government is having the usual experiences of a Liberal Government, in Ireland. The desire of the Liberal administration to treat the people of the Island with perhaps a special kindness and forebearance is seized upon by a few of the more unworthy of the Irish leaders as an excuse for urging and practising the most audacious and inexcusable offences against the peace, and once more it has fallen to the lot of a Liberal Irish Secretary to compel proceedings against an Irish member until the member is safely placed behind the bars of a prison cell. This time it is Mr. Gimell, who has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for instigating cattle driving, the latest form defiance of the law has adopted in Ireland. There can be no doubt Mr. Birrell, the Irish Secretary, has shown extraordinary patience in the matter, so much so

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"GUESS WHO, GRANDMA!"
—Webster in the Chicago *Inter Ocean*

that for several months past the Unionist journals have been insisting that his forebearance was but weakness, and that he was in reality countenancing the outrages perpetrated. Concerning cattle driving itself, the most ardent sympathiser with Irish aspirations for national life can hardly uphold it as legitimate agitation. The arguments urged on its behalf are that the ranches from which the cattle are being driven are tracts of evicted land, and that the cattle drivers are mainly evicted tenants anxious to secure small holdings for cultivation. It seems doubtful whether the land in question, grass land as a rule, is at all suited for ordinary farming purposes, but whether it is so or not, there can be but one method of dealing with those who thus take the law into their own hands; and Mr. Redmond's tacit sanction of the outrages will only discourage those who would gladly assist in redressing Irish grievances by the only methods that can be used in a law-abiding country.

* * *

What promised to be a disastrous war in South Africa has been averted by the surrender of the drunken Dinizulu, the degenerate son of Cetewayo, the Zulu chief, who for a time defied the power of England, and when defeated and captured was lionised in London society. Dinizulu had been educated under British tutelage at St. Helena, where he grew fat and lazy and dissipated; the tutelage not apparently being all that one might desire, or Dinizulu's disposition being unequal to the strain of removal from his native atmosphere. A mistaken sense of humanitarianism, eager to soothe any slight vexations the heart of the farmer savage might retain, transferred him back to his own people, who had been at peace with British and Boers in South Africa ever since 1878, when after some initial losses the race was conquered by British troops. Warlike conditions were revived, centering about the person of Cetewayo's son. There was every prospect of a rising which would darken the whole sub-continent with a race war. Had Dinizulu been a warrior the struggle would have occurred to a certainty. Fortunately, the courage or resolution of Dinizulu failed him as the crisis approached, or British diplomacy was swifter than British arms; at any rate he surrendered to the British troops, and the danger is over for the present. The struggle would have fallen mainly on Natal, the colony in which the race problem is most acute, and where the supremacy of the white race, a tenth only of the whole population, is still maintained only by a constant struggle. The adjoining colonies would have undoubtedly assisted their sister province, and were actively preparing to do so; but a widely extended race war throughout Natal, the Transvaal and Cape Colony, while the country is still suffering from the depression of the war between Briton and Boer, might well have brought the populations of that great division of the Empire to the verge of despair. Dinizulu is now in the hands of the Natal Government, and will be tried on the charge of treason. The exercise of the highest statesmanship is still necessary to steer the ship of state

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safely through the shoals that lie ahead.

* * *

Compared with the problems so desperate as those confronting the statesmen of South Africa, the worst difficulties of Canada dwindle into trifles. Our severest problem at the moment appears to be the digestion of the enormous mass of immigration that has come to the shores of the Dominion during the year, a task not to be accomplished without some discomfort both to the Canadian people and to the newcomers, or at least to a considerable fraction of the latter. The new population added to Canada during the year reaches the figure of 300,000, approaching the gigantic when taken into comparison with the total Canadian population, a seventh of whose seven millions is composed of immigrants of less than ten years' standing. It has been frequently pointed out, sometimes with pride, sometimes with fear, that no nation in the world has received an immigration so large proportionately within the same period. The United States had reached a population of forty millions when its immigration had attained the limits of our own. Our chief safeguard, if there is danger in the rush of immigrants to the Dominion, is found in the fact that the vast majority of the newcomers are English-speaking, and a considerable majority come direct from the parent land. But for this fact Canada would certainly have to cry a halt in its immigration policy. It is particularly incumbent upon us, therefore, to be patient with the small minority of the British newcomers who find themselves in distress this winter, having arrived too late in the season to secure a winter's work or having otherwise been unlucky or unwise in their initial experiences of the country. The policy of the Immigration Department is carefully thought-out and is handled by skilled and sympathetic officials, but if the present extraordinary rush of immigration continues, much more if it increases, as is likely, the Department should make every effort in its power to check immigration during the later months of the year, even practically to suspend it after the end of September so far as it is able to do so, save on the part of those who come prepared to spend the winter on their own resources.

* * *

Large as are our own figures of immigration, they sink into comparative insignificance beside the tremendous total of that of the United States, which represents a million and a quarter of new population for the past year, four times our own number. Owing to the greatly larger population of the Republic, the proportion to the home people is smaller than in the case of Canada, but on the other hand, of the newcomers to the United States only a fraction is English-speaking. The United States is presumably less anxious than Canada to add strength to the English stock, and relies on its assimilative powers to graft on the home stock all of the white races who come to its shores. But considerably over a million a year of Poles and Huns and Italians, and others of the Central and Southern European races who are vitally distinct from the Anglo-Saxon type and even from the American variation of that type, is likely to give rise to problems of the most serious character. A century hence the commingling of all these races may have produced excellent results, but it is possible those results will be reached only through a shelter of chaos; and if the English language and the American modification of English laws and institutions survive the test to which they will be undoubtedly submitted it will be due rather to the chances of destiny than to the wisdom of statesmen.

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Dusk, and the day is done,
Homeward I turn;
Bright as the setting sun
Home fires do burn.

Dusk, and the shadows fold
On the hill's breast;
Dark 'gainst the fleeing gold
In the far west.

Dusk, and the waking stars
Glimmer on high
Like candles newly lit
In the grey sky.

Dusk, and I see your face,
Soft lips apart;
Waiting to find your place
Near to my heart.

—*Beth Slater Whitson, in Windsor Magazine.*

* * *

Earl Grey's Proposal.

NOT only has a Women's Canadian Club been inaugurated in Montreal, but in Winnipeg, also, such an organization has set out under favourable auspices. In Montreal Earl Grey was the guest of honour at the inaugural meeting and gave much advice which women all over the Dominion might take to heart.

"Are you," said His Excellency," using your influence to safeguard your beautiful city from being swallowed up by the slums which have overtaken the cities of the United Kingdom and the United States?

"Are you, the women of Montreal, using your influence to secure that the increasing stream of women who enter Canada through your gates shall be switched on to rails leading to happiness, instead of misery?

"Remember, every woman who enters Canada will make an impress on the national character, and it is important that she should be made into a good Canadian citizen as quickly as possible."

Earl Grey then gave a picturesque description of the heights near Quebec and deplored the fact that a big, black, frowning gaol is the first building there to meet the gaze of the new citizen. Then was made the proposition which is being enthusiastically discussed throughout the Dominion. "Next year, as you are aware, is the 300th anniversary of the birthday of Canada, Champlain having founded Quebec in 1608. It has been suggested by a committee appointed by Mr. Garneau, the Mayor of Quebec, that the Champlain Tercentenary should be celebrated by the consecration of the famous battlefields of Quebec. The battlefield of St. Foye, where the French in 1760, after a desperate

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and bloody battle, defeated the British, and whence they would have recaptured Quebec if the British fleet had not suddenly appeared, adjoined the Plains of Abraham."

It is proposed to remove the gaol and rifle factories, to purchase certain lands, to build a museum for historical relics, to construct an avenue around the battlefields, overlooking on one side the St. Lawrence and on the other side the valley of the River St. Charles. This driveway would be about seven miles in length, and for historical interest and natural beauty would probably be the first driveway in the world. Earl Grey also hopes that it may be possible to erect on a promontory of Quebec a colossal statue of the Angel of Peace with outstretched arms.

To do all this will cost about one million dollars and to that million the patriotic and historical societies of women may contribute materially. The men of the Canadian Club of Edmonton have already signified their intention of contributing five hundred dollars and the women of the Montreal and Winnipeg Canadian Clubs can imitate this Western example. This is a cause in which the Daughters of the Empire may well take a practical interest. His Excellency referred to the great work done in the United States by women, to whom is largely due the preservation of Mount Vernon, Washington's picturesque home. In this form of enthusiastic nationalism, the women of Canada have much to learn from those of the great Republic. But we are awaking to the fact that we have a country with a history, with many romantic spots in that history. I believe that one reason why Canadian women have shown so little care about the sacred places of the Dominion is that they have not been taught Canadian history in their youth or were taught it so badly that interest died out in the dry-as-dust methods of most pedagogues. There is no subject on our



LADY DRUMMOND,
President of the Women's Canadian Club of Montreal

curriculum more wretchedly taught than Canadian history. There are few teachers who seem to know anything about the subject beyond certain dreary constitutional facts. But that is another story, to which we may sometime return. In the meantime, it is certainly the duty of Women's Clubs throughout this broad and blessed country to give heed to Earl Grey and aid in raising that million which is to give our historic field at Quebec the environment it deserves. Let it not be said that our patriotism is exceeded by that of Washington or New England.

* * *

A Canadian Journal.

THERE have been many Canadian magazines or periodicals published in the interests of women, but most of them have flourished for a short time and then turned their faces to the wall. But there has arrived a bright monthly magazine called *The Home Journal,* which looks as if it might have a long and prosperous life before it, with excellent

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circulation. The January number has a cover of cherry colour on which is displayed the classic head, "Canada," with the motto "Pro domo et patria." The editorial page is vigorously written, with due regard to questions supposed to be of especial interest to women, but with none of that slushy sentimentalism too often adopted by "feminine" publications.

* * *

Seventy Miles of Pies.

MISS TERESA McDONALD, a famous lecturer on culinary topics, recently gave the advice at a women's conference in Boston: "Concentrate your mind on the oven." In the course of her remarks, Miss McDonald, who is celebrating her golden jubilee as a cook, owned to the terrifying record of 394,000 pies baked in forty years, also 2,000,000 doughnuts and 788,400 puddings. These are achievements which ought to make Caesar and Napoleon turn green with envy — or indigestion — at the very thought of all that pastry. Miss McDonald must surely be a New Englander, and about half of the seventy miles of pies probably had a pumpkin filling. It makes one's teeth ache when one tries to imgagine the imposing array of lemon, apple, raspberry, blackberry, plum and currant. What a heavenly vista for the small boy to contemplate! Were there any deep apple pies and is Devonshire cream known to Massachusetts? Anyway, it is a stupendous record, but even here one must remember that the paths of pastry lead but to the grave.

* * *

A Matter of Names.

THERE are few people who are indifferent to musical or curious names. Perhaps women take a greater interest than men in Christian names, for the reason that a woman is likely to change her surname, while a man, unless he is so lucky as to inherit money or property with a condition as to change of name attached, retains the name that was his father's before him. A recent article in the *Grand Magazine* shows how the historic English families have kept certain names throughout many generations. The few families of undoubted Saxon origin have kept Odo, Ethel, Elaine and Edith, while others of Norman descent have shown a preference for Maude, Isabelle and Jacqueline. The Marlborough family keeps in remembrance the tempestuous and beautiful first Duchess in the name Sarah, while the plain and honest name of Jane is everlasting among the Somersets, whose family name is St. Maur or Seymour. The most famous lady of the line was Jane Seymour, who became the third wife of Henry VIII. and was the mother of gentle Edward VI. Old Puritan names have lasted through several centuries, even in fashionable households. Such quaint-sounding names as Patience, Faith, Honour, Mercy and Christiana are found in the list of the British aristocracy; also such homely ones as Peggy, Molly, Betty and Nancy.

Certain books have sometimes made a name fashionable. Tennyson's "Maud" is an instance of this effect, and Owen Meredith's "Lucille" is also said to have been an inspiration to many British households. Of flower names, those associated with the rose have probably been most popular, although the violet and the daisy have been close rivals, while such out-of-the-way blooms as iris, mignonette and clematis have human namesakes. It is taking a heavy risk to give a girl baby a flower name. A Violet may become a dashing golf girl, and a Daisy bloom into a teacher of mathematics, while even a Lily may go on the vaudeville stage. Names of places have supplied some striking names, perhaps the most common instance on this continent being Virginia, which is usually given in honour of the State, not in classic memory. In Can-

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ada, several small citizens have been given such names, among them being Hamilton, Ottawa, Windsor and Brandon. So far, no youthful Canadian has been baptised Bobcaygeon or Portage la Prairie.

In this country the French element gives a welcome variety in the list of names, such musical words as Adolphe, Henri, Adelard and Rodolphe being a relief from James and William. There was an amusing fashion which followed Irene (which Canadians nearly always mispronounce), Muriel and Pearl for a few years until the very syllables became wearisome. Then there was a rush for the old-fashioned names, and Margaret, Elizabeth and Matilda were heard once more. In Roman Catholic households, Mary is a favourite, and it is difficult to think of a more fragrant name.

The Celtic names are common in Wales, Scotland and Ireland, and full of music indeed are such as Mona, Sheila and Doreen, while Patrick (bless the merry dissylable) flourishes in both Scotland and Ireland. "What's in a name?" said Juliet in passionate scorn. Much—very much, dear dead lady of Verona. Shakespeare would not have dared to call his heroine Jemima, while no one would have mourned for young Montague had he been Bartholomew or Zebedee, instead of daring and soulful Romeo, with three melting syllables to his credit.

* * *

A Royal Trousseau.

THE trousseau of Princess Marie Bonaparte, who was recently married to Prince George of Greece, was put on exhibition in Paris and set all the feminine world talking, since paragraphs describing its perfection were published wherever daily papers are read. Not for a generation, said the authorities on these matters, had such a magnificent display of feminine finery been seen in Paris. There were sixty-five different costumes complete, a dozen hats, a profusion of costly furs and sables, acres of linen and piles of daintiest lingerie. It is hardly surprising that some democratic journals have doubted the wisdom of publishing details concerning the costliness of such an elaborate trousseau at a time when so many suffer from want and distress. On the other hand, preparation of this trousseau gave employment to hundreds of expert toilers. So, there you are.

* * *

The Work of Our Hands.

THE soul of Ruskin would rejoice over the present return to handmade work of all kinds. The machine is a comparatively vulgar affair just now, for we all desire to possess hand-embroidered gowns, lace which has been the patient work of careful fingers and even tables and bookcases which we have carved for ourselves. Gone is the vogue of big, elaborate machine embroideries, and dear to our hearts (to make no mention of the pocket-book) is the simple Marguerite or fern design which has been kept far from the machine's monotonous touch.

There is something so touchingly human about these fragments of old lace, in whose threads are woven the history of many households! We are coming at last to believe that our grandmothers were wiser than we, and that the few yards of rare cobwebby stuff were better than a furlong of cheap, ordinary fabric, which one would never dream of putting away in lavender or sandalwood. Lace, flowers and jewels have a strong attraction for the feminine heart, but the daintiest of these is lace.

Jean Graham.

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The Front Window

Rarely has any city had so splendid an opportunity to increase its attractiveness and wholesomeness as that now afforded Toronto by the impending removal of Knox College from its present site on Spadina Crescent to the University grounds. The property will be sold, and it will be a lasting disgrace to the city should a private individual or company be permitted to outbid the City Council.



AN ARCH AT MILAN RECORDING THE VICTORY OF NAPOLEON III AND VICTOR EMMANUEL OVER AUSTRIA

It is known that already the authorities of Knox College have been approached in the matter by persons who have had in view the erection of an uptown department store on an elaborate scale. Should a commercial enterprise of that kind, or any other kind, be under way (there is assurance that it is at least being considered), the acquisition of so excellent a location would not likely be abandoned for the sake of $50,000 or $100,000 more than the ordinary market value. Doubtless the property could be bought by the city for about $200,000, and it is safe to say that the authorities of Knox College would submit to some sacrifice rather than see the property fall into the hands of a private party. But there should be no sacrifice whatever on the part of the Presbyterian Church, because the City Council should be eager to secure the site at whatever sum it might be worth in the open market. A considerable obligation has been undertaken by the denomination in the determination to erect a new college adjacent to the University of Toronto, and therefore in the disposal of the old site it would be unreasonable to expect that a sacrifice should be made, not for the benefit of the denomination, but for the benefit of the whole community. Nevertheless there are undoubtedly among the authorities of Knox College gentlemen who have enough public spirit to

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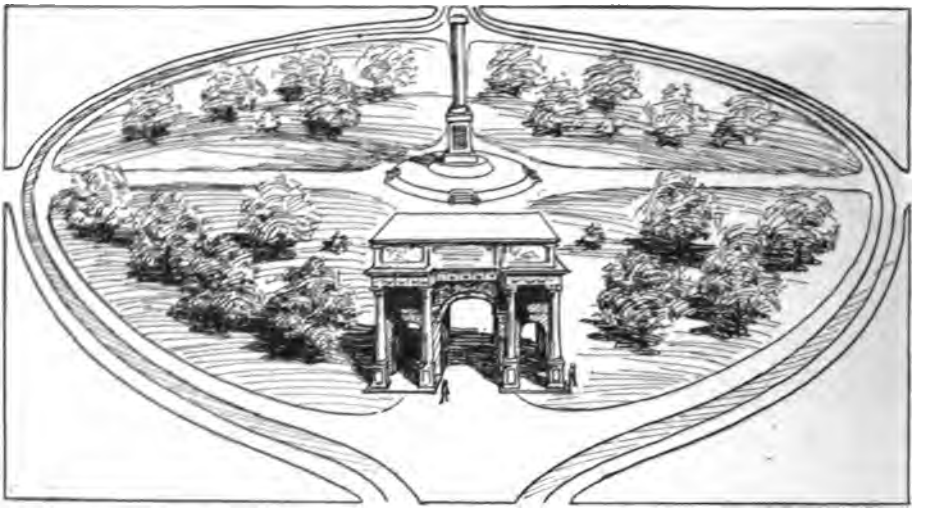
A WELL KNOWN LANDMARK IN OLD LONDON. THIS ARCH STANDS AT THE ENTRANCE TO HYDE PARK. IT COST $40,000

do all within their power and conscience to turn the property over to the city.

The location of Knox College is eminenty well suited for transformation into a beauty spot, and as a park it would add greatly to the attractiveness of the neighborhood and to the good impression that visitors to Toronto would receive in going around the Belt Line. The ground is not large, but it is too large to be well overlooked. No other available spot in the city is so well placed for the purposes of a miniature park, and, goodness knows, Toronto should surely now be in a position to profit by the mistakes of the past.

One can scarcely think that the City Council will fail to buy the Knox College property, and as the site, if acquired by the city, would be turned into a flower garden, this is a good time to suggest that an appropriate entrance be made, particularly on the south side. Spadina Avenue has the most magnificent opportunities of all thoroughfares in the city, and it would be a good thing, therefore, if, looking from the turn at College Street or up the broad sweep of the avenue, something of an imposing nature arrested attention at the very beginning of the crescent. The most suitable thing would be an arch, after the fashion of the triumphal arches of Rome, the Arca Della Pace in Milan, the Arche de Triomphe at Paris, or the Hyde Park arch in old London. Toronto is deficient in things of peculiar interest, and therefore an effort should be made to offset the deficiency. There are many things of unique attractiveness to point out to visitors who go to Halifax, Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Vancouver, or Victoria, but Toronto has not been blessed in the same lavish way with gifts from nature or endowments from history. So Toronto must set up her own devices of allurement. A public garden, with an imposing arch, a result of native art, at the main entrance, a shaft in honour of South African heroes in the centre, surrounded by a fountain, might be

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A ROUGH SUGGESTION OF WHAT SPADINA CRESENT MIGHT BE

one of them. The arch need not of necessity be one of triumph, although Toronto is in many respects a triumphant city. She is triumphant as a city of education; she is triumphant as a place of magnificent homes; she is triumphant as a commercial distributing centre, and she is triumphant, above all other things, as a sane and God-fearing community. A triumphal arch could therefore stand as an appropriate decoration.

The disposal of the Knox College property affords an excellent opportunity for any one of the wealthy citizens of the city to make a gift to Toronto that would cause his name to be held in enduring esteem long after he himself had passed away. There is an impression that the city refused the same property as a gift many years ago because land was not scarce in that vicinity. It would be but the irony of fate should the site be, after all, bought and paid for by the city.

The public arch is an ancient and honourable institution. It is peculiarly Roman. The earliest were erected in 196 B.C. by L. Stertinus, in the Forum Boarium and in the Circus Maximus, from spoils gained in Spain. In the late years of the empire there were about forty triumphal arches in the city of Rome alone. Most of them commemorated triumphs on fields of battle, but others were in honour of signal achievements in the arts of peace. There is enough architectural skill and sculptural art in Toronto to produce an arch that would do credit to the whole Dominion.

The Ethics of Popularity

No athletic figure in Canada was so widely known as Edward Hanlan, who died on January 4th, at his home in Toronto. There is perhaps good reason for his popularity, apart from his signal achievements as an oarsman. He had been what might be called the pioneer Canadian champion of the world, and as such he brought the attention of the world to the Dominion in a measure that had never before been equalled. His title to fame, therefore, rested not so much on his strength and endurance as on his ability to use his powers in a way that indirectly reflected glory on his native land. He was a great oarsman, but he was greater still in the opportunities that came to him to show the type of manhood that Canada can produce. A generous estimate might well be made of what he

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Lou Scholes, Winner of the Diamond Sculls | Eddie Durnan, Champion Oarsman of America | The Late Edward Hanlan, Champion Oarsman of the World

ONE OF THE LAST PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN OF EDWARD HANLAN

was as an advertisement for the Dominion, and the city of Toronto did no more than justice in presenting him with a handsome residence on Beverley Street. We have our Durnans, our Scholeses, our Sherrings, and our Longboats, but no name will stand out so prominently as Edward Hanlan's.

The esteem in which a man like Hanlan is held by a community affords an interesting example of the appeal that a feat of strength or endurance makes on the popular fancy. We have had men who have been towers of intellect as Hanlan was a tower of might, but they have not heard the acclaim of the multitude, nor has the laurel wreath been placed upon their brows. Honours in the universities mean nothing to the person in the street, and, unhappily also, to those who achieve really great things by the sheer force of intellect the populace gives but little heed. But not so of those whose success is won on the race-course or in the field of sport. The difference is obvious. With the mind's eye the crowd can see the runner as he struggles towards the goal; they can feel his muscles straining and his pulse beating; they can hear the shouts of the spectators and imagine the mighty exertion that won the prize. In this respect the Greek Marathon race is the greatest of modern examples, for it embraces all the features that most arouse a normally sluggish imagination. Midnight oil is not so attractive, and the man of brains, as he struggles with his problems, presents an unappreciated figure, a pitiful spectacle, when compared with the one whose struggle for supremacy can be felt and understood. And yet, while his triumph of the hour is not great, while his means of achievement have failed to interest the crowd, his chance for enduring fame is better than the one whose victories tend merely to quicken a primal human instinct.

The Editor

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The WAY of LETTERS

Stories By Marion Crawford

Marion Crawford's superiority as an authority on ancient and modern life in the Middle East can scarcely be challenged, and his novels that have an Eastern setting have long been widely read and enjoyed. His latest work of this class is entitled "Arethusa" (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, $1.50), and it is quite in keeping with the best that might be expected from the author. The plot is at times full of absorbing interest. The scene is laid in Constantinople in the year 1376, and the principal characters are Count Carlo Zeno, a Venetian merchant and soldier of fortune; Arethusa, supposedly a Greek slave girl, but actually a Venetian, like Zeno; Rustan Karaboghazji, a Persian slave dealer; Gorlias, a Turkish astrologer; the two Emperors, Johannes and his son Andronicus; and Tocktamish, a Tartar mercenary. Zeno buys Arethusa for a friend, but he is so attracted with her that he cannot give her up. Finally the two fall in love, and the girl turns out to be not a slave, but a Greek nobleman's daughter.

In a much different vein is "The Little City of Hope," by the same author (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, 90 cents.). It has been compared by some critics with Dickens' "Christmas Carol," and by others with the style of Robert Louis Stevenson. It is an entertaining tale, told in a simple, unaffected manner; in fact, it moves along so smoothly that even the reviewer at times forgets that there is such a thing as technique or artificiality about it. It is also a most felicitous story. Its hero is an inventor, formerly a yonug professor in a college, who has given up his position and fallen on evil days because of his devotion to his great invention. But he continues in his labour of love, which, with the companionship of his boy encourages the man to persevere with his invention until his triumph comes and the gratification of all his wishes on Christmas Day.

Experiences of a Real Hobo

Jack London gives what he calls "the wander lust" as the cause of his going forth in early life as a venturesome youth and developing into a real American hobo. And in his latest book, "The Road" (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, $2), he describes in a most graphic and entertaining way many unique experiences. Having read the book, one freely accepts the statement that the author was an out-and-out tramp, for the narrative "rings true" and proves to be one of the most

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engaging volumes of recent publication. The description of the way the train crew were out-pointed and outwitted and the blind baggage of the "overland" ridden on the way eastward from San Francisco, makes up an exceedingly interesting and exciting chapter. The descriptions that are given of life in Erie County Penitentiary are, to say the least, startling. Few persons could read "The Road" and not feel afterwards a keener sympathy with those shiftless mortals who "pass in the night."

Famous Women of France

There seems to be no end to books about the famous women of France, and, indeed, there should be no wonder, when one considers the interest that attaches to them. A recent volume by Mrs. Henry Fawcett, LL.D. (Toronto: Cassell and Company, Limited), is entitled "Five Famous French Women." The work is notable, not so much for its literary style and technique as for its wealth of information and interesting treatment. The figures chosen are historical rather than social, and comprise Joan of Arc, Louise of Savoy, Margaret of Angoulême, Jeanne D'Albert (Queen of Navarre), and Renée of France. There are thirty excellent full-page illustrations.

An Exquisite Pastoral Tragedy

"The Daughter of Joris" is the title of an exquisite pastoral tragedy as translated from the Italian of Gabrielle D'Annunzio by Charlotte Porter, Pietro Isola and Alice Henry. Charlotte Porter also contributes a comprehensive introduction. There is a portrait of the author, besides pictures from the Italian production, the whole making a very handsome volume. (Boston: Little, Brown and Company. Cloth, $1.50 net.) Of course, no translation could do justice to the original, but the first of the trio of translators, to whom the task of giving the work verse form in English was entrusted, has managed to give a good idea of the mystical soul of the tragedy, of its extremely poetical treatment, and of its wild, romantic setting. The scene is laid in the country of the Abruzzi, where there is still a clinging savour of the savage blood of the ancients. The theme is the unavailing sacrifice of a rustic maiden who hopes to save the life of her lover.

Another South African Story

A new book of fiction by Alice and Claude Askew is entitled "The Plains of Silence" (Toronto: Cassell and Company, Limited. Cloth, $1.50.). The story, the scene of which is laid in South Africa, deals with the life of a pure-minded English girl of what might be considered an acceptably normal type of character under ordinary environments, but who was subjected, owing to peculiar circumstances, to very abnormal conditions of life. The narrative contains much interesting episode, and presents love affairs somewhat away from the usual style. It describes certain aspects of social life in Cape Town in a manner that makes the book a questionable one to read aloud in a family group. The heroine becomes married to a young Boer farmer, a giant in physique, with great strength of character, backd up by primitive simplicity. The love these two have for each other is intense. Their home is in the quiet of the plains, yet it is not free from dramatic incident, wherein "the call of the blood" asserts itself. Readers will be pleased with the way the story ends, even if some of the closing scenes seem far-fetched, and they will likely close the book with the thought that it has been well named.

Italy, the Magic Land

One of he most interesting of recent travel books is entitled "Italy, the Magic Land," by Lilian Whiting (Boston: Little, Brown and Company. Cloth, illustrated, $2.50.). It

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is not a masterpiece of conception, nor does it contain much original matter, but it has the commendable advantage of telling of the things about Italy that are generally most worth knowing. For instance, the author does not confine her work to her own impressions of the country, but she wisely includes the views of eminent persons who have visited Italy with a purpose in view, such persons as Vedder, Hawthorne, Simmons, Story, and, in a minor way, Shelley and Keats. Much attention is given to the art treasures of the chief centres of Italy, particularly Florence and Rome, and indeed there are also some interesting and suggestive reflections on the national attitude of the West with respect to art.

A Story of Feminine Fortitude.

Much can always be said in disparagement of the literary taste and general reading of the present time. Frequently someone points out, perhaps justly too, that in fiction few masterpieces appear nowadays. Nevertheless, some novels are vastly superior to others with regard to solidity and strength. Amongst these rank 'The Crucible,'' by Mark Lee Luther (Toronto: The MacMillan Company of Canada, Limited) which, running serially in a New York publication, has attracted widespread attention and elicited considerable favourable comment.

The story depicts the life of Jean Fanshaw, who, when seventeen, was committed to a State House of Refuge for girls, because, goaded by an unkind mother and sister into a heated passion, she attacked them.

A few years in the refuge, where she was in daily touch with moral degenerates, tended to give her character a growth which weaned her from a tomboy nature and developed a feminine mind capable to withstand the harsh experiences she had to combat when thrown upon her own resources in the city of New York.

The girl worked in a sweat shop, department store, dental office, and afterwards posed as model in an artist's studio. The sting of prison life overshadowed her every move, and balked success. Notwithstanding this, she pressed forward, preserving her self-respect, and finally ripened into a womanly woman. Her love story is interesting, and, while as a serial the novel has been successful, it should be doubly so in book form.

An Excellent Cheap Edition.

The People's Library (Toronto: Cassell and Company, Limited. Cloth, 25 cents; leather, 50 cents) provides an excellent opportunity to possess the works of the best standard authors in good form and at a low price. Already about fifty different titles have been sent out, including some of the most popular things in English literature, such as "Adam Bebe," "Ivanhoe," "The Scarlet Letter," "Treasure Island," "Tale of Two Cities," etc. The publishers intend to eventually embrace in this series every branch of literature.

Mrs. Rives' Latest Novel.

Hallie Erminie Rives' late novel of Western life, entitled "Satan Sanderson" (Toronto: McLeod and Allen. Cloth, $1.25), seems to be meeting with much success, doubtless due to the fact that the story aims at nothing more than a passing entertainment. In that respect it serves its purpose. It is a tale of mining life in the Western States, and concerns two young men and a girl. The young men very much resemble each other, and complications result.

A Satire on Religious Quackery.

"Comrade John," by Samuel Merwin and H. K. Webster (Toronto: The MacMillan Company of Canada. Cloth, $1.50), is a typically American novel in which clever character sketching is a chief feature. It is a result of dual authorship, and the

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two writers have worked together in such a way that it would be difficult for anyone to tell from simply reading the book that more than one person had had a hand in its make-up. For those who wish a unique story, with abundance of incident, a clever satire on the religious quackery that is common at present "Comrade John" is the book.

A New Light on Poland.

Mr. Louis E. Van Norman, associate editor of *The American Review of Reviews,* in a book entitled "Poland: The Knight Among Nations" (Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Cloth, $1.50), throws what to most readers must prove to be an unexpected light on a somewhat obscure country. Poland, from our distance away, has long appeared to be a land divided and sub-divided among Austria, Germany and Russia, a land where little was in sight for the masses except emigration. But Mr. Norman presents a more pleasing page, and in a good literary style points out the glory of a people that have maintained their nationality and advanced socially and mentally, even against great odds. He points with enthusiasm to the race that has produced such world-wide successes as Paderewski, Chopin, Modjeka, Sembrich, Sienkiewicz, Copernicus and Koscinsko. By long residence in the country of the Poles, he has made a close study of their politics, ideals and aspirations, and his concluding chapter, dealing with the two million Poles living in America should prove to be of unusual interest to persons who are interested in racial assimilation.

A Novel of High Life.

Robert W. Chambers is one of the few of the popular novelists who is really capable of putting style into his writing. His tales are artistic, and he has a fine appreciation of good humour. These qualities are well set forth in a fascinating novel by him, entitled "The Younger Set" (Toronto: McLeod & Allen. Cloth, $1.25). The story has to do mostly with a fine type of man, who, divorced by his foolish, wayward wife, becomes for a time a member of the fashionable household of his sister in New York. There he occasionally comes into contact with his former wife, who has been married again, and it is his treatment of her, while he is falling in love with his sister's ward, that marks him as a man of rare forgiveness and forebearance. Until she dies, he stands by this woman, who has besmirched his name, and caused him to resign his position in the army, but in the end he is rewarded with the love of the other, the ward whose disposition is full of promise for his future happiness. Vivid as is the picture that is drawn of New York social life in high circles, it is not pleasing to those who regard money as having a higher purpose than to make possible a lavish, almost pitiful display of finery.

An Artful Fairy Tale.

The work of any person who was able to produce so admirable a story as "Bob, Son of Battle," should at once command attention, and therefore "Redcoat Captain," by Alfred Ollivant (Toronto: The MacMillan Company of Canada. Cloth, $1.25), although a somewhat unpretentious volume, will find many friends. It has the unusual quality of interest for both old and young readers, but it will perhaps appeal more to the juvenile imagination. It is a fairy tale, told with the art that is a distinguishing feature of Mr. Ollivant's work.

A New Crockett Romance.

S. R. Crockett has come out with another West of Scotland story, entitled "Vida, or the Iron Lord of Kirktown" (Toronto: The MacMillan Company of Canada. Cloth, $1.50). Although in this story the au-

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thor has well sustained his reputation as a most entertaining writer, it is doubtful whether he made any marked contribution to his list of successes. However, "Vida" is handled with Mr. Crockett's admirable skill as a story-teller, and the reader is kept in "sweet uncertainty" until the end. The heroine is Vida, the disowned daughter of the "Iron Lord," and she, together with a gentle, amiable young woman, Janet Fowler, and an angelic little body, Rose Nunsly, are the principal characters. The story gives a good idea of life in a Scotch mining town.

A Lost Art.

One of the most valuable and suggestive publications of the season is a book entitled "Culture by Conversation," by Robert Waters, a Canadian (New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Cloth, $1.20 net). It aims to show by precept and example what a mighty factor in education and culture the practice of conversation may be made. Few persons, without reading the book, realise the importance of the suggestions made by the author, and it is safe to say that not one man in fifty could read it and fail to receive highly valuable impulses. For in these days the art of conversation has at best greatly deteriorated. Some persons crave conversation naturally, but as a rule the subjects on which they converse are trivial and lacking in informing qualities. Others shun conversation, and thereby lose much in culture and information.

Notes.

—Dog fanciers should be interested in "The New Book of the Dog" (Toronto: Cassell and Company, Limited). This is one of the most comprehensive works of the kind ever published and also one of the handsomest. It is a natural history of British dogs and their foreign relatives, with chapters on law, breeding, kennel management, and veterinary treatment. It is edited by Robert Leighton, with contributions by eminent authorities on the various breeds. There are twenty-one full-page coloured plates, and a large number of reproductions of famous dogs and their masters.

—"The Battle of the Bears" (Chicago: W. A. Wilde Company), is the title of the latest book of sketches by Egerton R. Young, whose charge of plagiarism against Jack London seems to have good reason. The sketches are the result of actual experiences in the far Northland, and in that respect they may be regarded as authentic. They have the additional value of being illustrated with reproductions of photographs and drawings made by the author himself. The perils and hardships that attend missionary life in that almost forbidding part of the country are dealt with in a realistic manner.

—"Old Quebec: The City of Champlain," is the title of a most comprehensive history for juveniles, written by Emily P. Weaver, who is well known as a writer on historical subjects, and illustrated with appropriate pen and ink drawings by Annie E. Weaver. The volume is timely, in view of the Champlain tercentennial celebration this year. It is a most exhaustive treatment of the subject, and is the result of a great deal of ardent research.

—"A Girl in Her Teens and What She Ought to Know" is the title of a valuable little book by Mrs. George Curnock (Toronto: Cassell and Company, Limited). It explains the little things that girls ought to know, but in many instances do not know.

—Mr. George H. Clark, seed commissioner, recently issued under the auspices of the Dominion Government a most valuable illustrated book, entitled "Farm Weeds," which is being distributed free to schools of agriculture, high schools, rural schools, and to organisations such as agricultural societies, farmers' clubs, farmers' institutes, etc.

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What Others are Laughing at

Minnie's Hopes.

Charlie has the sweetest cutter,
 Got it new this year.
Often comes and takes me driving
 Isn't he a dear?
Has a lovely horse, a sorrel,
 Quiet as can be.
Doesn't take so much attention,
 Travels very free.

Down upon the Third Concession,
 Mrs. Willie White
Gave a party for her birthday,
 It was Tuesday night.
Charlie called for me at seven,
 Sleighing was sublime.
More than sixty of us present,
 Had a lovely time.

Did not leave till after midnight,
 Goodness it was cold.
Charlie wrapped the robes about me,
 He's as good as gold.
Moonbeams glistened on the meadows,
 But the wind was strong,
Whirled the snow upon our faces
 As we drove along.

Charlie put his arm around me,
 Said: "Be careful, Min.
Robes are slipping down a little,
 Guess I'll hold 'em in."
Charlie didn't seem to know, he
 Wasn't doing right.
Hope this frost will last. We're going
 Out again to-night.

—*Toronto News.*

Fully Attended To.

Merchant—"Yes, we are in need of a porter. Where were you employed last?"

Applicant—"In a bank, sir."

Merchant—"Did you clean it out?"

Applicant—"No, sir. The cashier did that."—***Tid-Bits.***



Golfer—"An' what like a day had ye here yesterday, Macpherson?"

Macpherson—"Oh, an awfu' day! It was just pourin'!"

Golfer—"Well, well, and in the toon we just had a local shower."

Macpherson—"Aw weel, I can assure you it wasna local here whatever!"—*Punch*

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"The man threw himself into a chair."

In Boston.

An English gentleman on a visit to Boston, called on an American friend who resided there, and after the customary greetings had been gone through, the Bostonian volunteered to show the Englishman the sights and places of interest around the city. After visiting many places they finally came to the Bunker Hill monument. Now the gentleman did not wish to ruffle the feelings of his English friend by referring to the defeat of the English at that place, so he simply indicated the monument with a wave of his hand and said, "Bunker Hill."

"But who was Mr. Bunker and what did he do to the hill?" inquired the Britisher.

"You don't seem to understand, sir," said the Bostonian; "this," indicating the tall shaft of the monument, "this is where Warren fell."

The Englishman adjusted his monocle, and after carefully surveying the monument from top to bottom, turned to his friend and said, "Really; killed him, of course?"—*The Zazooster.*

Still Had a Chance.

Virginians are telling with much amusement of the Jamestown exposition in which the Governor of one of the Southern States was an important actor. The Governor, so the story runs, was crossing from his State building to the executive offices of the exposition. He was about to pass through the gateway when he saw an old negro carrying a large box.

"You go through first, uncle," said the Governor. "You have the largest load."

"Yes, sah; ah has now," replied the aged darkey. "But hit's early in de day yit."—*Judge.*

* * *

A Kentucky Game Law.

Two old Kentucky gentlemen were seated in a café one day in Lexington and the following remarks were overheard by a passer-by:

Major: "Yes, Colonel, times have changed, sah. Ah was just noticin' in the papah that there have been a great many new laws introduced this session."

Colonel: "Yes, indeed, Majah, everything has changed considehbul."

Major: "And I see thyah has been introduced into the legislachar a bill prohibitin' the shootin' of niggahs."

Colonel: "You don't say! In what months, Majah?"—*The Zazooster.*

* * *

Looking Ahead.

Husband—"I say, my dear, such luck. I've engaged two maids for you to-day."

Wife—"Whatever did you get two for? We only want one."

Husband—"Ah, that's just it. One is coming to-morrow and the other in a week's time."—*Simplicissimus.*

* * *

Philadelphia telephone girls must no longer say "Please." What the subscriber must not say has been indicated for a long time, but that is not the word.—*Toronto News.*

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to every young man over 18 years of age who is able and willing to comply with the homestead regulations.

The excellent crop of 1905, it is claimed, will put fully $60,000,000 in circulation in Western Canada, and it is freely stated that the great expenditure in railway construction at present going on will raise that amount to $100,000,000 during the current year—which will bring added prosperity to the country that lies between Winnipeg and the foothills.

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Go to the nearest drug store and get a box of

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Take another dose when you go to bed and you will awaken, in the morning, feeling like a new person. Beecham's Pills act at once on the digestive organs, give the liver natural exercise, operate the bowels, improve the blood, clear the brain and assist Nature to restore healthy conditions to the entire body. They do their work thoroughly and quietly, in perfect harmony with physical laws. Beecham's Pills have a remarkably buoyant effect on both mind and body, without the slightest reaction. A great remedy for the "blues" as they dispel the gloom of disease and

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VOL. 30 NO. 5

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PRINCE RUPERT

The place as it appeared recently, showing the land-locked harbour, where merchant ships of the high seas will soon anchor

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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXX TORONTO, MARCH, 1908 No. 5

Prince Rupert

By CY WARMAN

Author of "The Story of the Railroad," "The Last Spike," Etc.

SAMUEL G. BLYTHE, the well-known Washington correspondent, who is responsible for the "Who's Who and Why" column in the *Saturday Evening Post*, has written a series of articles on "The Mastery of the Pacific," meaning, of course, in the United States. His observations began at Los Angeles and ended at Seattle, showing the natural advantages and setting forth the claims of the several cities. Each, it is hardly necessary to say, counts itself the Pacific gateway to the Orient.

Up to the time of the advent of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway there was but one "Frisco" in Canada, and that was Vancouver. From this time forward that wonderful city by the sea is to have an ambitious and aggressive rival. Prince Rupert, the Pacific coast terminal of the Grand Trunk Pacific, will have to be reckoned with. Prince Rupert is new and attractive. It is to be a model city in every sense of the word. It guards what is said to be the finest natural harbour on the coast, if not in the world. It is the terminal town of a transcontinental railway which bids fair to surpass anything ever yet attempted in the way of railway construction on this continent, crossing from ocean to ocean without a single mile of mountain grade or grade that can by any stretch of imagination be considered an obstacle to the economical operation of the road. Prince Rupert is also at the end of the long portage on the shortest route around the world. Any scheme which has for its ultimate object the swift circling of the sphere must reckon Prince Rupert on its right-of-way. The mineral wealth of all that vast mountain region, the forest products of Northern British Columbia, as well as the food products of the Prairie Provinces and the fur of the far north—that is to say, all the export wealth of this resourceful Dominion originating north and west of the South Saskatchewan, bound for the Orient by the Occidental route—will funnel down and pass out by way of Prince Rupert.

Probably because I have travelled a great deal in and written much about the West, I am often asked as to the climate of Prince Rupert. It

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Photograph by G. A. McNicholl

DOUKHOBORS AT WORK ALONG THE LINE OF THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY, IN QU'APPELLE VALLEY

is a well known fact that the annual mean temperature up there is about the same as that of Detroit, cooler in summer and winter, but I have been fortunate enough to secure a comparative statement of the weather conditions, covering a period of eight months, November, 1906, to June, 1907, inclusive, which will make interesting reading. At Prince Rupert the record of the weather for the period referred to was kept by Mr. P. W. Anderson, of the new town, and the report of weather conditions at Vancouver for the same period is from the Meteorological Service of Canada, Department of Marine and Fisheries.



FIRST CUTTING AT PRINCE RUPERT, ABOUT TWO YEARS AGO

To those who are not in the habit of taking into consideration the effect of the Japan current, which washes up the North Pacific coast, this comparative statement will be a great surprise, but those who are acquainted with the West are aware that the isothermal line trends north as we go west, and finally loops down by the MacKenzie river to the Great Slave lake and beyond. The following is the number of fine, fair, cloudy and rainy days at Vancouver:

	Fine	Fair	Cloudy	Rainy
Nov., '06	5	3	5	17
Dec., '06	2	2	4	23
Jan., '07	10	3	5	13
Feb., '07	0	7	7	14
Mar., '07	9	3	3	16
Apr., '07	12	5	2	11
May, '07	15	2	8	6
June, '07 ...	9	4	8	9
Total No. days	62	29	42	109

Record for the same time at

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THE PATHFINDERS. GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY PROSPECTORS SEARCHING FOR THE YELLOWHEAD PASS

Prince Rupert:

November, 1906—17 fine days, 3 fair days, 1 cold day with snow.

December, 1906—14 fine days, 5 fair days, 2 clear and cold days, 2 snowy days, 8 rainy days.

January, 1907—9 fine days mild, 20 clear and cold days, 3 snowing days.



GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC TEMPORARY BUILDINGS AT PRINCE RUPERT

February, 1907—12 fine days, 4 fair days, 4 clear and cold days, 8 rainy days.

March, 1907—17 fine days, 8 fair days, 1 rainy day, 5 snowy days.

April, 1907—23 fine days, 3 fair days, 4 rainy days.

May, 1907—22 fine clear days, 5 fair days, 4 rainy days.

June, 1907—21 fine clear days, 4 fair days, 5 rainy days.

From these reports it would seem that in eight months Prince Rupert had but thirty-four rainy days, for 109 at Vancouver, and 185 fine days as against 62 at Vancouver.

As a result of his wanderings in the wilds during the summer of 1907, Mr. Earnest Thompson Seton, in his next book, will tell you that much of that empty land lying north of Lake Athabasca is far from being barren. All along the valleys of unmapped rivers and on the margins of the many unnamed lakes, lying to the south and a little west of Great Slave lake, are vast reaches of meadow lands, where the wild grass grows hip-high and affords feed for countless caribou herds that contain millions of this northern kine. One must go far north of Great Slave lake to find wood-buffalo and the real bar-

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CLOVER BAR BRIDGE, G.T.P., NEAR EDMONTON, WHICH WILL SPAN THE SASKATCHEWAN RIVER AND THE VALLEY AS WELL

rens. This reference is not made to lure any white man to those silent places, but to show how very far north one must travel before coming to the home of the gaunt white wolf, which is also many hundreds of miles this side of the wallow of the walrus.



HEAVY ROCK WORK ON LAKE SUPERIOR BRANCH, GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY

Paddling, sailing or steaming south, as one shall be shortly, the traveller comes to the wheat belt far down the Peace River and to the flouring mills of Vermilion, many hundreds of miles north of Edmonton, which is no longer the "Last House." Passing south and west where the Peace drains the Rockies we reach the Pacific through Yellowhead Pass, over the trail blazed by the pathfinders, and feel almost immediately the balmy breath of the warm chinook, which is the real secret of the salubrity of all this bewildering wilderness. Contiguous to Prince Rupert lie natural resources so rich and varied that a man might carve out a kingdom on the coast, tag his totum to suit his fancy, and *Rajah* alone in supreme indifference to the rest of the world. In proof of this assertion, we have only to glance at the Iroquois Indians whom the locating engineers discovered away up on the Yellowhead. With absolutely no knowledge of what has happened in the last hundred years, these children of the wild have lived, peaceful, contented and happy, there in the hills, finding all they require close at hand. Surely if that be true, the white man with all his acquired knowledge of matters and things could survive indefinitely in this rich and resourceful region.

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WILD HORSE RAPIDS, ENGLISH RIVER, NEAR THE JUNCTION OF THE LAKE SUPERIOR BRANCH, G.T.P., WITH THE MAIN LINE



THE FIRST GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY STATION—PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE

In more than one way Prince Rupert is unique. It is one of the first cities of America, and the very first in Canada, to be planned on paper before a single important building is built. By the time this reaches the reader, lots in this model city will, in all probability be on the market, and each and every man who has the price can buy a lot until the surveyed section shall have been sold. Naturally this being the last town, the lots will be more expensive than in intermediate towns, but by the same token they will be more likely to sell at an advance, for this "city" is sure to happen. Prince Rupert is bound to be on the "All Red Route" round the world, and the all red route is sure to come, sooner or later. It is only a few years since it required a week to cross the continent by regular trains. I expect within the next seven years to go from London to Prince Rupert in less than seven days. Two American lines cover 1,000 miles in 1,081 minutes, averaging nearly sixty miles an hour. At half that speed, the Grand Trunk Pacific trains would go from ocean to ocean in a fraction more than three days, leaving four days for the sea voyage. Even with the new Atlantic liners steaming through the sea at over half a mile a minute, it takes nearly ten days to go from London to San Francisco, Seattle or Vancouver. Moreover, when a ship sets sail from Prince Rupert, she will, in an hour's time, be out in the open sea and half a thousand miles, a full day's sail, nearer Yokohama than a ship sailing at the same time from

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either of the more southerly seaports. Why, by these measurements we shall save some four days—three days between London and the Pacific and another by reason of the short cut across the Pacific. By this new route, it will be but a short step from the eastern shores of our sundown sea to the "Flowery Kingdom," where the Mikado cradles the dawn. Talk about "crimping" the cosmos and "cinching" the sphere—it's wonderful. And back in the hills they have unearthed, or uncovered, at least, hundreds of acres of good coal, which is as good as



MR. CHARLES M. HAYS, PRESIDENT G.T.P., IN WHOSE HANDS LIES IN LARGE MEASURE THE DESTINY OF PRINCE RUPERT

gold north of the boundary. The timber wealth is also an important asset to this new country, and there must be some sublime scenery along the line that lies by the banks of mighty rivers and passes at the foot of "Old Smokey," the highest mountain in the Dominion. At the foot of the Rockies lies the future "Yellowstone" of Canada.

A glance at a map of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway will show that there is a big loop in the line out near the Pacific coast. This comes from following a river to keep to the easy grade, but quite recently the engineers have discovered a cut-off that is said to work a shortening of the road without seriously increasing the grade. But whether this short route is adopted or not a part of the proposed line will in all probability be built, as upon this very cut-off, I am told, immense coal beds have been discovered.

The whole history of the survey of this transcontinental line reads like a fairy tale. Already the comparatively worthless wilderness of Northern Ontario is showing wonderful possibilities as a mineral region. It traverses the gold belt, the southern edge of which is marked by the rich surface rock at Larder Lake, which is also the Northern limit of the Cobalt silver fields. And now, as the reports come in, the far northwest bids fair to outdo the eastern section. Almost immediately west of Edmonton, the line cuts through banks of good coal, crosses Grand Prairie, opening up a new ranching district.

Left of the foot of the Rockies the Grand Trunk Pacific will traverse the new National Park, where the Minis-

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ter of the Interior has just established the biggest buffalo haunt in the world, comprising three-fourths of the buffaloes in existence. The acquisition of this herd from under the nose of the "Mighty Hunter," from the very fields through which Mr. Roosevelt romped up from his riotous youth—from a cow-puncher to a Presidential possibility—will stand as one of the smoothest tricks ever turned by the quiet secretary. It is also another argument in favour of "still-hunting."

By the time the last spike is driven in the western section, there will be a splendid array of interesting features along the line that leads down to the sea at Prince Rupert. Along the Yellow Head, I have been told, are lone peaks whose glinting glacial spheres pierce the very clouds. So perfectly isolated are some of these, that engineers, seeking an easy grade, have walked quite around, as a farmer might encircle his hay-stack, coming out at the starting point. Although rooted in the Rockies, many of these cold white cones are as separate and distinct as if they had been melted, molded, cast and set down upon the finished hills.

At one point there is a sheer drop in the newly discovered Jones River of 210 feet—greater in depth than Niagara Falls. At another place a river disappears, dives under a mountain and emerges from the other side. Shooting these sub-mountain rapids will afford pleasant pastime for Peary and Wellman when they have secured and parcelled out the Pole. But weird, wild and attractive as are these new wonders, the greatest interest centers about the city by the sea.

Prince Rupert, looking down the mile-wide harbour to the open sea, is sure to become one of the attractive towns of this continent. Already the announcement has been made that plans are out for the construction of the largest cold storage plant in the world, costing $250,000.

Not far from the mouth of the harbour are the world-famed halibut banks, which alone would make Prince Rupert a great fish market.

All the growing trade of Alaska and the far-off Klondike will be brought 500 miles nearer the chief Canadian, American and European ports by the completion of the Grand Trunk Pacific, which is to be one of the best built and best equipped railroads in all America, and it's greatest creation will in all probability be Prince Rupert.



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Unpublished Letters of Governor Simcoe

By W. R. GIVENS

FOR one who played as prominent a part as did John Graves Simcoe in the life of his country, as soldier, statesman and administrator, less is known than either the situation or the parts of the man demand. In his very admirable book dealing with the first Governor-General of Canada, in the series "Makers of Canada," Duncan Campbell Scott has given some interesting details of the life, sayings and doings of Governor Simcoe; but despite the book's excellence and fullness, one feels it were a pity that more had not been said, if it were possible. The fact is, however, that for one of his force, character and position, Governor Simcoe was singularly retiring—whether as General in the English army operating against the United States, whether as member of the Imperial Parliament, or whether, coming nearer home, as the first Governor of Upper Canada. It is for the purpose, therefore, of shedding such further light on his character, as contradistinguished from his exploits, that the present writer now presents five heretofore unpublished personal letters of Governor Simcoe. The letters are the property of Mrs. C. C. Secombe, of Minneapolis, the mother of the author's wife, having come down to her as the direct descendant (great granddaughter) of Christopher Saur, to whom they were addressed. Mr. Saur himself was the son of the well-known Christopher Saur (or Sower, as the family spelled the name) who, graduating from one of the German universities, settled in America and, as a publisher, printed the first Diamond Edition of the Bible, the first or second ever printed in English in America. The son, to whom the Simcoe letters are addressed, was one of the United Empire Loyalists whose property in Philadelphia, valued at some $75,000, was confiscated and who subsequently moved to Nova Scotia, of which Province he later became Postmaster-General. He was active always in seeking to secure compensation for the loyal Englishmen who, because of their loyalty, suffered the confiscation of their property and presented, under Governor (then General) Simcoe's advice several petitions to the Home Government on behalf of himself and many others.

The Simcoe letters are typical and not only bear out strikingly the sanguine, buoyant, Christian, kindly temperament of Governor Simcoe, but they show that his motto, *"Non sibi sed patriae,"* was fully lived up to. Yet it may be doubted whether it is absolutely true, as Mr. Scott in his book says is the case, that Governor Simcoe "never wavered in his opinion that the war of the Revolution was forced on Great Britain, and he served in the army from principle and not alone because such service was his duty." Rather, certain paragraphs

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in two of his letters would indicate that he had a none too high regard for the wisdom of the men at home and their ability to handle the situation properly, the inference being that earlier wisdom and sounder judgment might have produced different results. However, that is neither here nor there—the letters tell the tale.

The first and earliest letter written "in full gallop," typical of the man, who was an untiring worker, is addressed to Mr. Saur, care of D. Matheson, with instructions, in Governor Simcoe's handwriting, "to be forwarded immediately." It is the only one remaining of those written to Mr. Saur while General Simcoe was on this side of the water. The date is October 26, but the year is left blank. It reads:

Dr. Sir—

I received your letter just as I landed and went immediately to Gen. Smith. I do not find that the gentleman you mentioned has been on the Island. I shall ride down to the Gally (?) to enquire. In future let them ask for me and mentioning your name, I will pass them unquestioned to New York.

Yours truly and in full gallop.

Oct. 26. J. G. SIMCOE.

The second, a brief one, illustrates the man's punctuality. It is as follows:

Dr. Saur—

I am just come to town: prey breakfast with me to-morrow morning precisely at nine o'clock at the Royal Hotel, Pall Mall.

Yours faithfully,

Feb. 8th, 1782. J. G. SIMCOE.

The third letter, less brief, is historically interesting because of the reference to Haggerty. It follows:

Wolford Lodge, Jan. 10, 1785.

Dr. Sir,—I take the earliest opportunity of answering your letters and subjoining such certificate as I can give you and as your merits have a just claim upon me to exemplify. I wish it may be of service to you. Do I tell you news when I mention that Haggerty betrayed the associates? It was after the surrender of York Town. I have some good information of late from America. The friends of this country are very fairness indeed where our army has not been. I wish you success and am, dear sir,

Yours,

J. G. SIMCOE.

A fourth letter—the date line is rather obscure, but it seems to be "Lembury Fort, near Hamton"—shows the serious concern of General Simcoe as to the ability of the new administration to handle the American situation properly and shows also the loyalty and self-abnegation of the man in the eight simple words "I feel for my country more than myself." The letter follows:

Dr. Sir—

I should be very glad to hear from you. As I have no other communication with London than what the newspapers afford you will doubly oblige me.

I am under the most serious concern for what may be the principles of the new administration relative to America. Ignorance on the one hand and the ungenerous vanity of thinking that impossible to be executed by others what they themselves have failed in the completion of, will operate on the minds of too many men to misrepresent our present situation and to adopt an inglorious and dishonest despondency instead of native magnanimity and the disinterested principles of universal justice.

I feel for my country more than myself. Shall be happy to hear of or see you here.

Yours truly,

J. G. SIMCOE.

Lembury Fort, near Hamton.,
April 1, 1782.

I beg my respects to Dr. Babcock.

The fifth and last letter—save one that is purely personal and may not be published—is the longest of all and probably the most representative and typical of all. It shows not alone the genius of the man of exhibiting a personal interest in the individual concerns of his friends—a fact that Mr. Scott has commented upon in his book—but it shows also in a marked way his stern sense of duty, right and justice, as exemplified in his refusal to present the petition of the Loyalists—not through lack of interest but through "a sense of my duty to my commanding officer." Unfortunately, the date of the letter is missing, but "America being lost," and Lord North apparently still being in the saddle, the time was clearly in the early eighties, probably just before North's resignation in 1782. General Simcoe's reference to his proposed

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parliamentary career is interesting in the light of the after developments. As may be known, he was elected member from a Cornwall district, as colleague with Sir Wm. Young, Bart., and took his seat in Parliament, which assembled on November 25, 1790.

It is noteworthy that in this letter he advised his friends in America to "acquiesce in the Government they are under and the sooner the better," incidentally adding his word of protest against "the anarchy and tyranny into which the selfish and disgraceful factions of this country (England) has betrayed them"—a clear evidence, it would seem, that Mr. Scott errs in his statement that the Governor believed the war was forced on Great Britain. Rather, it would seem, the Governor felt that Great Britain forced the war herself. The letter, which was written under an Exeter date line to Mr. Saur when he was in London, addressed in care of Rev. Mr. Batwell, 15 Cross street, Hatton Garden, London, is as follows:

Dear Saur—

I received your letter a few days ago and should have immediately returned an answer had my mind not been totally absorbed in domestic matters, my wife having just produced me a girl, and till now having been endangered, but at present, thank God, she is in a fair way of recovery.

In regard to the memorial you are entrusted with, I cannot give you such advice as you may collect on the spot. You sent me only a copy of the letter to Lord North. I would certainly give those to Lord Carlisle and Lord Loughborough, particularly to Lord Carlisle, nor should I think that to Lord North would be amiss. He probably would not present the memorial to the King, but he would give you the best advice how it should be presented, and if through Mr. Pitt I would show him copies of the letter and make him acquainted with the whole of your proceedings. Your petition has nothing to do with party, and all sides ought to give attention to the prayer of it.

You know me too much not to suppose me much affected by the legacy you have brought, which I shall ever preserve and value.

I am sorry that there appears to be no relief for our deserving and much injured friends. They must acquiesce in the Government they are under and the sooner the better—but had I the fortune of many of our nabobs, I would adventure it, to rescue them from the anarchy and tyranny into which the selfish and disgraceful factions of this country has betrayed them. I have it in my option to be in Parliament should it be dissolved; but as I have no public views, America being lost, and never felt in my public station a private interest, I have declined; indeed, I offered myself for this city on a supposed vacancy, but that not happening I immediately declined it; but if either of the present members should again decline it is probable I should succeed him.

I shall expect to see you in town within six weeks, if nothing unforeseen should happen.

If ever it shall be in my power to serve you, you may depend upon my best endeavors—I enclose you certificate. I would wish you, if you should have any conversation with people and my name should be mentioned, to say what you know of the Loyalists' petition being sent to me to be furthered to Ld. G. Germain without the knowledge of Sir H. Clinton, and that I refused it from a sense of my duty to my commanding officer, through whom alone I said such memorial should go, although I was very ambitious of the honour intended me and fully confident of the great consequences that might have resulted from it.

I beg my best compliments to Mr. Batwell and am faithfully yours,

Exeter, Jan. 2. J. G. SIMCOE.

Lord Carlisle (1748-1825), referred to in the letter, was distinguished for his recommendation of conciliatory measures toward the American colonies. He was one of the commissioners appointed in 1778 by George III. to visit America and endeavour to restore peace. Lord North, it may be recalled incidentally, was Prime Minister from 1770 to 1782, William Pitt taking over the office in 1783. The Sir H. Clinton referred to, it is hardly necessary to say, was Sir Henry Clinton, who was appointed Commander-in-chief of the British land forces in America in January, 1778, superseding General Howe. He, himself, was superseded by Sir Guy Carleton in 1781, returning to England in 1782.

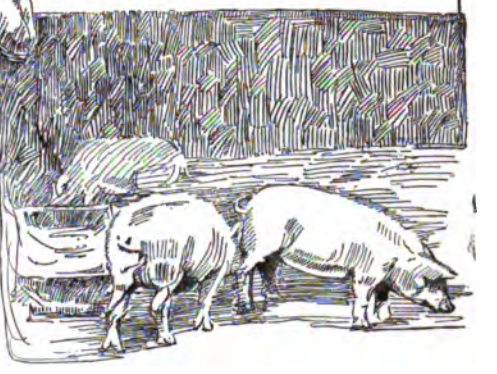
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The McBains

By MRS. LEEMING CARR

Illustrations by Maud McLaren.



THE McBains were a cheerful family, even when breakfasting by lamplight. This was well, for the reason that they breakfasted by lamplight during six months of the year.

Counting the children alone there were seven of them; beginning with Bertrand Algernon, aged fourteen years, and continuing at intervals ranging from fifteen to twenty-four lunar months, down to Antoinette Lorenne, aged one year. In fairness to McBain himself it may be stated that the names given to the sons and daughters he begat, were not to his liking. He was Duncan, the son of Donald, whose father was Dougald, names with music and meaning to his ear; but his wife Mary (once Mary Cleary, of Tipperary) would have none of them, and dismissed the suggestion of their continuance through another generation, with the remark that she might "better be callin' the children Timothy and Patrick," after her own "dacent father and grandfather." So it came about that names for them were chosen from a certain pink-coloured journal that monthly found its way into the settlement.

With one exception these names were ignored by the children, who, as they grew older, named each other according to some mental or bodily trait of the recipient. Thus Bertrand Algernon, who seldom found speech a necessity, became "Mum," and another flowery appellation changed naturally to "Reddy," because of the owner's head, which was like a fox's brush. The exception was Lionel, the second boy.

In the course of his learning, Lionel, in an old spelling book, came upon a column of names "and their meanings"; among these was "Lionel, meaning the little lion." It pleased the child mightily; the others thought it fitting in his case, so Lionel or Lion he remained.

When Lion had reached the age of thirteen years, and Mum fifteen months older, they were one November evening performing certain duties which were left entirely to them, when their father teamed for Murphy, the owner of the lumber mill.

While they worked, Lion as usual did most of the talking. When Mum replied his voice came muffled from the mow, or the oat bin, for there were two mangers to be filled with fodder, and two stalls to be bedded deep, for the work horses. The bay colt needed special care, for the reason that his future was to be developed on a higher plane than that of a work horse. Then there were two cows and a pair of young oxen: besides several sheep in a newly-built pen, and last of all some pigs.

The pigs came last in the order of feeding and Lion, leaning far over the side of

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the pen, held a measure of peas tantalisingly in his mittened hands.

"Have some, piggy; why don't you have some?"

Piggy answered in diapason, and strove to mount the wall, while Lion rattled the peas into the trough.

"I wonder," he said, "how the man that named the first pig knew so well what to call him."

"'Twould have been all the same," said Mum, "if he'd called him a humming bird. Humming bird 'ud soon stand for all that pig stands for now."

On the heels of his slow speech came a loud "Hello, boys!" followed by the jangle of sleigh bells.

"It's father; I'll beat you to the gate," and throwing down the measure, Lion dashed through the door, and down the lane, before Mum had fairly grasped his meaning. Mum did not attempt to overtake him; instead he picked up the measure, and reaching the lantern down from the hook on the wall, carried it to the stable door.

The horses, big-footed and patient, came toward him; steam rising from their flanks on the keen air. The reins were trailing, Lion and his father having gone into the house, which was situated about half-way between the public road and the barn. Mum raised the light to get a better view of the horses. "Father must have been in a hurry to-night," he said, disapprovingly. Placing the lantern on the hard-beaten snow he began unhitching them.

In a moment Lion came running from the house, his eyes shining and dancing like lights on a dark pool. "Uncle Jim's here," he said, in an excited voice.

"Hold the lantern," answered Mum. By its light he undid a stubborn, frost-coated buckle before he inquired deliberately, "Who's Uncle Jim?"

"Father's brother. You've often," impatiently, "heard father talk about him. He came on the stage this afternoon to Red Creek, and then walked out as far as the mill; father happened to be there unloading." While the horses were being stabled Lion tried to give Mum an idea of Uncle Jim's appearance.

"He's dressed up better than anyone you ever saw. His overcoat's trimmed with fur, fur collar and fur cuffs, an' likely he's got a gold watch, for he's got a gold chain across his wes'coat. He must be richer than Murphy," and Lion's breast heaved with the bigness of the thought.

Mum slammed the stable door shut and inserted the peg that held it so.

"Wha'd he come here fer, do you s'pose?"

"To see us, of course."

"Pshaw!"

In the kitchen the warm atmosphere was charged with newly awakened interest. Mrs. McBain, with a tinge of red in her cheeks, was moving about as lightly as a girl, glad within herself that the closet under the stair was unusually well-stocked with "store stuff," not that she was overjoyed to welcome one of "McBain's folks," but it was a chance to prove that she and McBain were not by any means living from "hand to mouth." McBain's ruddy face beamed with pleasure and hearty welcome, and the children grouped around listened eagerly to the running fire of interrogation, and reply, between father and uncle. Even Mrs. McBain's hospitable "Set in now and eat while the things is hot," was hardly enough to drag their eyes away from Uncle Jim's good-looking face and dancing blue eyes. What with talking and laughing, and satisfying healthy appetites, the meal was prolonged till the younger children began to fall asleep over it; and Mrs. McBain, with scant ceremony in the matter of undressing them, bundled them into bed, three into a box bed in one corner of the kitchen.

Mum sat on a corner of the woodbox, partly hidden by the stove, listening to all that went on. The woodbox was Mum's vantage ground; he preferred to ruminate there, while the rest loitered at the stable. Sometimes he went there to do some deep thinking, and occasionally to blink away a tear in the semi-privacy afforded by the old-fashioned high-ovened stove.

Mum's watchful look became distasteful to Uncle Jim. It gave him an annoying impression that the lad was presuming to look deeper than the surface before

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forming an opinion of him. He cast a look at the offender, a look so sudden and flashing that Mum shrank back from view. Uncle Jim laughed good-humouredly.

"That oldest boy of yours has the shell of old man Cleary," he said to McBain in a low tone. McBain looked reflectively at his firstborn. "It may be Cleary's shell," he answered, "but it's filled with grandfather McBain's good Presbyterian qualities."

"This chap here has none of the Paddy in his appearance," and Uncle Jim laid a firm hand on Lion's curly head, noting meanwhile the luminous dark eyes and skin like the red-tinged blossoms of May.

"And none of the red-headed McBain" was Mrs. McBain's quick retort.

Jim laughed again. "Is that still a sore spot, Mary? Haven't you learned yet to take our allusions to the Irish as a joke? What nonsense!" slapping her lightly on the shoulder, as she passed. "Sure I'm going to marry an Irish girl myself."

"If you can get one," Mary answered with a toss of her head.



"He's the finest looking McBain of the bunch, and the divil's in the heart of him," said Mary to herself

"If I can get one," he repeated. Then as if to prove how easy a matter that would be, he rose and stretched his magnificent length upward till his head almost touched the low ceiling, and with lordly stride marched up and down the floor till the pot and kettle danced on the stove, and the eyes of the children threatened to pop out of their heads.

"He's the finest looking McBain of the bunch, and the divil's in the heart of him," said Mary to herself.

Long after McBain and Uncle Jim had gone to bed in the room off the kitchen, their voices continued in joyful reminiscence, and Mary, who had given up her place for her guest's comfort, lay down to rest on the edge of a bed, already filled with sleeping children, in a small room overhead.

The next forenoon was given up with a whole-hearted delight to Uncle Jim's entertainment. The "clearing" and "slashing" were interesting topics, and the stock came under lively consideration. He seemed honestly interested in everything, and reached the core of Lion's heart and almost melted Mum's reserve by warmly praising the bay colt. "And it's all paid for," said McBain, drawing a long breath, as if he again felt the relief of a burden lifted from his shoulders.

"I intend to take it a bit easier after the New Year, to give up teaming for Murphy, and let the boys go to school for a few months. It'll be the first time I've been able to spare them both at once, and they're kind of looking forward to it."

The boys exchanged glances. The mere mention of school made Mum's heart swell. To grasp a rudimentary education while doing almost a man's work had been for him a hard problem. Unlike Lion, he was not quick at grasping the meaning of printed words. He was well aware of his inferiority in that respect, but he was not aware that nature had made amends by giving him an intuitive knowledge of many things not found in school books.

"It's been a pretty hard tug," observed McBain after a pause.

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"Well, you seem to be pretty comfortable now, for a new country."

"And no thanks to anyone but ourselves." Both men raised their eyes at sound of Mrs. McBain's voice. She was standing in the stable door, an apron wrapped about her head. "Duncan got nothing, ye may say, for his share but an axe, and leave to chop his way out of the bush."

"Oh, well, no one's feeling sore about it now," and McBain tried to convey a warning to her in his eyes. "I appealed to the old home only once, and—"

"And got a waggon load of advice, and a bag of dried apples." There was no denying the bitterness in Mary's voice.

Jim's mellow laugh rang out afresh.

"I suggested at the time," he said, "that a greater quantity of apples and less advice would be more filling. But what did you expect? When a boy runs away at twenty, and at twenty-one marries 'daringly' an Irish girl, he should not look for much help from the old home."

"Not when the likes of you is there," said Mary.

"Tut! tut!" cried McBain, hastily. "Is dinner ready?"

"It is that. I just came out for you. There's a fine pot pie," she continued, turning to Jim, as if to make amends. "I mind how fond you used to be of it."

"Good," he answered. "I'll warrant it will prove the best I've tasted for many a day."

It did, and, while they ate it, McBain told his brother the great secret. It was this. The farm adjoining McBain's was owned by a man named Owen. Owen had not been a success at "hewing a home for himself," preferring to go a-hunting and leave nature unmolested. Shortly before Uncle Jim's visit, Owen had gone to the nearest city to meet a friend who was returning from the gold-fields. Soon word came back to McBain that he could have Owen's place for two hundred dollars. The letter read:

Murphy 'ud give you twiste that fer the timber on it, he's always ben gredy to git it, to dam gredy, as he is with everry budy. Any of the naybors wod giv me 2 hundred fer it but theyd hev to borry the money frum Murphy, and he'd hev it the long run. Mary an you an the kids hev always bene good to me and I want youse to hev it so if you send me the mony before Crismas the plaice is yours an ile be of to biger huntin fields before the new ear.

Then followed the address to which the money was to be sent, and he was theirs "truily."

The McBains were overjoyed. McBain had intended buying more land some day; but to have the adjoining farm thrust into his hands on such generous terms was more than he had a right to expect.

By the middle of December there would be two hundred dollars on Murphy's books due McBean for timber and for labour. He would draw it and send it to Owen; and, when the deed of Owen's place was in his hands, he would be in a position to demand fairer terms from Murphy in future dealings.

When it had all been told him, Uncle Jim professed to be unable to believe in such good fortune. In proof thereof McBain with shining face produced Owen's letter; Jim read it, and turned it over in his hands.

"And you say Murphy would give you twice Owen's price for it?"

"He'd be glad to, for the timber alone, and when the railroad goes through, the land will be worth—" an expressive pause, and a gesture meant to convey the idea of boundless wealth finished the sentence, and flushed the young McBains with a glow of pleasure.

"And there's the greatest place on it for a house." The words fairly burst from Lion's lips. "A hill sloping to the south with a pine grove on the north of it, and a spring creek winding round it. You'll come and see us after we build there, won't you, Uncle?" The boy's eagerness was contagious.

"And bring your Irish girl with you," said Mary, with a light-hearted laugh.

The afternoon wore on, and presently the team was brought round; for Jim must needs be in Red Creek that night, in order to catch the early stage. He took leave of the family in a gale of merriment, and into each small hand that he shook was pressed a silver coin. Mum, who was holding the horses, was careful

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to be overlooked in the leave-taking, but in response to a waving hand, as the sleigh swung out of the yard, he nodded his head.

Busy days followed Uncle Jim's visit. It was the time for close reefing against midwinter's approach. The boys went whistling about their work, warm at heart, and glad just to be alive—and together. The cellar was full of potatoes and red-cheeked apples. The bay colt grew bigger and more of a handful to lead to water every day. Christmas was drawing near, when the pigs would cease eating, and become roast and spare rib; but above and beyond all else loomed four blessed months wherein they would daily, and shoulder to shoulder, cover the miles that lay between them and the school-house. and at night there would be no tasks awaiting them, except perhaps a few light ones, and the pleasant work of getting up to-morrow's lessons.

"I wish father was done teaming and we were going to school now," said Lion with deep longing in his tone. In reply Mum threw his arms around him; Lion promptly braced himself and crooked his knee, and down they went in a rapturous tussle.

At last the day came when McBain "cashed in." The following day the stage bore away a letter and an order for two hundred dollars addressed to Owen.

It was useless to look for a reply inside of a week; but there was no haste when there was no anxiety regarding the outcome.

In the meantime McBain enjoyed in anticipation the fret Murphy would work himself into when he discovered that Owen's place had changed hands. He had heard Murphy say no later than the previous pay-day that he "would like to turn a gang of men into Owen's tall timber." Well, he would pay what is was worth now, to get it.

It was good, McBain thought, to feel that it was now in his power to refuse to be ground between the upper millstone of necessity and the nether millstone of Murphy's avarice.

Owen's answer came sooner than he expected. A neighbour on his way from Red Creek one day brought two letters addressed to McBain.

He recognised Owen's letter, and tore off the cover. There were two enclosures, one of which was the money order he had sent him. Puzzled, he unfolded the second enclosure and read·

DEAR DUNKAN,—

Ime clene beside miself tryin' to savey whether you an mes been bunkoed or whether some feller's goin to make you a presant of a hundred akers. A feller kame hear two weaks ago and sed he wuz youre brother, not lost you no, but just sort uv perspectin, he looked like yer, an tocked like yer, an I give him the glad hand, he sed he'd bene to see yer, an we had a long tock about things in gineral, an the kids in pertickler, then he kame to bizness, he wanted to buy the plaice, sed you dident care to, cause you wuz sick of bush whackin, but you dident want to se Murphy git it, an so bein that he was a bruther of yourn he thought I mite let him hev it at same price. Well it looked resonable, an ide kind of took to the cuss, an the upshot of it was we struck a bargain. Now along comes your money an you as chirpy as a red squirl about byin. I dont no what to think, but ime sendin back the money fer I dont own the plaice eny more, but sa if youve bene cheeted outen it you kin kount on me to help redress your rongs when I turn up from camp, ime goin tomorrer, but youll se me when I rayturn, so no more at present, from yours truily.

T. OWEN.

McBain looked up in a dazed way. The ruddy colour faded from his face, then his eyes fell on the letter which he still held unopened. It bore the post mark of the old home town; fearfully he opened it, and as he read, his fears were confirmed.

You may as well begin this letter by roundly cursing me, because you'll do it before you have reached the end. I had written a dozen pages all containing excuses, before it struck me that there is no excuse, so I shall only state the facts of the case.

I am the owner of Owen's place; bought it at the price he offered it to you. I am in *hell* over money matters. Four hundred dollars must be *replaced* within ten days, the rest are debts. I shall get rid of *those* for the present, by leaving the country. I went to you with the intention of borrowing two hundred dollars, but my courage failed me. Mary's grasp on your affairs, and the look the boy born in the likeness of old man Cleary, occasionally turned on me, convinced me that it would be useless to ask for a loan. Then you showed me Owen's letter, and the devil—my silent partner—pointed out away

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"Where's your father," she asked, feeling the incompleteness of her audience

Murphy will give me five hundred dollars for the place. If you want it at four hundred it is yours, provided the money reaches me on the twentieth. After that I shall let it go to Murphy for the reason stated above. You know Grey the lawyer, you know that he is trustworthy; send the money to him and he will fix the deed.

Such was the index to Owen's letter, which McBain had only partially comprehended. He folded it and put it carefully in the envelope; then he turned laggingly toward the house. Supper was over and the children were in the kitchen with their mother. Unseen by her, McBain softly opened the door and beckoned to Mum and Lionel. Knowing that something was amiss, they went quietly out, and, exchanging curious glances, followed the father to the shelter of the wood-pile.

"What's the matter?" Lionel asked.

"Listen to this," and, by the last red torch burning low in the wintry sky, McBain read both letters. When he had finished, silence held the little group for the space of a minute.

"Uncle Jim did that." It was Lionel's voice; faint, gasping, as though he had come from under water.

"Yes," answered McBain, slowly, "but he must have been in awful straits to do it."

An inscrutable smile parted Mum's lips and the look that made those who did not know him think he was about to speak crossed his face. "What will mother say?" Lion voiced the query that was in the mind of each.

"She'll raise the roof off the house," McBain answered solemnly. "Who'll tell her?" and he glanced helplessly at earth and heaven, as one who shrinks from an ordeal.

"I will," said Lion firmly and promptly, and turned toward the house.

"Wait, I'll go with you. Give me the letters." Mum took the letters from his father's hand, and followed Lion. The next moment the kitchen door closed after him, and McBain slipped away to the barn. Lion told her, incoherently, because of his excitement, but she quickly gathered his meaning.

"Where are the letters?" she demanded. Mum produced them. "Read them."

He did so, and as he read her face gloomed over and her eyes, in which the Irish fighting lust gleamed, even at a hint of injustice, narrowed to two dark slits through which glittered lightning flashes of anger. Then the storm broke—in a low tone at first, which was more terrifying than when it became louder and gained in vehemence. What the boys had not previously known to the discredit of the McBain family, they learned that night, even to the third and fourth generation.

"Where's your father?" she asked, feeling the incompleteness of her audience.

"In the barn."

"Sure, keeping quiet when he ought to be fighting mad. If he'd kept quiet about the Owen place as I told him to, this wouldn't 'a happened. But that was always him. If he saw a good thing ahead he always had to tell the naybors, so's they'd rayjoice with him. They'd rayjoice all right," with biting scorn—"and then get to the good thing ahead of him. It takes him a long time to learn that most of yer friends rayjoice with their

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lips when yer up, and in their hearts when yer down."

"Aw, what's the use of talking?" Mum's tone expressed weariness; never before had he so entirely felt the utter futility of words.

"So ye may say. If I was a man, it's doin' I'd be." The worst was over; and presently McBain came in. His wife met him with a fierce, inquiring look.

"Well, it's too bad, Mary."

"Too bad!" Her eyes blazed again, and she hurled half a dozen words at him, the meaning of which established beyond all question her opinion of him for telling his business to another and that other a McBain.

He moved heavily about the kitchen for a few minutes but made no reply. Then a period of silence followed, broken only by the angry clicking of knitting needles as a heavy sock grew swiftly under Mary's hands. To McBain the needles seemed to be repeating his own words. "Too bad, too bad."

By-and-bye, and in subdued tones, McBain and the boys returned to the subject. McBain spoke as though he had no intention of taking the place on his brother's terms, and Mum seemed to agree with him. Lionel shyly at first, because it was his first venture at a business consultation, argued in favour of buying it, even yet. "If Murphy offered $500 for it, it is worth more; and we know it will be worth a heap more when the railroad goes through; why, there may be a town built here some day." Mrs. Bain let no word escape her. When she thought Lionel was being worsted in his efforts to bring his father to his way of thinking, she spoke her mind.

"You'll buy the place," she said, addressing the second button on her husband's checked flannel shirt front. "You'll buy it, for I'm bound Murphy'll never get it. We'll raise the money some way, and trust to the saints for a chance to take it out of Jim McBain."

McBain, with face hidden, was carefully drawing off his boots, and ranging them alongside the stove. It may be that he was more anxious than ever to buy, because of that word "*replace*," but was wise enough to pretend that he was entirely of another mind. "Well," he said, with a deep sigh, "we have only two days to raise the money, for it'll take a day to go there. I'll go to Red Creek to-morrow and see what I can do, if you're still of the same mind."

She was, and her mouth was set in lines not pleasant to look at.

McBain spent the day in Red Creek, and came home looking tired and discouraged; money was not plentiful; he found one man who would lend him the required sum, but only for three months, and at a rate of interest, the mere mention of which almost shocked McBain's canny soul into insensibility. There was only one way, so he told the boys. The hotel-keeper in Red Creek had offered him a hundred dollars for the colt; another man had made him an offer for the cordwood that was piled in a long wall away back in the slashing, and, by taking a little less than the common price, this man would pay him for the wood in advance, provided he began hauling it at once, under promise to have it delivered at a fixed date.

At mention of selling the colt the boys glanced at each other in consternation.

Mrs. McBain said: "I suppose the hotel-keeper 'll sell him down country for a hundred and fifty, but we'll have to let him go."

McBain looked at her, a queer, comprehensive glint in his eyes. "You're taking a kind of satisfaction in making the sacrifice, ain't you, Mary? It'll be a cudgel in your hands to hammer the McBains with for many a day." Mum broke in on what followed with the remark that he did not see how it was possible to get the wood out through the slashing to the public road. It would have to be done over a particularly rough and treacherous piece of swale, and now that a considerable depth of snow had fallen it would be risking too much to take the team in and out over it.

"It was that very thing that kept me from closing the bargain," was his father's response. "I couldn't see how we were going to get the wood out to the road; I intended making a road to it in the spring, but—"

It was Lionel who suggested a way.

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"Why couldn't Mum and I take it out to the road with the steers and the ox-sleigh?"

"I wonder if you could?" McBain gazed reflectively, mentally running over the difficulties.

"The steers are only half broke; but perhaps if I work with them a few days getting started, you could manage them then, and I'd begin hauling the wood to Red Creek. In that way, I could make two trips a day, and we'd finish up the job in the required time." So it was settled.

The next day the boys with blurred vision and quivering lips cleaned the colt for the last time. The day following four hundred dollars went to Jim McBain's lawyer, and, on the day Mum and Lionel were to have started to school, they started at gray dawn to the "slashing."

Mum, whose energies were never wasted in useless haste, stood the cold and unwontedly long hours of heavy work better than Lionel. The latter threw himself into it with all his strength and a fierce determination to get it done quickly. He felt that he was in a measure responsible for the undertaking; and for that reason he did not murmur even when the devil entered into the oxen, and drifting snow repeatedly blocked the trail. But, after the first week there was no whistling in the "slashing," and few words, beyond Mum's monotonous "Gee up! Haw, there!"

Looking at them wearily plodding home in the winter dusk between snow-banks as high as their heads, Mrs. McBain's face twitched painfully, and her heart swelled with bitterness towards Jim McBain. She was doing double duty herself, taking on most of the stable work, in order to relieve the boys.

When the work was half completed, McBain suggested getting a neighbour's son to take Lionel's place. The boy was getting pinched and hollow-eyed and tired to the young, soft bone; but he stoutly refused to give it up.

"You'll spare him all you can," said Mrs. McBain to Mum.

"Sure, I always do," answered the boy simply.

They raised a feeble cheer, passing in sight of their mother, when the last load was being brought up. A big lump rose in her throat, and the smile she gave them was through a flood of tears. She had a warm kitchen, and a supper she knew they would enjoy ready for them, and something like the old glow of satisfaction and merriment surrounded them once more. Lionel coughed a good deal, but "a cold" was too common to cause alarm. The next day, though, when his teeth chattered and his frame shooke beside the hot stove, his mother became uneasy. Home remedies were used without stint, but night found him breathing rapidly and in a high fever. Before morning he was babbling of school and Uncle Jim, and counting endless cords of wood.

At break of day McBain went to Red Creek for the doctor. He came, and after a brief examination of the boy told them that both lungs were congested. When he had gone, a cloud settled on the little household. The children stole about on tiptoe, and Mum, with fear in his eyes, heaped the wood box with wood, and helped his mother make poultices, or tremblingly measured out powders and stimulants according to the doctor's orders.

It was a sharp and cruel attack, giving the little Lion no chance to rally. When at its worst, Mrs. McBain one morning clutched the doctor as he entered the door. "Do something!" she cried. "Oh, do something! I can't stand to look at this any longer." Poor Lion's every breath had become an agonising effort. The doctor administered a drug under the influence of which the child slept.

When the doctor was going Mum followed him to his sleigh. "What do you *think*, doctor?" he begged to know in a choked voice. The doctor laid a kindly touch on his shoulder.

"You are a good boy, you have done your best, you and your mother; but I am afraid he is slipping away."

Mum's white face told what that caused him to suffer. The short day waned, evening closed in, and the tired watchers

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prepared to do battle another night. Midnight came and went, and Lion seemed to breathe more easily. Mum hugged the hope it gave him to his heart. He was sitting by the bed when a gurgling sound caught his ear. He looked quickly and beheld a gush of bright blood on the pillow and more issuing from Lion's lips.

"Mother! Father!" he called hoarsely.

They were beside him in a moment. With one look McBain turned toward the door, exclaiming as he went, "the doctor!"

"No, I'll go, I can be half-way there by the time we could get the team out." Mum snatched his coat and cap, putting them on as he ran down the lane.

He did not keep to the road all the way. He cut off corners and crossed cleared spaces. Sometimes he stumbled and fell, and without stopping wallowed to his feet again. On wind-swept spaces he ran like a hound-affrighted hare. At last! At last he reached the doctor's door. Fate was good, the doctor had just returned from another sick-bed, and to him Mum sobbed out his message.

"Drink this," the doctor said, holding a glass to the boy's blue lips, and "put this on," he added kindly, throwing a great coat around him. "You'll find a different atmosphere driving against the wind." The doctor's horse sprang away over the frost-bound road, and for Mum's sake he was urged to his utmost speed. When they reached the clearing the dog barked sharply, and then sent forth on the night a long-drawn howl, that echoed and re-echoed in the woods.

McBain opened the door as they drew up, and Mum stumbled out of the sleigh and crossed the threshold. As in a dream he heard his father say words that sounded like "It's all over, doctor," but, numbed in mind and body, he failed to comprehend. Before they could stop him he stood by Lionel's bed. A sheet was drawn over the dear face; even the dark, curly head was hidden from sight. Mum gazed stupidly, and then plucked the covering aside. One instant, and then an awful cry, the cry of a young heart broken, ascended to heaven, and Mum fell senseless to the floor.

He awoke hours afterwards, from the sleep of exhaustion that followed, to a strange sound. A man's voice was filling the room with long-rolling sentences. Mum raised himself on his elbow and looked about him. They were all down on their knees and the minister from Red Creek was praying. Mum listened in apathetic wonder. What was the use of praying?

When the minister was going, Mum staggered to his feet and followed him outside the door.

"Do you believe *that?*"

"Do I believe what?" looking pityingly at the haggard young face.

"Do you believe that God answers prayer?"

"As surely as I believe that I am alive."

"Then pray a prayer for me."

"What is it, my boy?"

"Pray that when I'm a man I'll meet Jim McBain again—just once."

In her grief Mrs. McBain had confided in the minister, so he understood. He laid his hand on Mum, and solemnly said: "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, I will repay."

Mum turned wearily away. "It's too long to wait." There was no irreverence in the words, only the pitiful impatience of hurt humanity.

The next day they buried Lionel beneath the pines, where the creek wound under the hill.

Seven years passed in which Mum grew to manhood, with the thews and sinews of a giant. The railroad had come, and with it the town, as Lionel predicted, and McBain was counted rich in that country.

One day word came that Jim McBain had returned to his old home. The blood mounted to Mum's face, and his eyes gleamed, when he heard it. His mother noticed, and fully comprehended when he began making preparation to go a journey. He counted the hours till he would start, and at sundown went to Lionel's grave. It was well that he did so; for it was there that he learned the true value of many things.

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"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," spoke a voice to him out of the past. He started as at an unexpected sound. Oh, yes, it was the minister who told him that; he had forgotten. His eyes followed the upward flight of a bird. It vanished in the blue through which the evening star shone out. One by one all sounds were hushed; and one by one the lights of heaven were lit. How wonderful, and how impossible to comprehend were all His works!

A strange, new feeling took possession of Mum, the boy-man. He felt a longing to throw everything down as a tired child might, leaving it all to the Maker of all things.

Out of the shadows his mother came to his side. "You are going to see Jim McBain?" she said.

"I was thinking of it."

In the silence that followed Mum got the impression that everything was listening. The stars, and the motionless leaves and the staring white stones on the hillside. She spoke again.

"Don't forget that he said you were "born in the likeness of old man Cleary; *and no man could stand against him in all Tipperary.*"

Mum threw his arms out as if throwing something from him.

"Don't, mother; it sickens me. I could make him feel the weight of my arm; I meant to do it; but *I'm afraid!* It is when I think of revenge that Lion seems farthest from me. He would not wish it. You know that, don't you?" His eyes questioned her eagerly.

In fairness to the dead boy she was forced to answer: "He never held spite at any one in all his life." Then she turned and left him, going slowly down the hill.

An hour later the moon looked down on a young face on which forgiveness and peace had laid a transfiguring touch.

The Alien Rose

By KATHERINE HALE.

God set a great Rose blooming in the sun,
And made it red as love and strong and tall;
Then, from its crimson kindred, taught this one
Escape—beyond the Rosary's ancient wall.

And every man, as he passed by, paused long
And looked and loved; then sought the Garden's mart.
Each said: "This flower is like a perfect song,"
But plucked it not because it stood apart.

If it had grown with others of its kind,
Some lover would have found and held it fast;
Because 'twas solitary just God's wind
Caught its strange sweetness, seized its soul at last.

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French-Canadian Folk-Lore

By LOUIS FRÉCHETTE

Fifth Installment

Now, if we leave the domain of history, we enter into the fifth category: that of the legends and superstitions whose origin and sources can be retraced nowhere else but in our midst. Among those legends can be noted especially that of the witches of the Island of Orleans. For many years the inhabitants of the south shore of the St. Lawrence never questioned their existence, from Point Levis to St. Michel de Bellechasse. How could it be otherwise? The boatmen who had had the curiosity and boldness to venture near the shore of the island, on the nights of the apparitions, had returned home terror-stricken, and related the most fearful tales.

Of course you all understand that these frightful spectres had empty pumpkin heads lighted as lanterns, and bundles of live eels for tails, with appropriate accessories. No doubt either as to the still-born child, who could be nothing else but a savoury suckling pig, the solid joint of some joyous picnic.

But who were those sorcerers? And what was the object of their fantastic mascarades? Those sorcerers known far and wide were simply a set of cunning files, who having discovered some rich fishing ground in the coves of their island, and wishing to secure them for themselves, had adopted this means to keep away the fishermen of the southern coast. All the rest had grown out of excited imaginations.

There is another legend which was for many years very popular in our country places. Dancing on Sunday has ever been considered by our people as a kind of sacrilege. But it is also customary among them to celebrate mid-lent—*la mi-carême*—by a little jollification. In one such circumstance, one of our good farmers, who had a pretty daughter of marriageable age, had given a dancing party to which all the neighbourhood had been invited. As it was on Saturday, at midnight sharp, he gave the signal to cease dancing; but the girl was anxious to have another cotillion, and the weak father, although reluctantly, consented to it. At the very same moment a young and elegant stranger entered the house, as a *survenant*, and proposed himself as a partner to the young girl. In our country parts a *survenant* is a man who joins a dancing party without an invitation; the *survenants* are generally welcome on the condition of being jolly fellows and good dancers. Of course the newcomer was too fine-looking and elegantly dressed not to have his company accepted with pleasure. And the cotillion started on, amid the fiddle strains and joyful laughter.

At the most animated moment the young girl uttered a sharp scream, drawing rapidly her hand from the stranger's, who —something unusual in such quarters— was dancing with his gloves on. The dance stopped, and every one looked at each other with inquiring anxiety, while the young girl wiped off a drop of blood on her hand.

The handsome stranger was nobody else but Satan himself; and the wound had been inflicted by one of his claws piercing through the kid of his glove. It is an easy matter to imagine what followed; as soon as the Evil One was discovered, the

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whole assemblage rushed out, while the poor victim panted at the hands of the ravisher, who, throwing off all disguise, impudently resumed his infernal aspect. Fortunately the mother of the poor child had a bottle of holy water at the head of her bed. She seized it, and bravely rushing upon the Devil, threw the liquid right into his accursed face. A terrible imprecation was heard; an infecting vapour spread through the house, while the ceiling and roof broke open with a terrible crash, leaving a chasm which never could be repaired till the building itself was torn down.

We have also the *Marionnettes* dances. *Marionnettes* is a popular name for northern lights, which enjoy a rather mysterious reputation among our peasants. Several of them believe earnestly they are animated beings, evil spirits, distracted souls, wandering demons, any thing you like; and it is traditional that some of our witches of the past could make them dance at will, by playing the violin and pronouncing certain cabalistic words. This fact I heard most seriously asserted several times when I was a boy.

One of our most curious legends of the same kind is that of the enormous bear-skin muffs of our grandmothers. Some of them were bewitched. They went out o' nights, indulging in all sorts of fantastic sport by moonlight. They were often met after sunset along the highways, where their black silhouettes stood out, grotesque and menacing, on the snowy background. They rolled, rolled, rolled, and rolled like the distaff of a spinning-wheel, then stopped short, reared themselves on end with bewildered airs, as if to watch the passers-by.

Suddenly your horse pranced, snorting in a terrified fashion. Leaning over to look forward, you saw just in front of you, right in your way, an indescribable black beast, a monster without head, tail or feet. It was a freebooting muff. If you had not with you some hallowed object or a pistol loaded with a wax-taper, the danger was great; you had only to turn about and fly away as fast as you could.

Sometimes—and this was certainly the most dreadful occurrence—the spectre would even follow you, rolling so fast that the best horse, running at full speed, had all possible difficulty in keeping it at a distance. The goal might be reached only after miles of mad racing; and then if you looked around, the muff was no longer to be seen. And with people who knew no better, you passed for a fibber, for having dreamt, or taken a glass too many.

Most astonishing tales were told on the subject. In certain parishes on the south bank of the St. Lawrence, the bewitched muffs became so numerous that, not only persons inclined to be superstitious, but even reputed strong-minded ones, dared not travel on the highway after nightfall.

Fancy what fun practical jokers had, wrapped in sheets whose whiteness vied with that of the snow, two fellows, posted one on each side of the road, held both ends of a string passed through the opening of the muff; so that whichever way they pulled, the muff seemed to move of itself forward or backward in the middle of the road. At this terrible sight, the most skeptical were naturally seized with a wild fear, and ran home, pale with terror, to recount the most incredible adventures. Many antique and world-renowned legends never had more serious foundation.



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Plays of the Season

By JOHN E. WEBBER



MADAME NAZIMOVA
in her new play "The Comet'



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL,
the celebrated English actress



MISS FLORENCE ROBERTS
in "The Struggle Everlasting"

"Silence." remarks Mr. Henry James somewhere, "is the perfection of disapproval, and it has the great merit of leaving the value of speech, when the moment comes for it, unimpaired." This convenient form of criticism may be invoked with singular appropriateness in discussing the present season of drama, where so much that has been done were better passed over in silence.

Financially (and as producers are not, primarily, public benefactors, their view point becomes important), results have been disastrous; while in literary and dramatic achievement we have only been saved from bankruptcy by a mere handful of plays: *Rosmersholm, The Master Builder, Le Voleur* (The Thief), *The Witching Hour, The Morals of Marcus, My Wife,* and some of Mr. Arnold Daly's adventures in his "Theatre of Ideas." But it often happens, and the reason is perhaps obvious, that prevailing currents are more easily determined in the failures than in the successes. At any rate, the signs of these theatrical times, if signs there be, are to be read in such failures as Henry Arthur Jones' *The Evangelist,* Milton Royle's *The Struggle Everlasting,* Samuel Shipman's *The Spell,* Martha Morton's *The Movers,* and that pageant of scenery and stately verse, *The Christian Pilgrim,* a theatrical adaptation, of course, of Bunyan's immortal allegory, which for a time monopolised attention.

In all these plays the note of high

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John Drew in "My Wife"

moral purpose was manifest—in *The Spell* even reactionary—and the coincidence of their appearance almost lent colour to the suspicion of a concerted effort toward our social and moral reclamation through the medium of the stage.

Perhaps, as in *The Evangelist,* this intention was too manifest and fell short for this reason, the zeal for once outstripping the art. For even soul-saving, to say nothing of playwriting, is an art, albeit a lost one, in these days of the vulgar revivalist. This is not to say that Mr. Henry Arthur Jones' "Evangelist," modern as his methods are, is personally a vulgarian. Certainly he is not mercenary, and certainly is not to be hired by fashionable congregations at so much *per* convert. In fact, he showed himself a straightforward, clean-cut sort of fellow, with a very real love for his master and humanity, and in his own sphere would doubtless accomplish all that Mr. Jones claims for him. But the stage did not prove to be his sphere. There was one delightful act in the play: the first, where the representatives of various denominations, dissenting and otherwise, meet together and expose their mutual bickerings. The result is excellent satire on religious doctrinaires, but, as Mr. Jones should have known, controversy of this sort is peculiar to British localities and is neither understood or appreciated on Broadway. The one opportunity for a dramatic conflict—where, a sense of chivalry overcoming the Evangelist's scruples, he lies to save a woman's reputation—Mr. Jones conveniently shirked. This was unfortunate and unpardonable, for all that followed bore as much relation to drama as a flamboyant chromo does to painting.

A much more successful appeal of the kind, and infinitely more artistic, was Mr. Milton Royle's modern morality play *The Struggle Everlasting.* This proved to be a serious attempt to state in terms of the modern stage the eternal conflict between the material and spiritual forces of life. We had *Mind,* for instance, represented by a university graduate, *Worldly-Wise,* whose motto might be, "Don't be caught with the goods," by a cautious, self-satisfied professor; *Body,* by a beautiful, voluptuous woman, who lured with the power and charm of a

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siren, actor, musician, financier, prince and pugilist to their destruction. Having incidentally made wreck of all their lives she is ultimately reclaimed by *Soul,* in the form of a young Evangelist, for whom she makes the supreme sacrifice. In spite of certain crudities and a lack of literary polish which a work of this character would seem to demand, the piece had elements of real greatness, and at least two of the acts were absorbingly interesting and dramatic. Miss Florence Roberts, one of the finest and most intelligent actresses we have, gave a most impressive performance of *Body,* and in the face of such a presentation the failure of the piece to score can only be attributed to public indifference to its theme. Miss Henrietta Crossman did a like service for *The Christian Pilgrim* clothing the part of *Pilgrim* with impressive dignity and speaking the immortal lines with considerable eloquence and earnestness. Whether it had at times the broad, masculine sweep which, from a male standpoint at least, we consider inimical to successful combat with stress and storm, may be questioned. John Bunyan, convinced theologian that he was, had a dramatic sense that was truly Olympic, and to bring out these sterner dramatic qualities a stronger note seemed at times necessary.



Ermele Novelli, the great Italian actor

"The Right of Way," in the dramatic version, had some of these faults—or virtues, according to the viewpoint—of high moral purpose, and the dramatic side was weakened in consequence. But, on the whole, Sir Gilbert Parker's story proved excellent melodrama, and, as you know, was exceptionally well acted, particularly Mr. Theodore Roberts' characterisation of *Joe Portugais,* which still lingers as one of the real acting memories of the early season.

But while these and other efforts we could name are significant of certain definite moral currents, failures, unfortunately, have not been confined to this particular domain of endeavour. For instance, the solitary poetic drama of the season, "Sappho and Phaon," remote enough from these in purpose and theme, met a lamentable reception in spite of a superb presentation and the presence of Madame Kalich in the cast.

Turning to confessedly lighter of-

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ferings, whether the psychological effect of so much gloom is the cause, or whether the mediocrity of effort has been simply extended in every direction, may be left to those to whom axioms are indispensable. The fact remains that scarcely one joyous comedy of first-rate literary importance has appeared to gladden our sorrowful way. Not that we are unreasonable enough to look for the startling cleverness of *The Gay Lord Quex* or *The New York Idea*, or even *Mr. Hopkinson*, as an annual occurrence; while the scintillations of Mr. Bernard Shaw's wit, like the stars themselves, we have come to take for granted. The nearest approach to any approved standard of comedy was *My Wife*, a translation from the French of M. Gavault and M. Charnay by Mr. Michael Morton.



Miss Margaret Illington in "The Thief"

When Knights Were Bold, a much-heralded English farce-comedy, by Mr. Charles Marlowe, follows—though somewhat afar off, it must be confessed—*The Road to Yesterday*, of last season's fame. Nowhere are there the literary charms or those delicate qualities of romance and poetry that distinguished its forerunner, while the "Road" itself has been considerably broadened for popular travel. *Sir Guy*, the surviving descendant of the ancient house of *de Vere*, has inherited along with his title and estates, it seems, the instincts of a Philistine. An ultra-modern, he purposes among other acts of vandalism to remodel the ancient but somewhat inhospitable castle to suit modern ideas of comfort and convenience. In this he is opposed by his cousin and sweetheart, a rather acid lady, who also compares him, to his great disadvantage, with former representatives of the ancient house. Even the family armour is several sizes too large for his very diminutive figure. Finally, through the agency of a dream, he is transported back to those days when knights were bold, and of course finds their reputation for valour mostly a myth and the clumsy contrivances of the past no match for present day mobility.

What a really unctious comedian might do with the part of *Sir Guy* may be easily conjectured, and in this respect the London production was no doubt more fortunate than we have been. Mr. Francis Wilson, who enacts the role here, however, is a clown, not a comedian.

Hurdy-gurdy shows, under various aliases, have come and gone on their tuneless way just as in former years, but this season their monotony has been varied by at least two offerings of distinct merit. One of these, "Tom Jones," founded on Fielding's novel, is a fine example of the long-lost comic opera of the old days, when this form of entertainment was still regarded as an art. The other, *The Merry Widow*,

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is an operatic siren who has sung and danced her way into public favour to a degree almost without precedent in the history of musical comedy offerings. For both we are indebted to Mr. Henry Savage.

With "My Wife," a sprightly comedy of considerable literary charm and cleverness, which also incidentally furnishes Mr. John Drew with a thoroughly congenial role, we turn to the more exclusive concerns of the drama, as well as to some of the more hopeful aspects of the half-season's output. The story of this little French play has to do with the fortunes of a vivacious and highly unconventional young ward and her good-natured bachelor guardian, whom she persuades to marry her, nominally, of course, in order to escape a distasteful marriage that has been arranged for her. This very amiable arrangement magnanimously provides for his release at the end of a year. At the end of the period, of course, the guardian finds himself seriously in love with the little ward. The rest needs no telling. In the meantime, some very amusing situations have arisen, providing excellent comedy and clean, wholesome entertainment. As a successor to *His House in Order*, however, which Mr. Drew presented last year, *My Wife* falls somewhat short apparently.



Mr. Kyrle Bellew, as *Richard Voysin* in "The Thief"

Another, and the most pronounced success of the half-season owning to French origin, is Mr. Henri Bernstein's *Le Voleur* (The Thief), which, even in the anglicised version we have seen, proves a wonderfully clever theatrical vehicle. Mr. Bernstein is one of the younger French writers who have come rapidly to the front of late, and the piece seems to have made a considerable impression in Paris on its presentation there a season or two ago. It is typically French, both in treatment and viewpoint, as the story will show. *Marise*, the beautiful young wife of *Richard Voysin*, with whom she is madly and foolishly in love, has been tortured by the possibility of losing her hold on her husband's affections. To supplement her abundant material attractiveness, therefore, she indulges in various little extravagances of dress and adornment, incurring in the process bebts which, of course, their modest income could never overtake. At the time of the play they are staying at the home of the wealthy *Legardes*, where, the opportunity presenting itself conveniently, *Marise* resorts to theft. By a curious combination of circumstances, suspicion falls on the young son of the *Legardes*, who, as it happens, has conceived a romantic fascination for *Marise*. To shield the object of his infatuation, he assumes the guilt and confesses. Later *Voysin* discovers large sums of money in *Marise's* possession, for which she is unable to account. Tasked with the crime, she finally confesses. Scenes of

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Marie Doro, as *Carlotta* in "The Morals of Marcus"



Mr. C. Aubrey Smith, as *Sir Marcus* and Miss Beatrice Forbes-Robertson, as *Judith*, in "The Morals of Marcus"

denunciation ending in forgiveness, disturbed again by jealous suspicions of the young man's motive in implicating himself to save *Marise*, provide a series of powerful dramatic climaxes that for cumulative force and emotional intensity are not often equalled. The presentation, on the whole, is very satisfactory. Mr. Kyrle Bellew, though more or less artificial at all times, acts the part of *Richard Voysin* with considerable distinction, bringing to the characterisation, among other things, certain essential qualities of breeding and fine manner that are altogether too rare on the American stage. Margaret Illington, in spite of a still somewhat limited emotional range, does remarkable work in the exacting role of *Marise*. In the coquettish lighter scenes, at least, she is wholly charming and satisfying.

The Witching Hour, by Mr. Augustus Thomas, is in many respects the play of the year. It lacks the intense emotional interest of Mr. Bernstein's play just noted, but it is also freer from those ordinary theatrical tricks by which the French playwright has produced his stirring effects. Into a naturally strong, virile play of considerable narrative interest, remarkably firm in technique, and full of clever dialogue, plentifully relieved by flashes of wit and humorous insight, Mr. Thomas has, moreover, projected with evident seriousness the ever-fascinating subject of telepathy. Psychic communication is virtually the theme of the play, and it not only provides a considerable part of the discussion, but it also enters effectively into the action of the play—mental control, for instance, paralysing the hand of a murderer at the psychological moment of thrusting the pistol against his victim's breast. The suggestive uses are infinite, and, it must be confessed, rather terrifying to contemplate. In the play an insane dread of *hoodoo* is cured, a jury is influenced favourably, unspoken questions are asked and answered, the truth is everywhere laid bare, and the lie becomes an impossibility through these subtle channels of communication.

From the standpoint of popular interest, this little excursion into the occult has proved an entire success, and those who care to may reflect with considerable satisfaction on the possible salutary effect of the contemplation it invites on the "dynamic force of

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thought." The central character, *Jack Brookfield,* admirably enacted, by the way, by Mr. John Mason, now a full-fledged star in the dramatic firmament, is a notorious gambler, art connoisseur and general man of the world, who suddenly discovers himself gifted with psychic powers. Whereupon follows the suspicion that his skill at the card table is nothing more or less than a faculty for mind reading. This commonplace explanation will come as a shock to certain devotees, who, like Brookfield, have attributed their skill to a process of very clever deduction. The revelation produced enough shock in Brookfield's case to reform him, and from the "rotter," which as a good sport he saw himself to be, he emerges a reputable and very likeable member of society. A great deal happens by the way, of course, the action running the gamut of various human emotions and sentiments, the scene shifting in the process from a fashionable gambler's house to the United States Supreme Court bench and back again.

The dramatised novel is proverbially disappointing, though, curiously enough, Mr. Loche's refreshing *Morals of Marcus* has suffered less in this respect than many less fanciful creations. Besides, a much-needed literary flavour has been added to our theatrical repast in the attempt, and for this we are prepared to overlook much. To adequately portray in action, often hurried at that, characters that have been patiently unfolded by the the difficult literary process, is in the nature of things impossible. Nor can flesh and blood, be it never so fair, ever quite realise the illusiveness and delicate texture of the mental image. But while Miss Marie Doro may not entirely realise the preconceived *Carlotta,* she at least offers us a charming substitute and one we soon found ourselves accepting gladly. Of course, *Carlotta* is impossible. We have that on the authority of practically the entire feminine world; but it is none the less refreshing to view for a moment, even in fancy, this naive, instinctive creature, infinitely beautiful and pagan to the core, against a background of our own hypocritical civilisation.

Sir Marcus ("Seer Marcoos," according to *Carlotta*), the scholarly recluse, is, of course, an adorable char-



Mrs. Fiske, the actress *par excellence* of the American stage, as *Rebecca West* in "Rosmersholm"

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Miss Edith Wynne Matthison, who has come to America to star in "The Servant in the House" and "Winter Feast"

acter, quaint, kindly, humorous; and Mr. Aubrey Smith, who played the part with such success in London last season, has caught the spirit of Mr. Locke's creation to an eminent degree. Liberties have been taken with the story, some that were necessary to a stage presentation, and others, it would seem, merely to forestal popular prejudice. For instance, *Judith*, one of the real characters of the book, and delightfully acted by Miss Beatrice Forbes-Robertson in the stage version, is unnecessarily slandered, and the point of the story in consequence blunted, to make out a "jury case" for *Carlotta*. As though *Carlotta*, delightful, healthy little pagan that she is, needed to be squared to our paternal systems of morality! *Judith*, it is quite true, went to pieces at a critical moment just as Meredith's Diana does, but in the book she at least expiates, according to accepted canons, both her treachery and her unlawful (?) passion in a life of vicarious sacrifice.

For the most part, however—and these constitute the great charm of the book—the delicious humour and quaint, fanciful touches have been preserved, and the result is one of the daintiest dramatic bits of the season, refreshing in tone and thoroughly literary and scholarly in flavour.

John Gladye's Honour, by Alfred Sutro, written in much the same sententious vein as the same author's *The Walls of Jericho*, contained some positive elements of drama, and the treatment of a familiar dramatic *motif*, the triangle, is in some respects novel and interesting. The *denouement*, particularly in the unhappy mental plight it leaves the lovers, offered a distinct surprise and was dramatically convincing. Its carefully concealed satire also suggests a possible later word on the general subject. Over-emphasis of points, however, and the general obviousness of Mr. Hackett's acting methods marred the presentation greatly.

Miss Barrymore's new offering, *Her Sister*, by Clyde Fitch, does not reveal this interesting actress in any new charms, nor does it add the figurative cubit to her artistic stature. The old charms are there, it is true, undiminished and apparently undiminishable, and with these an admiring public seems content. One cannot help recalling, however, a portrait

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from last season's gallery, that of the simple charwoman in *The Silver Box,* which Miss Barrymore drew with such sympathetic insight, and in which she touched a note of pathos that was tragic in its quiet depth. The skill and refinement of acting that went into this characterisation were far beyond the ordinary, and led us to hope that the newly-discovered vein might be worked for more of its rich treasure. The new Fitch play itself is altogether of the workshop order.

* * *

Someone has made the observation that after Ibsen, all other art seems dead. The truth of this remark was forced upon us at least twice this season: once after the presentation of *The Master Builder,* by Mme. Nazimova and Mr. Walter Hampden, and still more forcibly after the presentation of *Rosmersholm* by Mrs. Fiske and her superb company, including Mr. Arliss. (And if anyone should find in the chronological arrangement of this narrative a further tacit acknowledgment of the truth, we shall not protest.) These two plays represent the highest intellectual efforts of the season, and an entire article would be needed to do either performance justice.

Rosmersholm alone among Ibsen's modern dramas owes its direct origin to the political conditions of Norway at that time. In 1885, a year after the close of the long and bitter struggle between the Storthing and the Crown, Ibsen returned to Norway to find that the great political conflict had left behind it a trail of fanaticism and deep-rooted hatred. The bitterness of the vanquished is well expressed in *Rector Kroll,* and the extreme of radicalism in the opportunist *Mortgensgard.*

It is against this background of political strife, the old order against the new, that the spiritual tragedy of *John Rosmer* and *Rebecca West* is woven. The importance which Ibsen attaches to woman's part in the social evolution, first suggested in *The Master Builder,* becomes a dominating note in *Rosmersholm,* where it is struck with full force. In each we find a woman struggling for the supremacy of a man's soul, or should we say struggling to give man his soul's freedom. In *Rosmersholm,* through the influence of *Rebecca West, John Rosmer,* a traditional conservative in religion and politics, has become a warm-hearted reformer and free-thinker. Poor *Beate,* brooding over the apostasy and tortured in secret by the merciless *Rebecca,* has taken the way of the mill-race, leaving her husband free to *Rebecca's* influence. This is the situation developed in the first act. *Beate* has been dead for a year, we learn, and life at *Rosmersholm* has settled down to a sombre, platonic calm. But, through the shadows that flit and allusions to white horses that come and go, we see the dead woman's hands still clutching *Rosmer's* soul in a fatal clasp. *Beate* dead is more potent than *Beate* living, *Rebecca* finds.

"You know you never dare go out on the foot-bridge," *Rebecca* observes later.

Rosmer: "Have you noticed that?"

Rebecca: "Yes, it was that made my love hopeless."

But the psychological moment for *Rosmer* to speak and throw off the *Rosmersholm* yoke, comes, notwithstanding. Superstition and a natural shrinking of the recluse from publicity are gone. At last *Rosmer* is free, and above the political storm that wages outside and the hate of friends turned foes within, we hear the first cry of freedom—love. Then follows the exposure of *Rebecca's* part in the tragedy of *Beate,* and the shadow deepens again, deepens forever by a law of life beyond their control, beyond even *Rebecca's* lifting. "Rosmersholm has sapped my strength," she pleads. "My old, undaunted will has had its wings clipped here. It is

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crippled. The time is past when I had courage for anything in the world. I have lost the power of action, Rosmer." . . And together they seek *Beate's* way. It is a spectral, shadowy, haunting play, with the hand of fatality over it all, a fatality that has its roots deep planted in tradition, that follows us with a scourge of unreason and drives us, shrinking, back into the night.

In a performance of such exquisite poise, where the artistic values are all so perfectly adjusted as in this, it is difficult to particularise. Fuller Mellish, as *Rector Kroll,* could hardly be improved on, and in *Rebecca West* Mrs. Fiske, the artist *par excellence* of the American stage, has given us one of her most finished, fascinating portraits. Perhaps the highest single note was struck by Mr. Arliss in the fantastic character of Ulric Brendel, one time tutor, and now a sort of vagrant, homeless dreamer—"deposed monarch on his ash heap," he styles himself—who wanders in and out of the picture like a lost spirit.

Here the note is unmistakenly Ibsen in its power to transcend mundane things and suggest the "vision." As it rises, the scene fills with a strange, indefinable rapture, leaving behind it one of those complete moments we cherish indefinitely. If Mr. Arliss' performance in this is not genius it is as near an approach to that commodity as we can reasonably hope for. Ibsen, too, has put some of his most beautiful lines into the mouth of this apparently sympathetic character, and a more beautiful rendering of them than Mr. Arliss gave we can hardly imagine.

"I am going homeward, my beloved pupil," he says to *Rosmer.* "I am homesick for the mighty nothingness . . . For five and twenty years I have sat like a miser on his double-locked treasure-chest. And then yesterday when I opened it and went to display the treasure, there's none there! The teeth of time have ground it into dust."

In his description of *Mortensgard,* he unlocks another treasure chest that possibly holds an Ibsen secret of omnipotence," he says; "he never wills more than he can do. . . He is capable of living his life without ideals. And that, do you see, is just the mighty secret of action and victory. It is the sum of the whole world's wisdom."

If the *Rosmersholm* yoke is superstition, the *Master Builder* yoke is sentimentalism. *Rosmer* went down with the millstone of the one around his neck, and



Mr. Frederick Dorr Steele's conception of Madame Nazimova in the title role of "The Comet" by Mr. Owen Johnson

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Solness, the morbid, brooding slave of the other, falls from his high tower, a victim of moral and spiritual vertigo.

In each of the Ibsen dramas woman plays the dominant part, *Rebecca's* heroic efforts to rid *Rosmer* of the yoke finding a counterpart in Hilda's struggle to resurrect old ideals in Solness, to cure his sickly conscience and make him stand once more on a tower of his own building, where she had seen him ten years before. Solness' spiritual obsession dates, it appears, from this time. He had climbed to the top of his own tower for the first time, and from its height had hurled defiance to high heaven for a cruel calamity that had befallen his home. "And when I stood there, high over everything and was hanging the wreath over the vane, I said to him: Hear me now, thou Mighty One. From this day forward I will be a free builder; I too in my sphere just as thou art in thine. I will never build any more churches for thee—only homes for human beings. . ."

Hilda: "That was the song that I heard through the air."

Ten years later, when the play opens, we find Solness at the head of his profession, outwardly prosperous, even affluent, famed as the "Master Builder"; but, inwardly, we know him to be the victim of morbid self-reproach, sickly sentimentality, and living in constant dread of the younger generations. Rough, but generous at heart, as shown in his misplaced sympathy for poor *Aline* (*Aline,* who sorrows only for her dolls and gowns, not the children), this gnawing fear has made him heartlessly selfish to the extent of denying his apprentice, *Ragnar,* even a small boon of recognition, lest he may supplant him. This is the situation when *Hilda* enters, fresh as the morning, with the fine, healthful glow of mountain life on her young cheeks; *Hilda,* who, as a little girl, ten years before, had seen the "Master Builder" high up on his tower, received his playful promise afterward of a kingdom, and keeping both the vision and the promise clear, has come to claim both at his hands. *Hilda* thus becomes the custodian of the *Solness* ideal, holding up to the man *Solness* the image of the artist *Solness—Solness* at his best and highest, daring the impossible. And toward this ideal she impells him until he makes the attempt that results so fatally. "The longing to see you great; to see you with a wreath in your hand high, high up upon your church tower. . . Is it so or is it not that *my* master builder dares not, *cannot* climb as high as he builds?"

Mme. Nazimova brought to the interpretation of *Hilda* the same high intelligence and deep understanding of the great dramatist which have characterised her other Ibsen portraits, *Nora* and *Hilda,* reviewed last season. Her acting, too, has the same illuminating qualities, doing much to amplify what is often more or less ambiguous in the text. Some of the moments might be charged with more beauty, perhaps, more of spiritual beauty, that is, but it would be difficult to charge any with more real, thrilling intensity than she has done. The vital spark is always there.

While *Hilda* is the torch (and in Nazimova's hand she becomes a most illuminating torch) that guides us through the darkened chambers of Ibsen's thought, the great physical burden of the play rests on *Solness.* And for just such a burden Mr. Walter Hampden is endowed as few actors are. Magnificent in physique, beautiful in every feature, and with a voice of deep, resonant quality, he realised the visual image to perfection. He will appear shortly with Miss Edith Wynne Mathison in her husband's (Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy's) plays, *The Servant in the House,* and *The Winter Feast,* both to be produced under Mr. Henry Miller's management.

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Champlain's Last Journal

By IDA BURWASH

ON a Canadian bookshelf stands a little old book, very precious though small. Its original covers are gone—worn away or lost long ago, for this book was published in Paris in the year 1620. Time has not dimmed its pages; for while its spelling and lettering are quaint, its illustrations, though curious, are clear, the ink as black as that of prints produced but yesterday. Its title speaks for itself:

The Travels of the Sieur de Champlain, Captain in Ordinary to the King, for New France, in the years 1615 and 1616.

This little volume contains the last journal of Champlain, which was kept by him while in Canada and later was published in book form. To Canadians, a glance through its pages may be of special interest this year — the year that marks the tercentenary of the founding of Quebec.

The publication of his journal was not a light matter to Champlain. The winter of 1619 he spent in Paris; and there during that season he might often have been seen climbing the steps of the *Palais de Justice* on his way to the quaint *Galerie des Prisonniers,* where the publishing houses of the time were lodged.

His was probably a well-known figure in the *Galerie des Prisonniers.* The Journal of 1620 was not his first book. In the autumn of 1603, on his return from his first trip to Canada, he made from his notes a report for the King, and with the King's permission this report was published in Paris in the year 1604 under the title *"Des Sauvages."* So Champlain's first book came into being. It was largely read, greatly to his satisfaction, for from the first he had dreams of colonising Canada. For English readers a quaint translation of this little book exists. It was put into English as long ago as the year 1625 by Purchas, in London; and it describes very briefly Champlain's voyage from Honfleur to the Gulf of St. Lawrence and up the river to Lachine.

It is the description of the man of science rather than the man of letters, for it dwells little on the dream of empire simmering within the writer's soul, little on the beauty of the country with which his eyes were filled. True to his promise to bring back "a faithful report," his first care was to see exactly what lay before him in this new land. Not until later did the benevolent wish arise within him, "to tame the brute beast in these savages," to humanise them, at least, if he could not make them Christians.

So direct is his first account of the Indians, the scene stands out as if painted on a canvas.

On landing at Tadousac he was plunged at once into an encampment of the Montagnais, and every incident of that experience is clearly stated—his visit to the camp of their Chief Anadabijou with his admission to the strange council going on within it; the dark warriors seated in rows down the sides of the council lodge; the

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speech made at once by the Indian whom Champlain had just brought back from France, telling of the people he had seen, their manner of living and the wish of the French King to aid the Montagnais against their enemy the Iroquois. Even the silence in which this speech was received is noted down, also the strange thick gutturals, the Hoh! Hoh! Hoh! by which the red man signified assent. Then their barbarous feast, with its many kettles bubbling over the long row of fires down the centre of the lodge; the wild faces gleaming over the bark basins; the wilder dance of a savage round the kettles with a dog in his arms; wildest of all, the united howl of the assembled savages as the dancer cast the dog down at the feet of the Great Sagamo or Chief, all the while the dusky scalps of their enemies swaying behind them on the smoked walls. Later a scalp-dance was given to celebrate a recent victory. Yet, savage as it all was, Champlain was surprised at the oratory of the Indians; at their distinct speech, as at their clear answers; and later, in the face of all, even of their "naughtie qualitie" that "they were given to revenge and great lyars," he saw great hope of their being civilised and of being brought to be Christians if only their country "were planted."

There follows a discussion between Champlain and Anadabijou regarding religion. But like or unlike, the creeds of white man and red man show best in Champlain's words:

"Then," runs Purchas' translation, "I said unto him, since they believe in one God onely, How is it that he sent them into the world and from whence came they?

"He answered me that after God made all things He tooke a number of arrowes and stuck them in the ground from whence men and women grew, which had multiplied in the world until this present, and had their originall on this fashion.

"I replied unto him that this which he said was false; but that indeede there was one God onely which had created all things in the earth and in the heavens: seeing all these things so perfect without anybody to governe this world beneath, He tooke of the slime of the earth and thereof made Adam our first father: as Adam slept God took a rib of the side of Adam and thereof made Eve, whom He gave him for his companion: and that this was the truth and that they and we had our originall after this manner and not of arrowes as they believed."

Then comes a quaint sermon by Champlain on the time-honoured creed of his church, ending with the question "What ceremony used they in praying to their god?"

"None," was the answer, but that every one praised in his heart as he thought good.

In person Champlain admired these natives much, both men and women, "being well-made and of a tawnie colour." In summer they went about partly naked, but he learned later that in winter they wrapped themselves in good furs of beaver, otter, bear, deer and moose.

On June the 11th record was made of a short trip up the Saguenay. Questioning the Indians on its banks about its source, he placed even then with fair correctness both Lake St. John and Hudson Bay. "The said savages of the North," he writes, "say that they see a sea which is salt. I hold if this be so that it is some gulfe of this our sea which disgorgeth itselfe by the North Part between the lands: and in very deede it can be nothing else." So again, before the eyes of Champlain, as before the eyes of Columbus in the long ago, quivered the golden roofs of the phantom city of Cathay.

Leaving Tadousac, he continued up the river, describing all with the same accuracy—"a faire and levell country, the rivers pleasant, the North Coast delectable, the islands fertile,

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Three Rivers a fit place to inhabit; and it might be quickly fortified, for the situation is good of itselfe and neere unto a lake." Already in imagination he pictured himself a peacemaker between the warring tribes of the New World, bringing Iroquois and Algonquin to meet in amity with the white man at Three Rivers, and a marvellous trade for France growing up thereby. Later in passing the mouth of the Richelieu he gained from his guides a fair idea also of this southern waterway through the Lakes Champlain, George and Hudson River. But, keeping at the time to the main stream of the St. Lawrence, on July 3rd, he reached the rapids of Lachine. Of this wild spot, named by him St. Louis Rapids, his own plain words best give his first impressions:

"At our coming neere to the said Sault with our Skiffe and Canoa, I assure you I never saw any streame of water to fall downe with such force as this doth; although it be not very high. It falleth as it were steppe by steppe: and in every place where it hath some small heigth, it maketh a strong boyling with the force and strength of the running of the water. In its breadth are many Rockes, and almost in the middest thereof are very narrow and long Ilands, where it is so dangerous that it is not possible for any man to passe with any Boat, how small soever that may be. But he that would passe must first fit himself with the Canoas of the Savages, which one may easily carrie. With the Canoas of the Savages a man may travell freely and readily unto all countries as well in the small as in the great rivers: so that directing himself by the means of the said Savages and their Canoas, a man may see all that is to be seene, good and bad, within the space of a year or two."

When penning those words he little dreamed of the western plains and towering mountains that space included. From a band of wandering Hurons at Lachine, he gleaned some idea of the rapids farther on and of the Great Lakes, but from their assurance that the lakes were salt he formed the wrong impression that he was near the Pacific Sea. So by Friday, July 11th, he was back at Tadousac, brimful of the news that from the rapids of St. Louis to the China Sea was but 400 leagues. He had now done what he could. Time was precious, and the few remaining chapters of the journal note his homeward trip. They end with a brief allusion to the copper mines of Nova Scotia and to a frightful monster—the *Gou Gou*—said to inhabit those shores. This woman-monster was so terrible in size the ship's mast could not even reach her waist; not only was she cannibal—but worse—for she was provided with a huge pouch into which she thrust her victims, there to reflect in misery upon their coming fate, while so horrible were the noises and hissings of her voice, at the merest mention of them the savage quailed with fear.

Nine years after this Champlain's second book appeared. In 1613 it too was published in the *Galerie des Prisonniers*—brought out by Jean Bergon, an enterprising publisher, the proprietor of a shop in the Rue St. Jean, distinguished by its startling sign—a flying horse. Original copies of this second book are very rare; but the odes and stanzas that introduce it, as well as its dedication to the Queen Regent and the King, give it a more finished air. Its appearance roused fresh interest in the New World, for, in addition to its better maps, it gave for the first time a description of the plants and animals of the coast of North America. This little book is full of incident. Beginning with the founding of Quebec, it records Champlain's first battle with the Iroquois, his discovery of Lake Champlain, his first running of the rapids of Lachine, and his explora-

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tion of the Ottawa. At the same time, here and there, throughout its pages is woven in fantastic pattern his strange experience of Indian life.

On July 3rd, 1608, he landed at Quebec. Much has been written and imagined of that interesting fact. Yet Champlain puts it very simply. It was the beginning of a city that was to be richer in history than any spot in Canada. Yet at the moment it probably appealed to its founder largely as a central and convenient stopping place. He writes: "Arrived there on July 3rd, I looked about for a suitable place for our buildings, but I could not find any more convenient or better situated than the point of Quebec (so-called by the natives) which was covered by walnut trees (sic). I at once set part of my workmen at cutting them down in order to make a dwelling; others I set at sawing plank, others at digging a cellar and making ditches, while the rest I sent back with the boat to Tadousac for our supplies. The first thing that we made was a storehouse to shelter our provisions, which was soon built, owing to the diligence of all and to my personal attention to it . . . While the carpenters, sawyers and other labourers worked at our lodging, I put all the rest at clearing the ground round our dwelling in order to make garden plots in which to sew grain and seeds to see how they would all turn out, as the soil seemed very good." Such, written with the plainness of Defoe himself, is the first account of the founding of Quebec.

Again, by virtue of its simplicity we have a very real picture of that first winter at Quebec. An unconscious picture first of Champlain himself as he studied the natives fishing for eels, their winter provender. Winter meant hardship to the Indians, and vividly he paints the frightful condition of a tribe that, maddened by starvation, dashed across the river on the floating ice to be cast on shore like a band of wandering skeletons, rejected by the grave itself. Horrible as were their ghoulish appetites, their filthiness and treachery, his ever-ready pity welled up strong within him at their miserable state. But with regard to his own affairs all is told as simply as if he were a comfortable farmer. "Oct. 1: Wheat planted. Oct. 15: Rye. Oct. 23: White frost and leaves beginning to fall. Oct. 24: Native vines planted, coming on finely. Nov. 18: Great snowfall, but snow melted in two days. Feb. 5: Snowed hard—the snow lasting in all from December to April in this latitude."

Immediately, however, that navigation opened, Champlain hurried up the river. Fortune went with him this time, for hoping to find the Indians who had told him of the Richelieu, he came upon a party of them camping at Ste. Anne. Headed by their Chief, Iroquet, they were on their way to see the white man's fort. Delighted at the meeting, they begged Champlain to take them to Quebec, promising in turn to guide him up the Richelieu if he would help them to fight their enemy the Iroquois. To this Champlain readily agreed. He was most anxious to see these southern waters, for who knew, indeed, in what direction lay the way to China.

A little later he was disappointed to find the Chambly rapids impassable by boat. But still undaunted he sent back his shallops with such of his men as feared to face the trip. Then with the two men who begged to follow him, and with the sixty Indians in their twenty-four canoes, he continued on his way. The woods, rich in game, and the lovely shores charmed him more and more; but the crowning beauty was not reached till he saw the lake to which he gave his name gleaming like a jewel in the hollow of the hills. Still no fine writing mars his page. So simple is the narrative, one can almost see his quiet smile and hear the voice in which he tried to persuade the superstitious In-

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dians that their *Pilotois*, or Prophet, was a trickster, that despite the conjurer's whirling wigwam and the squeaking voice in which he gave the message of the "evil spirit," the fire he promised never issued from the tent. But, with all his effort to rid their minds of "such folly," it was constantly repeated.

As they neared the enemy, however, the experience grew thrilling. Travel was kept up mysteriously at night, till at last, July 29th, when creeping on in darkness, about ten o'clock they sighted the enemy off Point Ticonderoga. The Iroquois, too, had started on the war trail.

Loud yells at once broke the stillness of the night. Arms were hurriedly made ready by both sides, while the Iroquois, retreating to the shore, made a hasty barricade. But the French and their allies spent the night in their canoes, lashed close together, within range of the enemy. An odd embassy of two canoes was then sent over to the Iroquois to know if they wanted to fight. The odder message was returned that as there was not much light just then they would wait for daybreak, but that at sunrise they would open battle. So arranged, the night was passed in dancing, songs, and endless taunts hurled from one party to the other.

"Then," writes Champlain, "daylight being come — my companions and I kept under cover for fear the enemy should see us, preparing our arms as best we could, being separated from each other, each in one of the canoes of the Montagnais Indians. After arming ourselves with light armour, we each took an arquebus and landed. I could see the enemy come out from behind their barricade, nearly 200 men, strong and robust to look at, marching slowly towards us with a gravity and boldness that pleased me greatly. Leading them were three chiefs. Our Indians advanced in the same order. They told me that those who wore the three great plumes were the chiefs, that there were only three of them, easily recognised by their feathers, which were much larger than those of their companions, and that I should do my best to kill these three. I promised them to do all that lay in my power, and I was truly sorry they could not understand me well enough to receive orders as to the manner of attacking the enemy; but as there was no help for this I was glad to make proof before them of my own zeal and courage when we joined in battle.

"Immediately on landing they began to run about 200 paces towards their enemies, who stood firm and had not noticed my companions, who had gone into the woods with some of the Indians. Our side began to call me with great shouting, and to make way for me they divided into two lines and put me in front, marching some twenty paces forward until I was about thirty paces from the enemy. As soon as they saw me they halted, looking at me and I at them. Seeing them moving to shoot at us, I laid my arquebus ready and aimed at one of the three chiefs. To this shot, two fell to the ground, and another man was wounded, who shortly after died. I had put four balls in my arquebus. When our men saw this shot so favourable for them they commenced to yell so loud one could scarcely have heard it thunder, the arrows meanwhile flying on both sides. The Iroquois were much astonished that two men should have been killed so promptly though protected by armour woven of cotton and twigs, proof against their arrows. As I reloaded, one of my companions fired a shot from the woods, which astonished them again to such an extent that seeing their chiefs dead they lost courage and fled, abandoning the field and their fort, flying into the depths of the woods, where following them I killed some more of them. Our Indians also killed a good many of them and took about ten or twelve prison-

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ers. The rest fled with their wounded. About fifteen or sixteen of our men were wounded by arrows, but were soon healed. The battle won, our victorious Indians amused themselves by taking much of the Indian corn and meal left by the enemy, and their arms which they had thrown away in order to run the faster."

A horrible scene followed—one not soon to be forgotten—when for the first time Champlain saw the torture of an Indian prisoner. It roused him to such a pitch of anger and horror that the astonished Indians allowed him finally to shoot their last prisoner and so to end his agony.

The following year, 1610, a second battle with the Iroquois took place. This happened near the mouth of the Richelieu, after which Etienne Brulé, a young Frenchman, begged to be allowed to go back with the Hurons to their country, in order, writes Champlain, "to see the great lake, to observe the rivers and people, and also explore the mines, so that on his return he could give us information regarding these things."

Chief Iroquet, who was now devoted to Champlain, offered to take the lad and treat him like a son. In return, a young Indian was given to the French, to accompany them to France that he, too, might report the white man's ways. Baptised at once, this youth was named Savignon, "and we parted," notes the journalist, "promising to meet one another again at the Sault St. Louis next June." When the season opened the French were first at the *rendezvous*. Feeling anxious about Brulé, Champlain sent Savignon at once up the Ottawa to reconnoitre. Then, while waiting for the canoes, he began a small clearing on the spot now occupied by the custom house at Montreal. Two gardens were made, and a wall of clay built about four feet thick. It was at this time that he named Ste. Helen's Island. In a few days Savignon returned to report that there were no canoes in sight; but he brought a graphic story of an island above the rapids where the "very air" was thick with herons. One of Champlain's youths, an enthusiastic hunter by name of Louis, was so excited by this tale that he begged Savignon to take him to the island. Joined by a Montagnais chief, the little party of three set off in a canoe in highest spirits. The story was not much exaggerated, and all went excellently till they turned for home. Then the chief, a pompous Indian, proposed to run the rapids at a dangerous place. Though the others objected, the chief persisted, with the result that the canoe at once upset and both Louis and the Montagnais were drowned. Savignon escaped, it is true, but only by his marvellous skill and courage.

"The next day," writes Champlain, "I went in another canoe to the rapids with the Indian and another of our men to see the place where they were lost, and also to see if we could find their bodies. I assure you when he showed me the spot my hair stood on end. It was a frightful place and I was astonished that the men lost had been so lacking in judgment as to choose so fearful a passage when they might have gone elsewhere. For to pass here was impossible, there being seven or eight descending pitches or steps, the least three feet high, where the water in turmoil boiled fiercely; in places it was white with foam, and the noise like thunder, as the air resounded with the roar of the rapids." The bodies were not recovered.

A little later, June 13th, came the Hurons and, with them, Brulé, hale and hearty, dressed like an Indian but well pleased with his experiment, of which he gave a most careful and interesting account. By help of his interpretation, Champlain seized the opportunity to gain such light as he could concerning the source of the St. Lawrence.

"Four of them assured me," he

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writes, "that they had seen a sea very far from their country, but that the way to it was very difficult, not only because of the wars, but also because of the wilderness that must be crossed to reach it. They gave me very exact descriptions, showing me by signs all the places they had visited, taking great pleasure in relating all these things to me, of which I never tired of hearing." Altogether the talk was quite exhaustive.

The following night, then, Champlain was much surprised to be called secretly to a midnight council. For while he knew the Indians trusted him entirely, he was unaware as yet that they were afraid of his companions and their guns. They excused themselves, however, by the politic remark, "that when assembling to discuss action it was their custom to hold their meetings by night, in order that their attention should not be diverted by looking at things about them; that they should think but of listening, and that in daylight the mind was distracted by attention to surrounding objects."

Much talk followed, with exchange of handsome presents, among them collars of wampum and fifty beaver skins, all ending well, with the understanding that when Champlain was ready they would guide him to their country and allow him to make a settlement there. So at daybreak, with handshakes and good feeling, the council broke up. Next day Savignon went back to his people, but not without regretful memories of the luxuries left behind in distant Paris. Before the final start, however, Champlain was once more summoned to the rapids, that the Indians might express their good-will for the last time. This happily over, he begged them to take him down the rapids, and for a man who could not swim that was a daring act.

"In order to do this," he writes, "they made ready eight canoes and stripped themselves of their clothing making me also take off everything but my shirt: for it often happens that some are lost in running this rapid, so on starting they keep close together in order to help each other promptly should any canoe upset. They said to me, 'if by accident yours should happen to turn over, as you do not know how to swim, do not let go on any account, but hold fast to the little bars fastened in the middle of it and we will save you easily.' I assure you that those who have neither seen nor passed this place in the little boats that they use could not do it without great apprehension —not even the boldest in the world. But these natives are so skilful in running rapids it is easy to them. I ran it with them, a thing I had never done before, nor any Christian, except my lad" (the Louis who was drowned).

Next day came a band of Algonquins from the Ottawa. While trading beaver skins, they said they also would like to take a Frenchman home with them, and would treat him well. So Nicolas de Vignau was sent by Champlain, with careful directions as to the things to be observed among them. This was in the summer of 1611.

The winter of 1612 Champlain spent in Paris; and it was there he received the strange intelligence that fired his brain. Early that winter Nicolas de Vignau, whom he had sent back with the Ottawas, arrived in Paris. And he arrived with a story to tell. He assured Champlain that he had seen the Northern Sea; that the Ottawa came from a lake that emptied into this sea; and that in seventeen days' journey one could go and come between the rapids of St. Louis and the Pacific waters; that he had seen the wreck of an English ship, whose crew had been scalped by Indians, and that they had an English boy, whom they were keeping as a gift for Champlain.

"This news," writes Champlain,

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"pleased me very much. For I thought that I was about to find what I had been searching for, for so long a time." Still scarce daring to hope that the dream of his life was practically realised, he hesitated. He discussed the matter over and over with his friends, till, finally convinced, he sailed for Canada, the dastardly Vignau accompanying him as guide.

The winter had been mild, and as spring was far advanced, Champlain hurried on to Montreal. On May 26th he left Ste. Helen's Island, and soon his canoes were skimming the unknown waters of the Ottawa. It was not an easy journey, as mile by mile, day after day, they paddled on, shouldering their canoes past rapid after rapid, camping wherever night found them. Yet doubtless in the flicker of his camp fire golden visions leaped before the eyes of the leader of the party.

At Allumette Island they found a large encampment of the Ottawas. Here they landed; yet, impatient though he was, the careful explorer did not fail to note the landmarks. With courtesy he accompanied the Indians to inspect their burial places, sympathised with them in their persecution by the Iroquois, and offered to help them if they would settle at St. Louis rapid. This done, he arranged to meet with them the next day that they might hear his plans.

The day began with the usual *tabagie,* or feast—each guest cross-legged on the floor, with his bark bowl and spoon. The feast despatched, the council-pipe was smoked in silence, Champlain smoking with the rest. Then, through his interpreter, his wishes were made known. First he gave the reason why he had not come the year before, as promised (he had been kept in France by the King's affairs); then, the point that he wished to visit the Nipissings on his way to the North Sea, and for this he wished them to give him four canoes and eight Indian guides.

This was promptly objected to. But Champlain was not lightly discouraged. Intent on reaching that sea, so clear in his imagination, he persevered, winning finally a reluctant promise, but informed later that the promise would not be kept, wily reasons being given. Disappointed, he tried again. This time the request was more modest. Would they give him two canoes and four guides? No, the difficulties were only multiplied. Angry then, he accused them of being "false and unfaithful," for had not his own man Vignau been in this country and had found none of these things urged by them? Then the storm burst.

Tessouat, their chief, in a rage turned to Vignau. "You are a bold liar!" he shouted, "you know very well that every night you slept here beside me with my children and every morning rose with them; if you have been to the country of this people you have been there in your dreams. How have you been so brazen as to make your chief believe such lies, and so wicked as to wish to risk his life amid such dangers!"

Champlain was thunderstruck. That was a terrible moment as he turned to question Vignau, who still stuck to his story. But when Champlain repeated to Tessouat the story of the English boy and the scalps of the Englishmen, they shouted more than ever that Vignau was a liar and should be tortured. Even yet the disturbed explorer could not face the bald horror of such failure. He strode off by himself to wrestle the matter out. After all, he asked himself uneasily, if the North Sea were so near as Vignau said, why had not these Indians seen it? Racked with doubt, he decided to settle the matter once for all. Striding back he demanded the truth from Vignau under penalty of death. Then the confession blubbered forth. Yes, he had invented all, partly for the importance it gave him in Paris, but chiefly for the sake of a free trip back to Canada and in

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hope of a reward, for he felt sure the trip would be put off and his story believed.

For once the bounds of Champlain's anger burst. Ordering the craven from his sight, and being again by himself, he went over and over his disappointment in detail. But on regaining self-control, he went at once to the Indians to inform them of his mistake. They had resented his distrust, but they sympathised with him in his misfortune, and, still hot with rage at Vignau, shouted: "Give him to us and we promise you that he will never lie again." Angry as he was, Champlain was too humane for that. But it was with heavy heart he prepared to make the journey home, chafing at the thought of the precious summer wasted, and at the bitter downfall of his still more precious hope.

By June 17th he was once more at St. Louis. Here his sailors waiting with the ships received the news so different from the glowing tale expected, and here before them all Vignau was brought to the bar of justice. Confessing all, the wretched creature begged for pardon, pleading that if they would but spare his life he would seek this sea and report it positively next year. So with this understanding, Champlain pardoned him; after which, sailing for home, he reached St. Malo August 26th.

Two years later his final book appeared. It was caught up so quickly by a hungry public that its first edition was exhausted in a year. To meet this demand, in 1620, a second edition was issued from the *Galerie des Prisonniers,* and it is to this edition that the little copy described at the beginning of this article belongs. This last journal recounts Champlain's travels in the West; his bold march with the Hurons into the country of the Iroquois, and his winter with the Indians in Ontario.

At the beginning of this book he clearly states his case. His great aim now was to convert the natives, both for the glory of God and the renown of France. In dealing with the Indians he was most successful, yet patience, he quaintly says, with his single method, patience, was needed in exploring their country, in winning their friendship and in studying their ways.

As a means to this end, he brought out four priests to Canada. Though they were members of the gentle order of the Recollets, they were eager to begin their work. On May 5th they sighted Tadousac, but Father Joseph le Caron, the most zealous of the group, would not linger. Leaving Tadousac, he went direct to Lachine, returning to Quebec on June 20th. There he found Champlain struggling bravely on in his little settlement, trying to lodge the new fathers, to build a chapel for their altar fittings, and to stir up the settlers to cultivate the land. To the priests it was a new world indeed, one whose wild and savage shores and still more savage tribes amazed them. Yet fearless though they were, Champlain knew better than his missionaries the misery that lay before them. If he could he would have spared them that first winter with the Hurons. He begged Father Joseph at least to wait till he could make the journey with him. But yoked to poverty, seeking only heaven for himself and his followers, the priest pushed on. At *Rivière des Prairies* he held his first mass; and there Champlain, a month later, learned that the Hurons whom he expected to find waiting for him at the rapids had changed their minds. They had gone back home, and taken Father Joseph with them.

Anxious as to his fate, Champlain hurried after him. He was keen now, too, to follow up his daunted hope, to solve once and finally the haunting mystery of this Northern Sea. This time, he started well equipped, for in his own canoe went the daring Brulé and a brother Frenchman,

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while in a second canoe a party of Indians accompanied him as guides. As they paddled up the Ottawa, he noted carefully its rich pine forests, but it was not till he entered the country of the Nipissings that he made the first of the sketches that give such interest to his little book. As they paddled on, he remarked also the great variety of woods, as of the game and fish, and marvelled at the chain of rapids that carried him down French river to the new and greater waters of Lake Huron, waters so impressive in their vastness he named them *"La Mer Douce,"* or the Fresh-Water Sea." There again careful notes were taken. Trout, pike and sturgeon abounded in these new waters, while the beauty of the country with its "strong hills and many streams" charmed his wondering eyes.

Striking inland he was welcomed everywhere. Wigwams were placed politely at his service; but to escape the fleas, "which amounted to a plague," he was obliged to refuse this hospitality. It was finally the month of August when in golden weather he arrived at Penetanguishene; but not to rest, for his heart was set on reaching Father Joseph. At last a triple palisade loomed dark before him—most welcome sight—for behind those walls he knew the unsuspecting priest was hard at work. Dim as are the fading centuries, their mist of years cannot hide the light that must have leaped in the eyes of those travel-worn men — priest and explorer —"breakers of the trail" in Western Canada—when in the heart of the wilderness they met again to realise within the shelter of a Huron village their great brotherhood of race and hope.

On August 12th, in honour of this privilege, mass was celebrated, while after mass a cross was planted near the little cabin built by the natives for the fearless priest. Here for two days Champlain rested and they were days no doubt that counted golden hours.

But the Hurons had an object in guiding the white man to their country. Roused at last to united effort, they were now but awaiting their allies to advance in a body into the country of the Iroquois. Helped by the white man's guns, they hoped at last to strike a deadly blow, as their ally Champlain was ready for the fight. But while waiting for the friendly tribes who had not yet come in, he set off eagerly to see the country. With ten companions, he went from town to town, receiving courtesy from all; till finally at Cahiagué, the place of muster, he reached a village of 200 lodges. The beauty of the land delighted him. The freedom, and especially the "room of the wild woods," was an inspiration. On all sides vines and fruit abounded, while in the great forests of oak and elm, partridges and rabbits multiplied in numbers most enticing to the hunter.

At Cahiagué he was hailed with special joy; for he had been so long in coming the Hurons had begun to think he had been taken by the Iroquois. As the tribes kept coming in, dancing and feasting filled the days, and as they feasted their fervour grew. Finally it reached its climax when news was brought in that 500 allies from a country south of the Iroquois wished to join the battle. To get a message back to these allies was a dangerous mission. There was no time to circle round the enemy. Nothing remained then but a bold dash through the very stronghold of the Iroquois. But danger did not daunt the savage. Two canoes were got ready, and Brulé, bold and eager, little dreaming of what lay before him ere he saw Champlain again, begged to go, and was permitted.

Scarcely were they two days gone when the wild army grew impatient. In their fickle way, a start was made, September 12th. Brulé, with the others, they argued, could find the way. A heavy white frost marked

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the morning of the start, as down Lakes Couchiching and Simcoe went the reckless army, on past the shores of lovely Trent, which, though richest land of all, was yet forbidden ground through horror of the Iroquois.

Their war parties travelled usually in three divisions. The scouts in front, then the main body of the army, and then the hunters. Champlain this time was placed among the last. It was his first experience of hunting deer, and in the keen air his fingers tingled with excitement as the Indians hounded the swift deer down to the water where, with other hunters, he lay dark in his canoe. Great surprise was felt at the power of the white man's guns, and some anger at his share of the spoils. But, soon appeased, they paddled out into Lake Ontario, and, once over this, so eager was the march that in four days they were afloat on Lake Oneida. There a few straggling prisoners were captured, and, led by them, on October 10th, the fort of the Iroquois appeared in sight. A plan had been agreed on that all should keep in hiding for a time. But to the impetuous savages the sight of the enemy was overpowering, and like a pack of schoolboys they dashed into the fray.

For a moment the Iroquois were disconcerted. Such an attack as this by the hunted Hurons, whom they openly despised, as a race of "weak women," was unparalleled. But at sight of the white men they huddled back behind their palisade. Their fort was strongly planned and built, and in despair Champlain tried to reason with his mad allies. He begged them at least to help him to build a "cavalier," a sort of movable fort high enough to overlook the palisades and from which his gunners could shoot protected. It was useless—orderly they could not be. So he urged on the attack, but with little headway, for the palisades, four deep, were lined with sheltered galleries from which the defenders could throw down stones and water on to the invaders. In Champlain's picture not an Iroquois is seen above the walls, though Champlain appears in the foreground, directing the moving of the cavalier, protected by his flashing guns. But the picture fails to show the flying stones, or to repeat the ear-splitting war-whoops that fell from either side.

Discipline the savage could not understand. Every mad man did as he thought best, some running with torches to fire the walls, but all in such scattered hubbub that Champlain's orders fell unheard. From the galleries came streams of water and showers of arrows. Chiefs and men lay wounded on all sides. No allies appeared with Brulé, and in a panic the Hurons soon backed out. All were wild with fury and excitement. Fickle and impetuous, they followed the merest whim. Two wounds in the leg disabled Champlain; still he tried to rally his foolish pack, though vainly. Next day a fierce wind added to their misery. It gave a good chance of firing the walls; but suggestion was useless, and when several days went by and no Brulé came with help their flight began. The wounded, bound up like Indian papooses, were carried on their comrades' backs. But the agony caused by this reckless flight through the forest was worse than the wounds themselves. On October 18th came snow and hail, with rushing wind, but no halt was made till Lake Ontario was crossed, and once more they breathed more freely on their own ground.

Here Champlain asked for a canoe and guides to take him to Quebec, as promised. To his surprise, they were refused. Though he did not know it at the time, the Hurons wished to keep him to protect them from the Iroquois. Altogether it was trying; but, though ill equipped for it, he was obliged to make the best of his position and settle with them for the winter. Their chief, D'Arontal, recognis-

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ed the hero in this strange white man, and shortly after, when leaving on a hunting journey, he offered his lodge and outfit to Champlain. His hospitality was gratefully accepted, and later was returned in double measure at Quebec.

On October 28th the autumn hunt began, and it was therefore not until December 23rd that they reached Cahiagué once more. There Champlain rested for two weeks. But with the coming of the New Year he felt an unconquerable longing to see the priest again. So on January 4th, with a grateful farewell to D'Arontal, he started forth, and on January 5th was once more seated comfortably in the little cabin of Father Joseph. The two friends talked long into the night. A few days later they set off together to visit the tribes of the surrounding country. From many of the Huron villages, as also from the Tobacco Nation and from the Cheveux-Relevés or "high-haired" people, a rich trade was promised for the spring. So, travelling on in company, priest and explorer soon grew familiar with the Indian life, as night after night they lodged in the tunnel-shaped wigwams, squatted before the fires, slept on the wooden platforms, and did their best to swallow Indian food. A form of "Migan" (a stew of parched corn and fish) was the best, according to Champlain's taste, but their thin "Migan" he likens, with evident disgust, to the bran mash prepared as food for pigs in France.

On state occasions the strangers admired the Indian dress—the deer skin clothes of the warriors gay with embroidery of scarlet quills, with the squaws glorious in chains of wampum. But if life in the dusky lodges was strange and wild, to these civilised white men the burial customs of the Indians were still stranger and more barbarous.

Once every ten years or so it was the custom to collect the bones of the dead of all the tribes. Carried in bundles to the camp, these bones were then polished white. A meeting place was chosen, and beside huge fires that lit up the sombre forest a feast was made. Finally, when the tribes were maddened with excitement, they rose and, amid the most unearthly yells, tossed the bones with wampum and other treasures into a deep pit prepared before and covered them over with earth and logs.

Their beliefs were equally singular. "Lawless and quarrelsome," writes Champlain, "they did not recognise any one divinity, but lived like brute beasts." Yet they believed in spirits—Okies they called them in the Huron tongue—and it was to appease these spirits or to frighten them that their "Medicine-Feasts" arose—feasts resulting in such orgies that they are described in the journal as "the antics and writhings of madmen."

At the beginning of this journal Champlain records his hope of making Christians of the Indians, and so he ends it with his opinion of his chances of success. After his winter's experience among the Hurons, he writes: "Their life is very wretched in comparison with ours, but a happy one for them who have not tasted better and believe that there is none more excellent." Yet as they were less malicious than the Iroquois and the fiercer western tribes, he asserts his belief that they would be converted to the knowledge of God if their country were inhabited by settlers who took care to teach them by examples of good living.

The journalist then records his trip back to Quebec. At the rapids of St. Louis he was welcomed joyfully by priests and settlers, and there farewell was said to all the Hurons who had brought him but D'Arontal. This chief, at Champlain's request, went with him to Quebec, "where," he writes, "I made it my duty to entertain my host. He admired our buildings, behaviour and manner of living,

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and having considered all carefully, said to me privately that he should never die happy unless he could see all his friends, or at least a good many of them, make their abode with us, in order to learn to serve God and to live like us, as he felt our life to be an infinitely happy one in comparison with theirs; and that by observation they would learn more in one year than in twenty listening to spoken descriptions; and that if their older minds failed to understand us, we should take their children and make them as ours.

"After he had spent four or five days with me I gave him a few presents, which pleased him very much, and at parting I begged him to love us always and to come back again to see our settlement with his companions. So he returned satisfied to the Saint Louis, where his companions awaited him."

The little garden at Quebec was now quite flourishing. Both the corn and trees brought out from France were doing well. So leaving all in good condition, Champlain sailed for Tadousac, where Pontgravé was waiting for him patiently. No time was lost in setting forth, and with sails unfurled before a "good wind," they arrived at Honfleur, Sept. 10th, 1616.

The journal has a final chapter which recounts Champlain's return to Canada in 1618. In the spring of that year the fishing off the Grand Banks proved tempting sport. But Champlain was too concerned about a quarrel that had arisen between his settlers and the Indians to linger for amusement. From Quebec he hastened to Three Rivers. There, on landing, to his great surprise, he was greeted by Brulé, his interpreter. It was their first meeting since they had parted at Cahiagué in the Huron wilderness. The young *voyageur* had much to relate. As he told in his graphic way of his capture by the Iroquois, and of his hairbreadth escape from torture at their hands, the story thrilled his sympathising listeners.

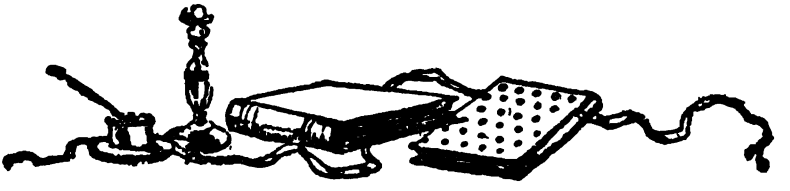
The quarrel happily was settled promptly, for on July 15th Champlain was at Quebec again, and from Quebec, on July 28th, he set sail for Tadousac.

"And from Tadousac," he writes in the concluding words of his journal, "we set out for France, July 30th, 1618; and arrived at Honfleur the 28th of August, with fair winds and all content."

On such an anniversary as is this year being celebrated, it is hard to realise that while to-day the dust of Champlain mingles with the dust of Quebec, the spot where his body lies buried remains unmarked and unknown. Canadians would fain commemorate that spot—but could better monument commemorate the man than the one fashioned so unconsciously by his faithful pen—the embodiment of his work and spirit in his book?

For such a monument, better epitaph perhaps could not be written than the words of an English writer of the long-ago, simple-minded as Champlain himself:

"Live then ever sweete booke:
The simple image of his gentle witt;
The golden pillar of his noble courage."



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Northern Types

By CLIFFORD H. EASTON



Primitive Men

Such are the Nascaupees of Labrador. Living close to the ground and dependent upon the hunt for mere existence, theirs is a constant, unremitting struggle against starvation. The stranger who ventures into the Northland is well repaid for the hardships of the trip by the glimpses of a life so totally different from his own. Tall, wiry men, dressed in the skins of the deer, wolf and fox, they present a picturesque sight as they swing along on snow-shoes. Many a time has it been the lot of the young men to tramp hundreds of miles to Chimo in search of relief for friends and relatives starving in the interior camps.

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An Eskimo Whose Work is Done

She tells you, through the interpreter, that she is no longer of use to her people: her teeth are gone and with them her usefulness, for the Eskimo woman must chew the seal skins to the proper softness for sewing. She may, in the ripeness of her eighty odd years, tell stories of dark deeds done by her people in times of starvation, of strange superstitions which were interwoven with their lives, of the cruelty of the conjurers who took advantage of every incident to increase their power. Now she looks calmly forward to the Great Beyond of which the missionary has told her.

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An Old Body of the Silent Places

The Ancient and Honourable Hudson's Bay Company care for the old people who year after year have brought into the posts their quota of furs. No longer able to stand the privations of wilderness, camp and travel, they are left behind when sons and daughters return to the interior. Here at the post they live out their last days, supplied with a daily ration, and dream of their youth, of years when the caribou were plenty and they lived sumptuously, or of other seasons when the young men failed in the hunt and starvation threatened. To them the Factor is a father.

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A Voluntary Exile

Such a type is the northern Factor. Frequently a man of good family, education and training, his love of adventure takes him into the silent places of the North. Here the great white wilderness, with its virile life, strange people and constant dangers, claims him for its own. He will tell you that the first year was unendurable, then, for some reason unknown to himself, he stayed another year; after that he became a part of the life unable to leave, dreaming sometimes of another world he had known, but powerless to break away from the fascinations of the Northland. After thirty years he may return home, a *Rip Van Winkle,* to find his old friends dead or scattered, his native place strange to his eyes. He is a judge of furs and a master of primitive men.

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The Missionary

Verily he is obeying the Master's word, and has reached the uttermost parts of the earth. To such a man your advent is a godsend, for now he may renew old memories, listen with pathetic eagerness to news from "God's country" and, for a time at least, forget the dangers, hardships and disappointments of his task, a task which none but a hero of the strongest fibre may hope to carry out successfully. You learn from the Factor that he holds the record of forty nights spent in the snow houses of the natives. Then follow tales of hair-breadth escapes among the ice floes and fierce blizzards where a man cannot see his hand before his face. Often he has struggled on and relieved sickness or soothed a death-bed in the face of difficulties which would have forced the natives to despair.

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The Youngest Admiral

By MARGARET EADIE HENDERSON

EDWARD ARTHUR DONALD ST. GEORGE HAMILTON CHICHESTER, Earl of Belfast and sixth Marquis of Donegal, who was born on the seventh of October, 1903, enjoys the distinction not only of being the youngest marquis in the peerage, but also of holding a hereditary office which, fortunately for the happiness of the little peer, is not now fraught with the grave responsibilities which might be supposed to attach to so sonorous a title as Lord High Admiral of Lough Neagh. The title and office were created in the doughty days of good Queen Bess, for at that period no part of the coast of either England or Ireland was safe from marauders.

Adventurous craft with piratical intentions sailed the high seas, while many of the vessels plying the English Channel and flying the flags of the sea powers of Europe flaunted the pennons of piracy when the hour seemed ripe for adventure.

The harbours and creeks of Ireland were the shelter of sea rovers whose predatory enterprises were a constant menace to the quiet stay-at-home islanders and the industrious fisherfolk.

The corsairs of Barbary and Algiers in a few years had captured as many as three hundred British vessels whose crews were forced into slavery to Mohammedan masters in North Africa.



CARRICKFERGUS CASTLE, OF WHICH THE YOUNG MARQUIS OF DONEGAL IS HEREDITARY GOVERNOR

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The England of that day furnished no adequate protection for her shores and for her ships, as she possessed no navy, in the modern sense of the word. Whenever fighting had to be done, it was done by marine levies or by voluntary service.

Thus it was that when the Spanish Armada with "their high-built galleons came" to humble the pride of the stout little island, the loyal London merchants placed at the disposal of their Queen vessels, small and modestly low-built, but manned by English hearts of oak. The sequel needs no repetition.

To insure for the future security against invasion and to accomplish the suppression of piracy, the stout-hearted Elizabeth, ever zealous for the weal of her loving subjects, laid upon the defenders of her coasts stern duties and grave responsibilities, and by way of compensation endowed them with extraordinary privileges.

It was then that the head of the house of Donegal was created Lord High Admiral of Lough Neagh, the office to remain perpetually in the possession of the family.

The little peer was only seven months old when, at the death of his father, the fifth Marquis of Donegal, he succeeded to the Marquisate and to the office under the Admiralty which links him so uniquely with the Elizabethan names of Blake, Frobisher, Raleigh and Sir Francis Drake.

In the course of centuries the waters of Lough Neagh have become so shallow that projects for draining the lough have been discussed, the accomplishment of which scheme would add largely to the arable acreage of the north of Ireland.

But the little Lord High Admiral is interested neither in Admiralty matters or drainage schemes, finding endless delight in his rocking horse and in the cages of animals of his treasured toy menagerie.

His fondness for animals is no



Photograph by Lafagette, London

THE YOUNGEST ADMIRAL

The Marquis of Donegal three years old, with his Canadian mother, the Marchioness of Donegal

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doubt inherited from his mother, for Lady Donegal is actively interested in the society known as "Our Dumb Friends' League," besides being president of an association which last year set up a hospital in London for sick and wounded animals.

The little fellow does credit to the Canadian influences which surround him, last Christmas being a particularly happy time with him, as he busied himself in hanging up his friends' stockings, that Saint Nicholas might not overlook any one while distributing his bounties.

A sketch of the Marchioness of Donegal, who was Miss Violet Twining, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, appeared in *The Canadian Magazine* of February, 1905.

Little Me

By MINNIE EVELYN HENDERSON

O little me, little me, come hither; art thou calling
From o'er the hills of far away and far and far away,
Through golden mists of mellowed tears,
Around the turning of the years
That lead to Here and There-about from only Yesterday

O little me, little me, I hear thy sad voice sighing,
Thy tiny lips atremble and the tear close to thine eye.
(Dost know I am a self of thee?)
Yes—I remember, little me,
And shall until the winds and stars have called to me good-bye.

O little me, little me, come let us go amaying;
I'll follow in the faintest track thy small bare feet have worn,
On violet-eyed, green banks to lie,
My little dream child, thou and I,
And list the little fairy hunter wind his magic horn.

O little me, little me, beside me weary lying
I smooth thy tangled golden hair and touch the curls a-gleam;
I kiss the small brown dusty feet,
And closer draw the warm heart-beat,
Then close my eyes and seem again to join thee in thy dream.

O little me, little me, the long white road is calling,
So I shall haste to weave me now a bud-strung laurel wreath,
And place it gently on thy brow;
For I would leave thee dreaming now,
Full of sweet sleep, the brown wood lore, and fairy-wand belief.

O little me, little me, I'll be with thee at waking;
I'll come to take thy hand again from far and far away,
Then o'er the hills of "used to be,"
Just thou and I, my little me,—
We'll up the hills and down the hills into the Yesterday.

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The Narrative of Col. Fanning

Edited by A. W. SAVARY

Fifth Installment

ABOUT the 8th of April, a certain Capt. Williams came into the settlement and sent an old woman to me, to inform me that he had arrived from Governor Burke that instant, and had come in order to see me; by her description I and my little party immediately met him, and he informed me that he had come to know if I was willing to come upon those terms I had already presented; and requested to have from under my own hand a true copy of them, and that Governor Burke would do everything in his power to have the same agreed upon by his Council and Assembly; for which purpose the said Williams was sent from the Governor. He also told me that the Governor had said that anything I should do, or cause to be done, from the character he had heard from the British at Charleston, that he had not the least doubt they would assent to any proceedings I should undertake to do; he wished to make peace with me; and also saying if I was taken prisoner and killed, that 100 would certainly lose their lives for it, and he looked upon it much better to come upon terms of peace—that he heard in Charleston that I was killed, which occasioned him to run away from Charleston; upon which I gave him a copy of the articles which I wished to comply to; with which he ordered the Light Horse to depart to their different stations till they had received orders from the Governor and Council.

As I was obliged to lay neutral until I received their answer, which was to be upon terms of honour between both sides, with which the different captains commanding the Light Horse wrote to me respecting the same; which appears by the following letters:

SIR,—I received a few lines this day from Capt. Edward Williams, informing me that you and he had come down yesterday, and signified that you and he are upon terms of compromising matters, on condition that I will stop the County Light Horse from pursuing you. You may rest assured that it is my desire to be at peace with all men. Capt. Riddle and his company are at the Court House. I have ordered him to stand there until further orders, and will send after Capt. Golston and desire him in also. I shall set off this morning to the Assembly, and if it is in my power to do or cause anything to be done that shall cause peace and harmony over the land, you may rest assured I will do my best, and second Capt. Williams, though he gave me no account of your proposals; and am

With respect your humble servant,

ROGER GRIFFITH, Major.

April 9th, 1782.

To Col. David Fanning.

CAMP AT MR. CARR'S, Apr. 10, 1782.

SIR,—I received orders from Major Griffith concerning some terms between him and you and shall withdraw my men and Capt. Golston's as we are both together, and will not proceed any further after apprehending you or yours, unless you come into our county doing mischief, until further orders.

From your humble servant,

JOSEPH ROSUR.

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To Col. David Fanning.

Hoping you nor yours will not interrupt any of the inhabitants of Chatham until matters are further settled.

WILLIAM GOLSTON.

SIR,—I received your letter, which gives me great satisfaction to hear that you and some of the officers have come upon terms of peace, which is all I would crave; but I should be glad with one of the officers in company to meet you and have some conversation together, and be upon honour, and if we can come upon terms agreeable to both, I should immediately march my company home; so I shall be at Mr. Mullins this evening at two o'clock; and if you can meet and converse across the river, or any other place you will choose.

I am, sir, your obedient

THOMAS DOUGAN,
Captain of Light Horse.

April 12th, 1782.

To Col. David Fanning.

April 17th, 1782.

SIR,—I, as an officer in behalf of the State of North Carolina, have turned out in order to suppress any persons disturbing the peace of said State; but when I arrived at Deep River, I understood that you and Capts. Williams and Dougan were about to make a treaty of peace (which I approved of very well), and withdrew my troop towards home. But to my surprise, on my way I understood that your men were robbing the peaceful and inoffensive people of Cane Creek and Rocky River, which wicked conduct, and the great desire I had for the welfare of my country, induced me to stay a little longer, and endeavour to stop such robbery. I therefore wish to inform you that I did not pretend with any view of making you any way dishonourable, but many persons not owing a true allegiance to the laws of this State are running at large and call you their officer. As I hope you are a gentleman, and will not protect any vagabond, I will thank you to let me know every particular of your treaty, or what bounds you have; and upon the honour of a gentleman I will not interrupt any person within said bounds that is of good character with you. I would recommend that you order Joseph Currie and Blair to return the widow Dixon's property, which they robbed her of, and I will not write to the Governor concerning it, as you want peace. He would think very little of your honour if he heard that your men were robbing his people after you had petitioned to him.

I am, sir, in behalf of the State,

EDWARD GUIN, *Captain.*

To Col. David Fanning.

About the 18th of April Capt. Williams came to me again at Fort Creek, and informed me that the original articles of treaty had been laid before the Governor and Assembly, and they were upon a conclusion of granting me the terms I wanted; but were prevented by a Colonel who came from over the mountains and was one of the Assembly, who did everything against it. Their objections were the articles respecting the Continental soldiers to be taken off, and also that they could not think of allowing any passports for any of the friends of Government to have any correspondence or connections with the British. Every other article they were willing to grant. Their Assembly continued on the business for three days, as Mr. Williams informed me. My answer was that I would forfeit my life before I would withdraw any one of the articles that I had presented, as I still wished to hold the same connection with the British as formerly; I likewise told him, that I understood that they had picked out twenty-four of their best horses and men from Virginia in order to pursue me, and my answer to Mr. Williams was that they might do their best, and be damned, as I was fully determined to still support my integrity, and to exert myself in behalf of the King and country more severely than ever I did. With this Mr. Williams departed.

I then set out for Chatham, where I learned that a wedding was to be that day. On my way I took one prisoner before I came to the house. There being but five of us, we immediately surrounded the house in full charge. I ordered them immediately out of the

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house. Three of my men went into the house and drove them all out one by one. I caused them all to stand in a row to examine them, to see if I knew any of them that were bad men.* I found one, by the name of William Doudy, concealed upstairs. One of my men fired at him as he was running from one house to the other; he received the ball in his shoulder. I then having my pistols in my hand, discharged them both at his breast, with which he fell, and that night expired. I then paroled the rest on the 25th.

I concluded within myself that it was better for me to try and settle myself, being weary of the disagreeable mode of living I had borne with for some considerable time; and for the many kindnesses and the civility of a gentleman who lived in the settlement of Deep River, I was induced to pay my *addresses* to his daughter, a young lady of sixteen years of age. The day of marriage being appointed, on making it known to my people, Capt. William Hooker and Captain William Carr agreed to be married with me. They both left me to make themselves and their intended wives ready, and the day before we were to be coupled, the rebels before mentioned, with those good horses, came upon them. Capt. Hooker's horse being tied so fast he could not get him loose, they caught him and murdered him on the spot. Myself and Capt. Carr were married and kept two days' merriment. The rebels thought they were sure of me then; however, I took my wife and concealed her in the woods with Capt. Carr's; and caused an oration to be put out that I was gone to Charleston. In order to be convinced, the rebels sent a man in as a spy, with two letters from Gen. Leslie with instructions for me to enlist men for the service, which I knew was forged, in order to betray me, and from the person or commanding officer of the rebel Light Horse. The following is one of which I gave Gen. Leslie, that had his name signed to it:

CHARLESTON, 20th Jan., 1782.

DEAR COLONEL,—

Although I have not as yet the happiness of being acquainted with you, yet I can but applaud you very much for your spirited conduct and activity. The only objection I have to your conduct is your being too strenuous with those who have been subjects to his Majesty, and whom the rebels have overcome and forced them to comply with their laws. If you would let them alone, the severity of the rebels would cause them to return to their allegiance again. But, sir, since you have made so brave a stand already, pray stand steadfast to the end, and we shall be well rewarded at the last. Try to spirit up your men, and enlist, if possible, three hundred men this spring, ready to join three hundred more; which shall be put under your command, and you be Brigadier-General of them, and as many more as you can get. We shall, I hope, in the month of May land 1,300 troops in North Carolina, 300 for you to join your corps, 1,600 in the whole, to act upon the defensive until you are reinforced.

Keep good discipline among your troops, and keep out fellows who will do nothing but plunder from amongst your people. They are but false dependence, and will not fight, but only corrupt good men. Every man you enlist for twelve months shall receive ten guineas and a full suit of clothes as soon as we land our troops, and they appear under your command ready for action. I can assure you, 'tis your fame and worthy actions has, through and by Major Craig given, reached his Majesty's ears, and I expect perhaps by the next packet boat you will get a genteel present from our gracious Sovereign. So hoping that you will be in the way of your duty, I will take leave of you, without mentioning your name, or subscribing mine, lest this might miscarry—the man who is entrusted with the care of this dares not at present be seen in it,

* This and the shooting of Capt. Doudy *supra*, appear unjustifiable; but by "bad men" Fanning evidently means men who had murdered Loyalists, and Doudy had broken his parole. Both occurred after Balfour's pronouncement in the negotiation for peace that "there was no resting place for a Tory's foot on the earth."

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but a friend, and send it to the man it is directed to.

Sir, yours,

———

To Col. Fanning in No. Ca.

A letter from the traitor who brought these two letters from Gen. Leslie:

DEAR SIR,—

I would come to see you myself, but am afraid of the rebel Light Horse. I have a great many things to acquaint you with and a good deal of good news, but dare not write for fear of miscarriage. If you have any desire of seeing me you must come soon, nay, instantly. Don't let the bearer know the contents of the letters—the fewer trusted the better. In the meantime,

I am your friend and servant,

JOSEPH WILSON.

April 29th, 1782.

To Col. Fanning.

My answer was in Major Rains' name as follows:

SIR,—I am very sorry to think that there is so many damned foolish rebels in the world, as to think Col. Fanning would be ever deceived by such damned infernal writing as I have received from you. Col. Fanning is gone to Charleston, and is not to return here till he comes with forces sufficient to defend this part of the country, and I would have you to disband, and be gone immediately; for if I ever hear of any of your people coming with anything of the sort, I will come and kill him myself. I am in behalf of his Majesty's armies,

JOHN RAINS,

Major of the Loyal Militia.

To Jos. Wilson.

On the 1st of May, 1782, I heard a waggon going in the road; I imagined she was going down to market, as I heard of a number of waggons which were to proceed down with liquors to the market. On the 2nd I mounted and pursued the waggon which I heard the day before, and as I was about setting out for Charleston I concluded to have a frolic with my old friends before we parted. After riding about ten miles I overtook the said waggon, which belonged to a certain man who had been taken prisoner and paroled by the British, and had broken his parole. In the meantime, I was examining his papers I set a sentinel over him. He, knowing himself guilty, expected nothing but death. He took an opportunity and sprung upon my own riding mare, and went off with my saddle, holsters, pistols, and all my papers of any consequence to me. We fired two guns at him; he received two balls through his body, but it did not prevent him from sitting the saddle, and he made his escape. I took the other man and caused him to take me to the man's plantation, where I took his wife, and three negro boys, and eight head of horses. I kept his wife in the woods for three days, and sent the other man to see if he would deliver up my mare and property containing my papers, for which he wrote me the following answer or letter:

SIR,—Col. Fanning, I hope that you do not blame me for what I did. Hoping you will have mercy on me, as I am wounded, and let my wife come to me. Your mare shall be returned to you without fail. Your mare I don't crave, and I hope you don't covet mine. I beg that you will have pity on my wife and children. The negroes and horses I am willing you shall keep until you get your mare. I have sent to a doctor. But the mare will be back to-night. No more, but you may depend upon my word.

ANDREW HUNTER.

To Col. David Fanning.

I also received the following letter from Edward Williams on the subject of the mare:

SIR,—These few lines comes to let you know that I have this day seen Mr. Hunter, and he is badly wounded and desires you would let his wife come to him immediately. As to the rest of the property, you are welcome to keep until such time's you get your mare returned, which will be as soon as possible, as she has gone at this time after the doctor. But she shall be returned to you with all speed as soon as she returns. Mr. Hunter is also very ill.

I am your obedient humble servant,

EDWARD WILLIAMS.

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Col. David Fanning.

On the 7th of May, finding I could see no opportunity of getting my mare, notwithstanding she was one of my principal creatures, and a mare I set great store by, and gave one hundred and ten guineas for, I was obliged to let loose all his horses except one, as they were of no account to me in the situation I was in; the negroes I kept. I then proceeded on to Major Gainer's truce land on Pedee in South Carolina, where he had made a truce with the rebels some time before, and I continued there until June, when I left my wife, horses and negroes, and then, as I was entirely a stranger to the situation of the country and roads, I was obliged to procure a pilot to proceed to Charleston; I could not get one for less than twenty guineas. After my departure I fell in with the rebel dragoons commanded by Col. Ballie, from Virginia. I was with them for about an hour; and informed them that we were some of the rebel party then on our way to General Marion's headquarters. They never discovered us as otherwise than such, it being in the dusk of the evening. We fell into the rear, and went into the woods and struck our camp and promised them we would see them next morning. However, we proceeded on that night and arrived at Herald's point on the 17th of June, and immediately procured a passage to Charleston, where I immediately applied for a flag to send after Mrs. Fanning and property. The flag had left Charleston two days, when she came in, as Major Gainer had applied to General Marion for a pass for her to proceed to Charleston, but would not let her have any of our property, or even a negro to wait on her.

In a short time loyalists that had got into Charleston from different parts of the world, hearing that the Southern Colonies were to be evacuated by the British forces, called a meeting to point out some measures to try to hold some foothold in the country, until we had got some part payment for our property which we were obliged to leave if we left the country. Handbills were struck and stuck up through the town for the loyalists to choose their representatives to represent our situation and the desire we had to support ourselves and property. It was proposed that twenty-five gentlemen should be chosen a committee for that purpose. The days were appointed to take votes. I was chosen amongst others; and drew up a petition and sent to Sir Guy Carleton, Commander-in-Chief, praying the liberty of keeping the town and artillery, as they stood on the works, and despatched two gentlemen off with our petition; our request was not granted. I have hereunto set forth the names of the gentlemen representatives:

Col. Ballingall, Jas. Johnston, Esq.; Robert Williams, Esq.; Lt.-Col. Dupont, Col. Robt. Wm. Powell, Col. Gray, John Gailliard, Esq.; Col. Cassels, John Rose, Col. Pearson, Maj. Wm. Greenwood, Col. Philips, Maj. Gabriel Capers, Col. Hamilton, Lt.-Col. Thos. Inglis, Wm. Carson, John Hopton, Esq.; Dr. Wm. Charles Wells, Robt. Johnston, Esq.; Col. Thomas Edgehill, John Champniss, Andrew Millar, Esq.; Col. Samuel Bryan, Col. David Fanning, Doctor Baron.

I remained in Charleston until the 5th of September, and my horses having got recruited, and one of my negroes having made his way good through the country, came down to me; I then set out for the country again, on account of my misfortune of losing my mare, which was of great value to me. I went up to the settlement again, to the man I sent to Hunter before, and he informed me that Hunter refused five negroes for the mare and would not return her. He also went to where I left one of the negroes and took him and sent him over the mountains to keep him out of my way. I continued about in the settlement until the 22nd of the month, trying to get her, but was disappointed in my hopes. Knowing that Charleston was to be evacuated, I was obliged to return; and as I was on my way, I understood my mare was at a certain place, about 125 miles from Charleston, being about half the distance from where I then was toward Charleston. I instantly pursued on my journey to the place where she then was. I came within a mile of where I heard she was, and my riding horse was so particularly known,

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I sent a man up to the house and he was known, and they directed us the wrong way, and immediately sent word to where my mare was. I found out we were wrong; and took through the woods and to a house within a half a mile, where they had word of my coming and were making ready to go to their assistance, but seeing us come up, he immediately left his horse, and was running off through a field, and turned round and presented his piece and snapped, but she missed fire; with this, I ordered one of my men to fire at him, who shot him through the body, and despatched his presence from this world. The other two men that was at the house that did not run, informed me that they had received word of my coming a half an hour before I arrived, and also that there were men lying in ambush ready to attack me. With this, the man who had my mare went off with her, and having only two men and my negro that set out with me from Charleston, also two little negroes that I had for my mare, I thought it was my best way to proceed to Charleston, and on the 28th September I arrived at Charleston, where the shipping was ready for me to embark for St. Augustine.

The following is a Proclamation which I got when I was out in the country, nailed to Coxe's Mill:

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA:

By his Excellency Alexander Martin, Esq., Governor, Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief in and over the said State.

A PROCLAMATION

Whereas divers citizens of this State have withdrawn themselves from their allegiance and joined the enemy of this and the United States, seduced by their wicked artifices, now find their hopes, supported by deceit, totally blasted and left unprotected to the Justice of their country ready to inflict those just punishments due to their crimes. But in compassion to such who are truly penitent and to stop the further effusion of the blood of citizens who may be reclaimed, by and with the advice and consent of the Council of State I have thought proper to issue this my proclamation of pardon to all such of the above persons who shall within ten days after the date hereof surrender themselves to any commanding officer of any troops of the State or any of the United States acting in conjunction with the same, on this express condition that they renew the oath of allegiance and enter into one of the Continental battalions of this State and there serve twelve months after the time of their rendezvous, which service being faithfully performed shall expiate their offences and entitle them to the restoration of their property and every other privilege of a citizen, precluding all those guilty of murder, robbing, house-breaking and crimes not justifiable by the laws of war from the above pardon, notwithstanding notifying all such persons that unless they surrender at the time aforesaid, those taken prisoners shall be deemed prisoners of war, and liable to exchange except as above provided. The enemy will exchange the same, otherwise they shall be subjected to the penalties of the said law which will be inflicted upon them.

By Order of his Excellency ALEXANDER MARTIN, ESQ.,

BENNETT CROFTON, *Major*,
States Legion.

June the 15th, 1782.

During my absence from Charleston, the loyalists were signing to go under my directions to East Florida, and as soon as I came to town I ordered them all to get on board, and on the 6th of November I went on board the transport ship, the *New Blessing*, commanded by Thomas Craven, where I continued on board the said transport for eight days before she set out for St. Augustine. Arrived the 17th said month, where we came to anchor, and there laid eight days more; at the expiration of that time I went on shore and three days after had my property landed, about twenty-seven miles distance from St. Augustine, upon the Matanzeys, where I had some thought of settling. I continued there for some time and from thence proceeded to Halifax River, being about fifty-five miles from St. Augustine. There I undertook to settle myself and to

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make a crop, thinking to begin the world anew, being tolerably well provided for with negroes.

In the last of February I met Major Andrew Deavoce, who was beating up for volunteers to go to take New Providence. I also agreed to join him and took a copy of the Articles and went home and raised thirty young men for that expedition, and had them in readiness to embark and waited for Major Deavoce arrival at the inlet of Halifax, until I heard he was gone. A true copy of the original is hereunto set forth:

Articles of Agreement between Major Deavoce and the Volunteers, for an expedition immediately against New Providence:

Article 1st. I do engage on my part to furnish the men with provisions, arms and ammunition for the expedition.

2nd. That the men shall be altogether under my command and not to be transferred to any other after the expedition, and that they rendezvous on the fifteenth of this month in town, and be ready to go on board on three hours' notice being given them.

3rd. That all or any of the men who shall desire to settle in that country after the reduction of it shall be provided with land.

4th. That all prizes taken by land or sea shall be equally divided among the officers and men according to their respective ranks, first deducting the expense of the expedition.

5th. That in case of mutiny or disobedience of orders the man or party concerned shall forfeit the whole of their prize money and be subject to confinement for the offence according to the nature of the crime.

6th. That a certain number of dead shares shall be reserved for the support of all wounded men, widows and orphans of men that may unfortunately fall on this expedition. Ten dead shares shall be at the disposal of Capt. Wheeler and myself for deserving men.

7th. That the person who raises the most men shall be second in command, and I do engage if any person or persons should not be willing to remain in the Bahamas to furnish them with a passage to Jamaica or back to St. Augustine.

ST. AUGUSTINE, 3rd of March, 1783.

We who have subscribed our names as under, do hereby agree to go with Major Andrew Deavoce on the within expedition as volunteers, complying with the within rules and to hold ourselves in readiness for embarking on said expedition on the fifteenth of this inst. Either of us refusing to comply with the above and within rules and articles shall forfeit to Major Andrew Deavoce, his heirs or assigns,the sum of ten pounds sterling money of Great Britain.

After this I began to notice my negroes beginning to get sick and six of them died. Some time after I went to St. Augustine I was taken sick and lay at the point of death for three weeks. I then began at last to walk, and one day I went to my field to where I had a young negro about twenty years of age at work. I took my rifle with me as usual; I set her down by a tree. I felt very sick and weak; I laid myself down on some grass and my negro took up my rifle and came within ten yards and set himself down and took aim at my head, but luckily the ball missed my head about one inch, but it split my hat. I then got up and went towards him, when he ran at me with the gun and struck at my head. But I fended it off with my arms. He however broke the stock, forward of the lock. I knowing myself weak, I turned and ran sixty yards, but found myself not able to run. I got my feet entangled in some vines and unfortunately fell, and he came to me and with the barrel of my rifle he struck at me many times. I lay on my back and fended his strokes with my heels until he had knocked all the bottoms of my feet to blisters. His great eagerness to kill me put him much out of wind. I accidentally got hold of the gun barrel and he tried to bite my hand for some time. During the time of his trying to bite me, I knocked all his fore teeth out. At last he run for his hoe and made one stroke at me and broke one of the bones of my left arm. But I took the opportunity of giving him a stroke on his temple with which I brought him down. I then mended my blows until he appeared to be

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dead. As I had got him down my wife came in sight of me, and he lay for some time to appearance dead, until two men came to me as they had heard me hollowing. He at length come to and walked home. I confined him to take him to justice. He lived till the next day, and at the same hour the next he was sitting, eating, and all of a sudden he fell dead.

In a short time after I heard peace was proclaimed and for the loyalists to send an estimation of their losses and services; also, that the Province of East Florida was to be immediately evacuated, and the ships came to take all the provincial troops to Nova Scotia; the officers that were acquainted with me insisted for me to go with them, but I had not time to get my family and property to town in time, and as it was uncertain where I should go to, some of the gentlemen officers desired to give me a certificate to let my services be known, let me go where I would—a true copy of which is hereunto set forth:

EAST FLORIDA.

We whose names are hereunto subscribed, do hereby certify that Col. David Fanning, late of the Province of No. Ca., acted in the station of Colonel of Militia of that Province, and was of the greatest service to his Majesty in suppressing the rebels during the late rebellion in North America, and that he is worthy of every loyal subject both for his valour and good conduct; that after he with his men took the town of Hillsborough, dispersed the rebel council, and took a great number of prisoners, he was on that day wounded in the left arm—that finding the town of Wilmington evacuated by the British troops, and his wound not yet well, he, for the safety of his people, divided them into small parties, and continued a long time in the back woods; that after many skirmishes in North Carolina, in the month of June, 1782, he with the utmost difficulty made his way through many interruptions of the enemy to the Province of South Carolina, where his Majesty's troops then lay; and that he was obliged to leave the province where he lived, and his property, which we are informed was considerable; and that he is now without the means of subsistence, having lost his all for and on account of his services and attachment to his Majesty's person and government.

JOHN HAMILTON,
Lt.-Col. Com. R. N. C. Regt.
JOHN LEGETT, *Capt. R. N. C. Regt.*
ALEX. CAMPBELL, *Capt. S. C. Regt.*
GEO. DAWKINS, *Capt. S. C. Regt.*
DANIEL MCNEIL,* *Capt. R.N.C. Regt.*
MOSES WHITLEY, *Lieut. S. C. Regt.*

St. Augustine, 20th September, 1783.

On the 25th November following, I drew up an estimate of the loss I had sustained during the late war in America, a true copy of which I hereto set forth:

Schedule of the property of Col. David Fanning, late resident of the Province of North Carolina, but now of the Province of East Florida, lost to him on account of his zeal and attachment to the British Government, and never received any part or parcel thereof, or any restoration of the same, viz:

	£ s
550 acres of land in Amelia County in the Province of Virginia, with a dwelling house and other necessary buildings, a large apple and peach orchard, and large enclosed improvements.....	687.10
550 acres of land near said plantation, as heir to the estate of my father, and some improvement with a dwelling house.....	412.00
3 saddle horses.....	41.00
12 plantation do., three unbroke do.	96.00
2 negro slaves.....	100.
Debts in notes, bonds, etc.....	289.
	£1,625.10

Personally appeared before me, one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace, St. Augustine and Province of East Florida, the above-mentioned Col. David Fanning, who, being duly sworn and maketh oath on the Holy Evangelist of Almighty God, that he lost all and every part of the above-mentioned property on account of his zeal and attachment to his Majesty's cause during the late war against the revolted colonies in North America, and

* This was the grandfather of the recently deceased eminent physician and public man, Hon. Daniel McNeill Parker, M.D., of Nova Scotia.

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that he has not let, sold, bargained, bartered or disposed or impowered any person or persons to let, sell, bargain, barter or dispose of any part or parcel of the same in any manner whatsoever, nor received any restitution for the same. Sworn at St. Augustine, the 25th November, 1783, before me.

JOHN MILLS, J.P.

DAVID FANNING.

Personally appeared before me, one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace in St. Augustine, Province of East Florida, Lieutenant Charles Robertson, Neill McInnis, and Philip Whisenhunt, refugees, of said East Florida, who being called upon by the within mentioned Col. David Fanning to value the within mentioned property, who being duly sworn, make oath upon the Holy Evangelists of Almighty God, that the within mentioned properties are well worth the sums affixed to each article, as near the value as possible if the same was to be sold, to their own knowledge and the best information they could get.

CHARLES ROBERTSON.

NEIL MCINNIS.

PHILIP WHISENHUNT

Sworn at St. Augustine, this 25th November, 1783, before me.

JOHN MILLS, J. P.

(Here follows notarial certificate by John Mills)

After my many scenes and passages through and during the late war, and often hearing the Americans had got their request, I never could put any faith in it until I saw the King's speech, of which I have hereunto set forth a true copy for the better satisfaction of those loyalists that perhaps have never seen it yet.

New York, February 9th, 1783.

By the brigantine *Peggy*, Capt. McNiel, in nineteen days from Tortola, we have received the following copy of his Majesty's most gracious speech to both houses of Parliament on Thursday, December 5th, 1782—which was brought to Tortola from Windward by Capt. Rodney, son of Lord Rodney:

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN:

Since the close of the last session, I have employed my whole time in the care and attention which the important and critical conjuncture of public affairs required of me.

I lost no time in giving the necessary orders to prohibit the further prosecution of offensive war upon the continent of North America, adopting, as my inclination will always lead me to do with decision and effect, whatever I collect to be the sense of my Parliament and my people. I have pointed all my views and measures as well in Europe as in North America to an entire and cordial reconciliation with those colonies.

Finding it indispensable to the attainment of this object, I did not hesitate to go the full length of the powers vested in me and offered to declare them free and independent States by an article to be inserted in the treaty of peace. Provisional articles are agreed upon to take effect whenever terms of peace shall be finally settled with the court of France. In thus admitting their separation from the crown of these kingdoms, I have sacrificed every consideration of my own to the wishes and opinion of my people. I make it my humour and ever my prayers to Almighty God that Great Britain may not feel the evils which might result from so great a dismemberment of the Empire, and that America may be free from those calamities which have formerly proved in the mother country how essential monarchy is to the enjoyment of constitutional liberty. Religion, language, interest, affections, may and I hope will yet prove a bond of permanent union between the two countries—to this neither attention nor disposition shall be wanting on my part.

While I have carefully abstained from all offensive operations against America, I have directed my whole force by land and sea against the other powers at war with as much vigour as the situation of that force at the commencement of the campaign would permit. I trust that you must have seen with pride and satisfaction the gallant defence of the Governor and garrison of Gibraltar, and my fleet after having effected the object of their destination offering battle to the combined force of France and Spain on their own coasts; those of my

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kingdom have remained at the same time perfectly secure, and your domestic tranquility uninterrupted. This respectable state under the blessing of God I attribute to the entire confidence which subsists between me and my people, and to the readiness which has been shewn by my subjects in my city of London and in other parts of my kingdoms to stand forth in the general defence. Some proofs have lately been given of public spirit in private men which would do honour to any age and any country—having manifested to the whole world by the most lasting examples the signal spirit and bravery of my people. I conceived it a moment not unbecoming my dignity, and thought it a regard due to the lives and fortunes of such brave and gallant subjects to shew myself ready on my part to embrace fair and honourable terms of accommodation with all the powers at war.

I have the satisfaction to acquaint you that negotiations to this effect are considerably advanced, the result of which as soon as they are brought to a conclusion shall be immediately communicated to you. I have every reason to hope and believe that I shall have it in my power in a very short time to acquaint you that they have ended in terms of pacification which I trust you will see just cause to approve. I rely, however, with perfect confidence on the wisdom of my Parliament and the spirit of my people, that if any unforeseen change in the disposition of the belligerent powers should frustrate my confident expectations they will approve of the preparations I have thought it advisable to make, and be ready to second the most vigorous efforts in the further prosecution of the war.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS:

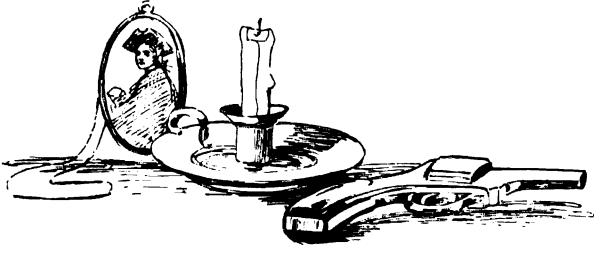
I have endeavoured by every measure in my power to diminish the burthens of my people. I lost no time taking the most decided measures for introducing a better economy in the expenditure of the army.

I have carried into strict execution the several reductions in my civil list expenses directed by an act of the last session. I have introduced a further reform into other departments and suppressed several sinecure places in them. I have by this means so regulated my establishments that my expense shall not in future exceed my income.

I have ordered the estimate of the civil list debt laid before you last session to be completed. The debt proving somewhat greater than could be then correctly stated and the proposed reduction not immediately taking place, I trust you will provide for deficiency, securing as before the repayment out of my annual income.

I have ordered enquiry to be made into the application of the sum voted in support of the American sufferers, and I trust you will agree with me that a due and generous attention ought to be shown to those who have relinquished their properties or professions from motives of loyalty to me and attachment to the mother country.

(To be continued).



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The Duck Hunters

By BONNYCASTLE DALE

FRITZ arose like a swaying "Jack-in-the-box," as the swift team and light waggon dashed around the bend in the road.

"I see it! I see it!" he cried.

"I'll see you standin' on your head, youngster," said the driver, as he pulled up the leaping, startled team.

I had the same keen feeling on seeing the blue waters of Rice Lake gleaming through the pines for the first time, but the angling seat and sliding cameras kept me busy. So the lad had the exclamations all to himself. Spread beneath us, the island-studded lake, with its white sails and yellow rice beds, lay like a peaceful picture, but the steady, deep booming from the northern points told of a game that was not all peace for the web-footed ones. Even at that distance, the sudden darting out of a canoe, the stop, the bending over of the paddler, the swift turn and rapid paddling ashore, told of a dead bird quickly retrieved.

"He got one," sighed Fritz.

Although we begrudge no man his luck, we tell of it with a sigh. Why is it so?

There were ten miles to do—a fair wind, a fairly heavy swell and well-laden canoes. This running before the wind with lateen sails needs watchful eyes and strong, steady wrists. As we got farther out from land the swells ran higher and the sail pitched up and down with sickening regularity, threatening every moment to blow off. The farther we went, the worse it got. We were in for it, and we used every trick and safeguard to get through without swamping. The canoes mounted the rollers like great white-winged birds, and swept down the lea sides like coasting sleighs. Up, up again they struggled, shipping the foamy tops fore and aft. A glance behind showed a fore-reaching line of angry toppling waves. A call from Fritz made me turn; he had let his sail draw so far ahead that he perforce lost the sheet, and the lateen stood out over his bow in most dangerous shape. Luckily, as I darted down a surging hill I managed to knock it off with a swift paddle stroke, but the action unbalanced my craft and off blew my sail. Instantly boom and spar swept in against the sides of the bow, and the water mounted into the canvas trough thus formed and poured into the canoe. While I paddled might and main to back her, I saw the lad come darting down behind me. His wet paddle glistening in the bright light for a moment, curved like a sword and struck fair on the cord that held the ring, severing it instantly. Down fell the sail and my canoe passed over it: A knot in the sheet caught in the stern thwart, and the wet canvas and spars dragged safely behind. With much bailing and more awful coasting, we sped along before the heavy wind, and never was there more grateful sound in canoeman's ears than the grating of the sand beneath our bows at the camp-ground.

The tent was up, the ditch cut around

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the back to run off any heavy rain, and the double top or cover stretched over the tent. This is an excellent device in wet weather, for then the campers can touch the tent inside without the usual stream following the fingers. The piece of sheet iron, with two pot holes cut in it, was laid over some flat rocks; many bits of dry cedar were laid away in the canvas home for kindling future fires. Logs and poles and cedar boughs made an excellent bunk toward off rheumatism, the bane of the camper's life; for, remember, no matter how dry your tent may be above you, the dew arising from the grass inside will dampen any bed laid flat on the ground. All the curtains were closed down by four o'clock, so that the ever present mosquito could not intrude and sample the two newcomers. A hole was dug on the north side of a big rock for a miniature cellar, the spring cleared out, wood gathered. A happy, laughing hour was passed at lunch, and then—and only then, although the guns had been booming out in the rice-bed enough to drive a fellow half wild—were the guns and shell boxes and cameras carried down to the canoe. We were using a twelve-bore, seven and a half pounds, and a ten-bore, weighing almost ten—too heavy a gun for anything but canoe or "blind" or "hide" work. Our load was three drams of smokeless and one ounce number six chilled shot for the twelve-bore, and four drams and an ounce and a half number six for the ten. A card and two black edge wads were put over the powder, and well rammed home if black, lightly set if smokeless, and a card wad just firmly set over the shot. Personally, I prefer brass shells—a little more bother, but better killing qualities. Three dozen decoys that did not roll or glitter with paint and varnish, twelve-foot anchor lines, and two-ounce lead anchors, were provided.



A HANDSOME PAIR OF MARSH BLUE-BILLS

In the big canoe was the old telescope, a most successful thing if a bird fall a mile out in the lake, for it saves many a paddle after a wing-tipped bird. Fritz in the bow paddled with never a "tump" on the thwart—that telltale noise. The drumlike canoe resounds and spreads its deep, bumping paddle noise over fully two miles of calm water, carefully instructing every duck that you are coming. The guns were laid, ready cocked, or safety slide over, if hammerless; mine, in the stern, was prevented from pointing at the bowman by a folded oilskin laid on the middle thwart, with the muzzle just at the gunwale, so that no brushing rice or weeds could push it in. Many an accident would be averted if minute and constant care were paid to those dangerous playthings, guns.

The sixteen-foot double cedar canoe swept almost noiselessly through the thin

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cover; but when the full standing rice was reached it rasped and screeched on the sides of the craft like fine nails on tin. Fritz, his second year out, incessantly grabbed his gun at every jumping coot, mudhen, rail or crake. Finally a bittern jumped from right under the bow. "Tack" sang his hammerless, and the bird sailed rapidly away in the chasm the lad had rent in the air. Very sheepishly Fritz looked back; but it was kinder not to look that way; he had had punishment enough for shooting at a poor, harmless bird.

As we neared the rice bed that I intended us to shoot from, we saw an Indian's canoe slowly emerge from the thick rice. The redman was bent so low that his chin touched the gunwale. Foot by foot the canoe crept ahead, the short paddle was worked almost altogether under water. Some hundred yards in front of the silently advancing craft I saw two black ducks, and made out through the glass that both were asleep. Then I saw a brown hand reach over the side of the canoe and grasp the rice stalks, the paddle was discarded, and foot by foot the crafty hunter drew his canoe ahead by underwater holds, then the brown hands stole aboard. The old gun was slowly grasped; the hunter gradually sat erect, a fearful rattling "bang" echoed over the great wild rice beds, and two poor black ducks passed out asleep.



BLACK DUCK FALLING DEAD INTO DECOYS

Sitting in the canoe, hidden by the tall, waving wild grain, we silently watched the flight. The black ducks were starting to come home to the feeding grounds. Two passed along the front of the bed a hundred yards out. I sounded the low nasal "quack." Instantly the two birds, evidently this year's young males, turned and swooped down to find the gossiping female in the rice. A low whisper warned Fritz not to move. They passed over within ten yards, the big camera was ready. I saw them in the clear, full-size finder. A touch of action, a clang of the machine and the birds were mine photographically. I heard Fritz mutter something about leaving the bally camera at home and getting more ducks. Just then, splash, splash, quack, quack, and there sat two big pintails in the decoys. Up with an odd gabbling noise they jumped. My hands were full of cameras. Fritz hastened their flight by discharging both barrels without an aim, and then claimed he had hit them because one of the birds jumped at the report; so would you if an unexpected enemy popped up so unceremoniously and banged away at you.

A flock of blue-bills came along in their steady, graceful flight. I tried the "purr-it" the Mississaugas had taught me—a purr of the tongue on the roof of the mouth. At the third call the bird nearest me left its position at the end of the line and swung in. One by one the other eight turned and looked and followed. Circling to the wind, they

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WILD DUCKS ENJOYING A SUN BATH

dropped gracefully into the decoys, and sat there as still as if made of cedar themselves—scared, poor birds, in danger, and they knew it. Then one edged out, passing each decoy with stretched neck and startled eyes; the others followed, and just as they passed out of the decoys the good old camera took them all. Fritz said it was a hanged shame to let nine fat ducks swim out right from under a fellow's nose. But the rules are so written in this camp that a photographed duck is safe—with thanks.

"Here's your chance, Fritz," said I, as two big black ducks were heading up the beds. As they passed, I "quacked," beat my fingers lightly on the gunwale—the Indians' imitation of the duck stretching up its neck and calling, and then beating its wings. Again I called and tapped; they saw the decoys. I felt sure the lad would miss them, so I raised my camera for a picture. A fraction of time before I pressed the action, I heard the sharp report of his gun, and to my astonishment saw the reflected bird on the mirror in my camera start to fall. So I broke my word while it was still fresh on my lips and photographed it, saw it killed, and finally ate it.

Out behind the decoys before the sun rose, when the dim forms of the ducks swimming through the decoys were located only by the ripples; in fogs, when the birds loomed up as big as geese; when the flight of marsh blue-bills was on and they swam in and sunned themselves along the shores, waddling out on to the wild rice straw-strewn edge and oiling and preening their feathers, all unconscious that my machine was concealed in the wire grass ten feet away and that I was carefully examining them from the bank top, a press of the bulb, and a part of the duck-edged shore was mine.

One day, late in the season, the lad and I were lost in the beds during an hour's heavy fog. Many odd things happened. Once we stopped and looked at a flock of blue-bills feeding apparently a hundred yards away. Fritz said in common tones, "I wish they were in range," and up jumped the birds. We paddled over to the lily roots they had been feeding near, and the entire flock had been within twenty yards all the time. Again the fog fooled us later on. We had thrown our decoys out of the rice, and had accepted one chance, killing a couple of black ducks. The lad grasped my arm and hoarsely whispered, "'Two, swimmin' in." I could just make out their heads in the fog. We sat there, cramped, strained and uncomfortable, not daring to make a motion, hardly daring to breathe. For fully ten minutes those dark objects hovered on the edge of the decoys, then a wisp of air parted the fog for an instant and we saw that we had been intently watching the two wads of our charge from the last shot.

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Thus does the fog fool the duck hunter. Many days of rare enjoyment the cameras and guns gave us, days when the air seemed alive with ducks, days when they were as scarce as the proverbial hen's teeth; but we always managed to kill enough to keep the oven busy. Oh, the birds that boy missed! He wants me to add mine to the list, but there is no room. Day after day the migrating hosts arrived; night after night they took up their long journey, and the hours of darkness were filled with the rustling of wild ducks' wings.



BLUE-BILLS SWIMMING OUT OF DECOYS

At last, as a parting souvenir, they gave my hidden camera an excellent picture of a pair of handsome marsh blue-bills swimming along the marshy edge of a lonely island.

A Shore Twilight

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

Lo, here we find when the ripe day is o'er
A kingdom of enchantment by the shore.

Behold the sky with early stars ashine,
A jewelled flagon brimmed with purple wine.

Like a dumb poet's soul the troubled sea
Moans of its joy and sorrow wordlessly.

But the glad winds that utter naught of grief
Make silver speech by headland and by reef.

Saving for such, there is no voice or call
To mar the gracious silence over all—

Silence so tender 'tis a sweet caress.
A most beguiling and dear loneliness:

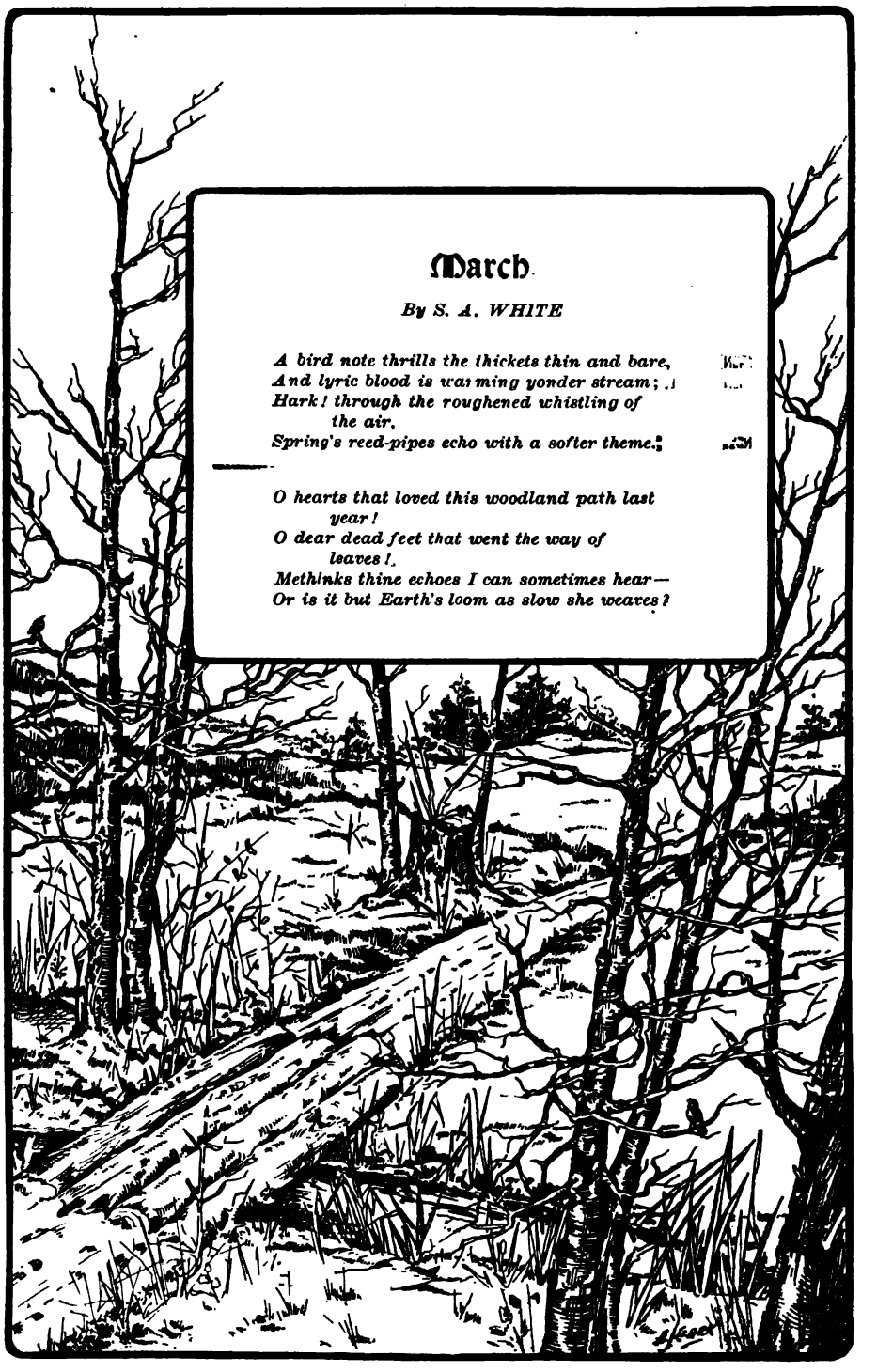
The girdling mountains shut the world without
And hedge long valleys of fair dreams about.

Lo, here we find a beckoning solitude,
A winsome presence to be mutely wooed.

Which, being won, will teach us fabled lore,
The old, old gramarye of the sibyl shore.

Oh, what a poignant rapture thus to be
Lingering at twilight by the ancient sea!

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March.

By S. A. WHITE

A bird note thrills the thickets thin and bare,
And lyric blood is warming yonder stream;
Hark! through the roughened whistling of
the air,
Spring's reed-pipes echo with a softer theme.

O hearts that loved this woodland path last
year!
O dear dead feet that went the way of
leaves!
Methinks thine echoes I can sometimes hear—
Or is it but Earth's loom as slow she weaves?

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The Disillusionment of Dodge

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

SALEM DODGE is a retired farmer now living in Toronto, late from a crossroads community known as Candid Corners. Salem was a member of the church; something of a revivalist; paid every man his due down to the last cent; met his promissory notes the exact day they came in; had not even guile enough to put big potatoes in the top of the bag when he went to market. But he has lately been disillusionised.

Verily there was a limpid rectitude about Salem which was the talk of a township.. You knew it by the way he plowed in a back field; as straight as a sunbeam with not even a passing neighbour to notice it.

On one thing only had Salem any guile. A horse which periodically went blind, he sold between blind spells with never a word as to the blindness. On the eve of a "swap" he had even doped for the heaves and concealed a bad spavin. Salem was quite as much convinced as ever was *David Harum* that he knew no living man who would not do his neighbour on horses, even though he prayed next to him on the Sabbath.

This is cited merely to show that Salem Dodge is not a white-robed innocent whose observations are largely poetic.

Since Salem has come to Toronto he has learned many things. Having little to do but tend furnace in winter, mow the lawn in summer, and listen to his daughter Dorothy practise on the "pyanner," he has a special aptitude for finding out how his neighbours live. His wife calls him a "snoop."

The grocer was the first man Salem "snooped" on. He had seen too many crossroads storekeepers to be euchred easily by this amiable gentleman who had set up a store in that part of the city where Salem had rented his house. Salem did most of the shopping, and as he now had to pay cash for eggs and butter which formerly he gave in barter for overalls and brown sugar, he became rather fastidious in the matter of quality. The first eggs Salem bought from his city grocer, though piously labelled "Strictly new laid," turned out to be stale eggs fit only for cake-making. Of the next dozen he bought, two were cracked, and four were picayune. Upbraiding the grocer about this Salem was told that it was a farmer who supplied the eggs. Farmers were sharpers nowadays.

"Hum—yaas," ventured Hiram, pulling his trowel-like little gray beard. "Seems like it."

He bought a basket of Northern Spy apples, and to save the grocer trouble of delivery lugged them home himself. Salem had never grown quite such splendid Spies as those, and he said so to the wife who for weeks had been complaining of the runts she had got. But when they unpacked the basket, Mrs.

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Dodge called Salem a "punkinhead"; for he had bought seven fine Spies, and the rest of the basket were greenish windfalls, bruised and full of worms.

"Haint fit to make a pie!" snapped Mrs. Dodge.

"By jing, that's so!" assented Salem; and he began to cast up on the new writing pad how many such baskets there were in a barrel, and at forty-five cents a peck what a barrel of grocery Spies was sold for as compared to the price which the farmer had received.

Then he wished he were back at Candid Corners.

Soon after the Dodges came to town some new neighbours moved in next door. The very first time Mrs. Dodge held a broom and dustpan parley on the verandah, she learned that the neighbours had skipped from the house they had formerly occupied and had left no trace of their going, because it was cheaper to hire a moving van than to pay store bills.

This information imparted to Salem quite filled the old gentleman with indignation; so that with much persuasion from his wife and daughter he was hindered from exposing his new neighbours to the corner storekeepers.

Chewing cloves over this revelation and one or two others of like complexion, Salem figured coldly that there was compensation in the thing somewhere; for, whereas he had been tricked by one storekeeper there were other merchants who had themselves been cheated. Moreover, why should he hand out *gratis* information of benefit to a storekeeper who had already hoodwinked him?

A winter in the new house made other exposures to Salem. The plaster over the doors and windows began to crack; the door-jambs were no longer horizontal to his shrewd eye that had squinted out many a geometrical furrow; the doors and windows shrank so that the wind whistled through and the floors began to warp.

"Sairy, this blame house is settlin'," he said abruptly. "By jingo!"

But Mrs. Dodge had worse revelations. The new gas fixtures, for which Salem had paid without scrutiny, were found to have no connection with the supply of gas; the waste-pipe had sprung a leak, and the kitchen tap, repaired a week before by an industrious, silent man possessed of a blowpipe, was now dribbling worse than before.

"Hmh-hmh!" snarled Salem. "'Nother plumbers' combine, I guess. Dang sight wuss'n a labour union."

He remembered that the house which for thirty years he had lived in down at Candid Corners had been built jointly by himself and a neighbour, who was a farmer-carpenter, and in all those years had not begun to show even a symptom of falling away.

"Only hed a block foundation too!" he said dejectedly. "This here rigamajig's got a stun one. I bin lookin' at them stuns too, by jingo! down in the cellar. I c'n pull 'em out with my hand. Judas! Had a hull stun ridge 'v hardheads on the place better'n the best in this foundation."

Spring came on, and Salem took note of some doings at his landlord's across the way. Here was a rambling old house which for years had been neglected. Old Mr. Hood was the owner, whose wife had died years before and left him to the mercy of casual housekeepers. But now the old man had decided to renovate the place and put it in order; so that during a prolonged absence from home he had engaged to superintend the renovation a smooth-spoken, technical gentleman, who had for years been a close counsellor. This gentleman Salem often encountered that spring and summer while the carpenters and painters and masons and plumbers and fixture-fitters were working about the house.

"Sairy," he said to his wife, "that's a pretty slick coon over there bossin' that Hood show. His name's Smiley."

He told how Smiley had taken him into his confidence; even ventilating little secrets about old man Hood. This was pleasing to a man of Salem's humble, bucolic origin; all the more so as Smiley at first seemed to have such faith in his workers—for he saw them only twice a day.

Month after month the dawdlers came on the Hood premises, and week after week Smiley paid them the checks which

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the old man Hood had signed in blank before leaving home. One gang did what another was hired to undo; carpentry went wrong; painting was badly done; rather than disappoint his patron, Smiley would have everything twice done; for as he told Salem—"Pshaw! it isn't the cost Mr. Hood cares about; it's the delivery of the goods. But say, my friend—*entre nous*—you really can't trust your own right hand these days on the clean labour question."

"Dang well right he is too!" declared Salem, with a spit over his lawn mower. "That man knows how c'rupt things is. He's a steel trap. Wish't he'd hed the buildin' o' this here house, I do."

By the end of October the Hood place was something new; the workers went; the last checks were paid, including several and sundry to Mr. Smiley.

But there was an almighty row when the old man Hood returned, for he found that his deputy had spent large moneys on a lot of changes which neither rhyme nor reason could justify; that even the necessary alterations had been skimped; the new roof leaked; the electric light fixtures were wrongly placed; the four coats of paint on the woodwork had quarrelled and blistered off; the furnace had contracted a smoke; and Mr. Smiley had got rake-offs. All this and much more he ventilated to Salem Dodge, his neighbour tenant, who reflected to his wife that evening—"Well, by jingo, Sairy, that slick Smiley was dead right to say you couldn't trust your right hand nowadays to do a clean job o' work. Gosh! can't even tell when y're nussin' a rattlesnake in a town like this."

Salem now pronounced his landlord the only other absolutely upright man on that street; for had not his landlord been buncoed, even as he himself had been?

This conviction lasted until, taking advantage of a slight boom in that part of the city, Mr. Hood raised Salem's rent five dollars a month.

Salem paid the advance without even asking to have the house papered and the foundation jacked up. For as far as he knew Toronto there was no vacant house anywhere with a reasonable rental. He said not a word to Mr. Hood, not caring to make a display. But to Mrs. Dodge and Dorothy now there were times when he fervently thanked heaven that even a reptile like Smiley had risen to bite Mr. Hood.

Salem had now begun to realise that between the simplicity of Candid Corners, where every fellow knew every other fellow's hand and mind, and the complications of Toronto, where even a man's own mind scarcely knew what his hand was up to—there was a great gulf fixed, even in small things.

Prying about among the neighbours he heard many a conversation which revealed to him the decadence of the simple life. Many of these people had recently come from places similar to Candid Corners. They also were learning. Smithers the insurance agent blandly told Salem how he had "fixed" seven railway conductors running out of various towns in Ontario, whereby in five years he had not paid fifty per cent. of his requisite railway fares. Mrs. Smithers also had contracted the fixed habit; insomuch that she often went down town on the trolley without a ticket or a cent, and being a bit lame no conductor had ever been so unkind as to put her off.

Pickall, the builder one block down the street, went to the same church as Salem and furtively bragged how that any plugged coins which he was unable to work off on the street railway he put into the collection plate at church. Scripture the confectioner as an adherent of the church regularly got the catering to the sociables. He managed to dispose of large quantities of slightly sour cream which when frozen and flavoured was quite good enough for a church function; besides, he always tendered low, and as a matter of principle didn't believe in sanctified bun feeds anyway.

In that same church, too, Salem encountered a tailor, a species of craftsman for which he had never any use down at Candid Corners, where he had bought all his Sunday clothes readymade at the general store. But with his daughter now a leading "sopranner" in the choir, and his wife president of a woman's society

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Salem was persuaded that he had need to discard his readymades and to find out what his real measure might be.

The tailor was an usher who, at the church door, often met Salem habitually there early for meditation. Although he did not hand the old gentleman his business card he made it quite plain both by his cut and his conversation that many of the best-dressed gentlemen in that congregation owed their Sabbath appearance to him. So that Salem straightway felt how baggy were his trousers and how crude the crinkles in his Candid Corners coat, even while he marvelled at the ease with which the tailor-wise usher had talked of clothes at the church door. This feeling was augmented when at dinner he heard Dorothy his daughter remark the number of frock coats she had counted in the congregation from her eyrie in the choir loft.

Wherefore it was decided that Salem must buy himself a new tailor-made suit. Being certain moreover that all ordinary tailors were not to be trusted, he betook himself to Markey the usher, where he got his measure, being complimented meanwhile on the rectitude of his spine, the evenness of his shoulders and his generous chest measurement, all very delightful to a man whose measure had never been taken before. The cloth on which—with the tailor's advice—he had decided, was ticketed in some sort of Assyriac characters at thirty-five dollars; but seeing that it was Mr. Dodge, the father of the understudy soprano in the church choir, Mr. Markey would be pleased to make the price an even thirty, with the very best trimmings.

To do Mr. Markey justice, it must be said that the suit admirably fitted the old gentleman, who speedily felt himself to be a new man in the sight of his family and of the congregation. None of them objected to the price. One Sabbath afternoon, however, a young gentleman named Todd strolled in with Dorothy from Sunday School. Mr. Todd wore a nobby new suit which he frankly told Mr. Dodge he had bought for twenty-five "bones" from a down-town tailor; a fashionable tailor who paid a high rent and catered only to the most fastidious customers. Wherefore Salem's soul rose within him; so that soon after the hour of opening on Monday morning he walked highly into the store of Mr. Markey with the intelligence.

"Judas!" he concluded acidly, "I mighta known it—what's a tailor fer but to take a man's mayshur. Oh, I guess I'm easy all right."

"My dear sir," smiled the shrewd Mr. Markey, "the young gentleman of whom you speak is the worst clothes deadbeat in this town. He got a suit and a spring overcoat out of me without paying for either; and I'll guarantee that if you'll go to his last tailor inside of two months you'll find he's another victim."

Too dazed to look at a nice new overcoating held out by Mr. Markey, Salem left the store. By the time he had arrived home he had concluded two things: that a city tailor is a man who soaks Peter to make up for the shortcomings of Paul; and that the young gentleman Todd was too "slick" a character to associate with his daughter Dorothy.

Even Dorothy became a source of bewilderment to Salem. The choirmaster, an ambitious man, had advised her to take singing lessons, as a result of which he might be able to get her a small salary as assistant to the regular soprano soloist. Dorothy was eager.

"Not on your tintype!" sulked Salem. "That choir man wants to soak you f'r a fat fee."

"Goodness, Salem!" exclaimed Mrs. Dodge, aghast at the old man's modern vocabulary.

"No such thing!" declared Dorothy. "Mr. Prout doesn't teach vocal."

With two women pestering him, Salem gave in that it might be a wise thing to give the girl a couple of terms with one Herr Jinglespiel, who had a studio down town. Herr said rosily that the young lady had a voice that would easily become a "coloratura" in the course of time. Terms. Fifty dollars a term—paid in advance.

"Hmh-hmh," cogitated Salem on the way home with Dorothy. "Sounds pretty good t' me. Wonder how much he'll

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soak me to make a choleratoory out 'v you?"

"Paw!" gasped Dorothy. "Why Herr Jinglespiel doesn't care for the money. He's an artist."

"Yeh. Hmh-hmh. Check artist, I guess."

It became at once necessary to buy a piano for Dorothy, who could not dream of practising vocalises with a little reed organ. Salem's house soon became almost as promiscuous as an inn with piano drummers. In his bewilderment Salem referred the case to Herr Jinglespiel, who, after humming and hawing very discreetly, gave it as his opinion that of the three best pianos made in Toronto, the Orpheus was the very best. Salem bought an Orpheus and gave Herr Jinglespiel five dollars for his kindness in helping him out of a dilemma. And Dorothy had not got her first fifty dollars' worth out of the piano before the old gentleman discovered that a neighbour down street had bought an Apollo piano —on recommendation of the same Jinglespiel.

"Yeh," he said disgustedly at dinner, "I've been snoopin' round a leetle, an' I've found out that Jinglespiel gits twenty-five dollars fer ev'ry pyanner that gits sold on his recommend. Maw, pass the pickles. And I've hearn also as how the choirmaster gits ten dollars a term on all pupils he places with that there same pesky vocal teacher."

Dorothy is still taking "vocal"; not from Herr Jinglespiel however. Salem discovered that Herr was a vacuum so far as money was concerned, whatever he might be on ideas. Having spent so much on Dorothy without her having developed into a "coloratura," he felt that it was now his duty to spend more in order some day to get back what he had lost on Jinglespiel. In so doing Salem is finding out that paying "vocal" for one's daughter in Toronto is sometimes a good deal like taking a rise out of Cobalt.

Now, we are grieved to relate, Salem has ceased to moralise over the gulf between Candid Corners and Toronto. He has concluded that city life is too complicated in its ethics for him to ravel out; furthermore he has no desire to pose as a Pharisee; begins to find it easy to laugh at the little dexterities of other people and once in a while takes a hand himself.

And there are times of an evening when his neighbours happen in and dilate upon the deals they have put through—Salem coughs and tells placidly how he used to dope a horse for the heaves, and sell a blind horse between blind spells. And if anybody pooh-poohs him he flares up and settles down again with difficulty.

Thinking

By E. MARGUERITE LAYTON

If I were to think as you think,
And you were to think as I,
I wonder would you think that I think
As well as you would, were you I?
You say that you love me so dearly—
Do you think I think I love you?
While, if I thought that you love as I do,
You'd ne'er for my love have to sue.

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TO say that all the world was shocked at the cold-blooded and cowardly assassination of the King of Portugal and his eldest son is to utter a truism only. Humanity revolts at such crimes, yet the pages of history will apparently never cease to be disfigured with them. King Carlos was a lazy, good-natured monarch, who kept in the rear rather than in the front of the spirit of the times. He has paid a terrible penalty for any sloth or negligence of which he may have been guilty, but it is difficult to see how his subjects can be benefited by the murder of the King and of the King's son. Revolution had been expected and was already stalking abroad in the streets of Lisbon. Changes which would have removed from Portugal the stigma of being one of the most illiterate and unprogressive nations counted as civilised would have been welcomed by the world. The recorded deed simply makes mankind shudder. All Portugal will pay the penalty of chaos and reaction that will follow, though a few madmen alone are the criminals.

* * *

Despite the announcement on the floor of the House of Representatives that Mr. Bryan would certainly be the Democratic candidate at the approaching Presidential election, an announcement made by a Democratic member and cheered generally on the Democratic side of the House, there is a dark horse in the field, as usual, which has been urged well to the front of late and will apparently be a strong rival for the nomination. The dark horse is John A. Johnson, Governor of Minnesota. Mr. Johnson carried Minnesota for the Democrats by a handsome majority in 1904, the same year in which the State declared for Roosevelt by a vote of four to one. Obviously party lines are not rigidly drawn in the Western State, and leading Republicans openly endorsed the candidature of the Democratic nominee for Governor. The State seemed to be as strongly Republican as ever two years later, when another gubernatorial contest came round, and the whole Republican ticket—save only the Governor — was elected by pluralities reaching up to 84,754 for the Attorney-General; Johnson, the Democrat, was elected to the executive by a vote of 168,480 to 96,162 for Cole, the Republican, a candidate who had been selected with the utmost care. Both legislatures with which Governor Johnson has had to do have been strongly Republican, but he succeeded in attracting a majority of the representatives and much strenuous legislation was enacted, having largely to do with the regulation of railways and other corporations.

* * *

Should it be decreed that Johnson shall follow Roosevelt at Washington the situation would represent a sudden reversion to the type of American Presidents from which Roosevelt is perhaps furthest removed. Roosevelt is an American aristocrat, well born,

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well educated, well travelled; author, soldier, statesman, cattle puncher, sportsman, a strenuous and versatile man of the world. Johnson is of humble birth, self-educated, with experiences limited, before he plunged into politics, to clerking successively in a grocery store and a drug store, and editing a newspaper in a small western town. Yet his personal force is undoubted, and his strenuousness nothing short of that of the present President, if one may judge from the vehemence with which his two gubernatorial campaigns were conducted, and by his successful work as Governor for four years. Moreover, the fact that Johnson has succeeded in working so well with a majority politically opposed to him, suggests that the Minnesota Governor has perhaps some advantage of the aggressive President. Though a native of his State, Johnson is of foreign parentage, his father and mother having come from Sweden in the rush of immigration from Scandinavia that is largely settled in the Western States. The father deserted wife and family, and the children were brought up by the mother, John. A. starting work in a grocery store at the age of thirteen. The successful contest against a world of difficulties waged by this western waif who has mounted to the Governor's seat is one that will appeal to the American people with a peculiar force. The portrait of Governor Johnson shows intellectual mobile features, fully suggestive of the firmness, sagacity and capacity that have enabled him to accomplish so much and may yet carry him to the Presidential chair.

* * *

A most surprising feature of the discussion concerning the reported change of hands of the London *Times* has been the enconiums paid that journal by the American press, or at least by many of its best representatives. The *Outlook*, itself the organ of much of the highest thought and culture of



THE THIRD DOUMA

NICHOLAS—"They sing their 'God Save the Czar' in wonderful harmony."

STOLYPINE—"Yes, your Majesty, but if you only knew how much trouble I had in training them." —*Wahre Jacob* (Stuttgart)

the United States, declares of the *Times* "that is has written the history of the British Empire and of the modern world with a breadth of view and a sense of perspective which its keenest critics must concede and admire," and the *Outlook* and the New York *Tribune* agree in admitting that it is the foremost newspaper of the world. Regarding the sale itself it may be frankly said to be a misfortune for journalism. To have the *Times* pass into the hands of Cyril Arthur Pearson, the man described by Mr. Chamberlain as "the greatest hustler I ever know outside of America," is much as if Westminster Abbey should begin printing half-page advertisements of its attractions.

* * *

Mr. Pearson is the youngest of the notable trio of ambitious newspaper iconoclasts, the other members being Sir George Newnes and Lord Northcliffe (formerly one of the Harmsworth Brothers), who had long since

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A GERMAN CONCEPTION
The King as an international juggler

broken with English traditions of journalism, and in doing so had thrown to the winds the dignity, accuracy and wholesomeness which had on the whole been the distinguishing characteristic of the English press. Despite Mr. Pearson's protestations that no change will be made in the character of the paper, the sequel, there can be little doubt, will show the *Times* quickly degraded from the proud position it has so long held. Even without any active or conscious influence on Mr. Pearson's part over the policy or contents of the *Times*, the mere fact that it is under the control of a scheming, "hustling" modern man of business will take all the virtue out of its columns and reduce it to the level of the ordinary everyday newspaper.

* * *

It is impossible to suppose, however, that the purchase of the *Times* is not part of a vast campaign of the Unionist party for tariff reform, of which Mr. Pearson is chief journalistic manager. The *Times* has always been the great national mouthpiece of England, and it may very well be argued that therefore by sounding the mouthpiece you utter the voice of England. But the *Times* has never previously been used in this arbitrary manner, has never been wedded absolutely to one political party. It can hardly retain its old rank under the new conditions, and without the unique prestige of the past it is doubtful if it will greatly strengthen the cause of the Tariff Reformers. It is more than likely that the *Times* had given evidence of its intentions to follow its long-established custom of supporting the constituted authorities, once they are in the saddle with a firm seat, and in the case of the present Government that would mean throwing over the tariff reformers. Some months ago, it will be remembered, the *Times* threw out the suggestion that it would be a fatal mistake to make the Unionist party a tariff reform party only, and this suggestion appears to have been taken as an ominous hint by the tariff reformers that they must choose between having the heavy independent influence of the *Times* thrown in the scale against them at the next election and buying the paper right out, so that its influence might be with them. At any rate this weakening of the *Times* on tariff reform was followed shortly by the announcement of its purchase by the tariff reformers.

* * *

The Campbell-Bannerman Government is threatened with a more serious blow than the loss of a hypothetical support from the *Times*, in the continued illness of the Premier and increasing probability that he will be compelled shortly to retire. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is not in any way a brilliant man. He is probably the least shining among the British premiers since the days of Aberdeen, and the sixty-year interval including the scintillating names of Palmerston, Derby, Disraeli, Glad-

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stone, Salisbury, Rosebery and Balfour. But Campbell-Bannerman is the instrument by which the Liberal party achieved a greater victory than fell to any of those, and since his success he has been valued accordingly. He took up the leadership of the party at a time when Rosebery, Harcourt and Morley each refused its responsibilities, so discordant were the notes sounded in its ranks, so hopeless the prospect of attaining power. He is little of an orator, and cannot be said to excel in tact, for his attitude during the Boer war was wavering and unpopular, while as an administrator he was responsible for deficiencies in the equipment of the War Department that caused the defeat of the Rosebery Government in 1895. But Sir Henry is bland and genial and conciliatory, and above all heartily radical, and was better able than any other man to mass under one banner the warring cohorts of the Liberal party. The great radical wing of the party particularly welcomed his chiefship, the more so that they had chafed bitterly at being led by a peer and from the House of Lords. Since he became Premier, Sir Henry seems to have gained greatly in personal popularity, though he has not developed any great qualities as leader or administrator.

* * *

The only possible successor to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in the leadership of the Commons is Mr. Herbert Asquith. The Premiership may possibly be retained for a while by the present leader from the calmer atmosphere of the Lords, though the arrangement would be distasteful to both chief and followers, but in any event Mr. Asquith must succeed immediately to all but the name of leader and eventually to the name itself. Mr. Asquith is rather more of an Imperialist than Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and originally represented what may be styled the Rosebery school of politics in the Cabinet,



How the world looks on misery
—*Le Rire*

though the distinctions between the various shades of Liberalism included in the Government appear of late to have receded into the background. Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey were the two most indispensable members of the Cabinet at the time it was formed, and Sir Edward Grey, who is a yet more pronounced Imperialist than Mr. Asquith, has been favoured by a section of the party for the succession to the Premiership. Mr. Asquith is a Non-conformist by tradition, being the son of an English Congregational minister. Like Mr. Morley, the third great figure in Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Government, Mr. Asquith was too radical for his countrymen south of the Tweed, and had to find a seat in Scotland, just as Sir William Harcourt, yet another great English Liberal, was driven in the later years of his life to a seat in radical little Wales.

* * *

There promises to be no lack of grave problems demanding urgent attention from the Government as soon as it has been reorganised, and there are to be found in the unrest of India and of Ireland, and in the capture of the English labour congress by the Socialists, portentous omens even of possible impending calamities. A strong Government is needed to cope with these and other vexatious matters, and the strongest government may well come to grief over them. The trouble in India seems

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Happy King Carlos of Portugal, who died under the hand of an assassin

for the moment to offer the darkest prospect of all, fuel having been added to the fire already burning there by the irritating legislation of the Transvaal with regard to the Indians in that colony. Fortunately, at the last moment the legislature of the new colony has relented and consented to accept as proof of identity and safeguard against fraudulent immigration the signature rather than the finger-print of the Indians already in the country—but it is by no means certain that incurable mischief has not been already wrought in India by legislation which appeared to put on a level with the criminal classes all Indians now in the new Boer-British colony.

* * *

This is another aspect of that hydra-headed race and colour question which seems likely to be the dominating political consideration of the twentieth century and which is rapidly approaching a crisis. Canada, South Africa and Australia, the three self-governing colonies, have each been called upon to deal with the question in some form, and to choose between adopting a policy which is purely provincial and a policy which is moulded on Imperial lines. Canada has handled the question with tact and skill and has attained her wishes in the case of China and Japan without sacrificing Imperial interests. The Transvaal, as we have seen, has by rash legislation, gravely complicated an already difficult question, and, at the last moment only, has consented to take less than her pound of flesh in the way of self-governing rights. In Australia decisive action is yet to be taken, and the question is discussed in terms that bodes ill for Imperial interests where they may clash with those of the Commonwealth. "It might as well be plainly and definitely understood in England once for all," says the Sydney *Morning Herald*, "that, at whatever cost, the Commonwealth will determinedly adhere to the white ideal. If the Mother Country's protection were withdrawn Australia might or might not be able to assert herself, but we should make the attempt—there is no possibility of compromise." It is difficult for the empire to speak on these questions with a single voice.

* * *

It is on the Colonial Office that the burden of the problem will fall in the first place, and it is interesting therefore to note in this connection that one of the men mentioned as likely to be promoted in the coming reorganization of the Imperial Cabinet is Mr. Winston Churchill, the Under Secretary for the Colonies. That will take him out of the Colonial Office, for he could not presumably spring at once to the important portfolio of the Colonial Secretary. Lord Elgin, the present Colonial Secretary, has fully justified his reputation for being in no sense a brilliant statesman, but he has proceeded on safe lines, save in the case of his rash interference and quick surrender in the

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case of Natal and the blacks. The final action of the Transvaal legislature, if due to Lord Elgin's efforts, may be set against the Natal failure. Mr. Hamar Greenwood, the Canadian who sits for old York, and who has been parliamentary secretary to Mr. Churchill, may possibly succeed him as Under Secretary. His Canadian experience and his travels in other parts of the Empire may fit him fairly well for the post, yet with Lord Elgin and Mr. Greenwood at the Colonial Office there would seem still to be a vacancy for the man fitted by destiny to cope with world-shaking problems. The suggestion recently that an Imperial conference should be summoned on this subject, at which the whole matter should be carefully sifted and debated, is not to be dismissed without reflection. It need not be a conference of premiers, but should consist of men who can speak with some general authority and with special authority on the question in hand. Each part of the Empire should learn in this all-important matter what are the interests and dangers of all other parts, and since it is impossible that this knowledge can be obtained by the public at large, the task of gaining it should be entrusted definitely to a selected few who will make themselves experts on the subject and qualify themselves to advise and instruct as to the handling of such momentous affairs. Canada is moving rapidly out of the provincial stage. New problems concerning her association with the outer world will come to her from year to year, and she can solve them only by equipping herself with all the appliances of good government.

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The cartoons of the month reproduced in this department give some continental impressions of the dexterity with which King Edward has,



The Crown Prince of Portugal, assassinated recently at Lisbon

in the opinion of the European newspaper gossips, succeeded in treating with the various powers, so that instead of Great Britain being now able to boast of its "splendid isolation," it is the very heart of such a group of alliances, *ententes,* and friendships as the world has never previously seen. How long the beneficent work started by the King may continue it is impossible to forecast, but in the meantime it is certain at least that it makes all for peace and may prove to be the beginning of that era of rest from war for which all the world longs. The other continental cartoon is an ironical view of the struggle between the Czar and his third Duma, less bitter in its humour than the usual reference to the troubles of the unfortunate Russian potentate. The third is a biting comment on the placidity if not actual futility of the vaunted humanitarianism of the age.

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The Women Who Wait.

He went to the war in the morning—
The roll of the drums could be heard,
But he paused at the gate with his mother
For a kiss and a comforting word.
He was full of the dreams and ambitions
That youth is so ready to weave,
And proud of the clank of his sabre
And the chevrons of gold on his sleeve.

He came from the war in the evening—
The meadows were sprinkled with snow,
The drums and the bugles were silent,
And the steps of the soldiers were slow.
He was wrapped in the flag of his country
When they laid him away in the mold,
With the glittering stars of a captain
Replacing the chevrons of gold.

With the heroes who sleep on the hillside
He lies with a flag at his head,
But, blind with the years of her weeping,
His mother yet mourns for her dead.
The soldiers who fall in the battle
May feel but a moment of pain,
But the women who wait in the homesteads
Must dwell with the ghosts of the slain.

—*Minna Irving, in Boston Pilot.*

* * *

Are Canadian Women Extravagant?

THERE is no charge more thoughtlessly made than extravagance, but there is no charge more difficult to prove. The word itself means literally "going beyond," but there is no more indefinite region than that "beyond." In a recent issue of *Collier's*, a well-known New York weekly, a correspondent says:

"It seems to me that one-fourth of the business men I know are driven as by fiends, racing along to keep ahead of the all but infernal demands of amiable American women. Their extravagance is national in scope; it is squandering life, and will end in wreck.

"The fact of the matter is that our entire American notion of the status of woman needs revising. We are doing her a wrong by permitting her

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to cultivate selfishness to the point of brutality.

"She sets the scale of living in this country. And she sets it one notch at least above her husband's purse.

"This is a standard topic for joke-makers, but it is joked about too much. To thousands of men it is a dire reality. I am not a misogynist. I am not voicing a personal grief. Not I! The chief points of light in the gray days that spread before me are memories of ten bright years, with a true comrade, a—well, I will not stop to search out words fine enough for her—the more I saw of some women, the more I thanked God for her! No, it is the troubles of my friends I am voicing, and there are thousands in bondage to American petticoat finance."

The editor of the weekly addressed does not commit himself to an opinion on the subject of feminine extravagance, and in his abstinence he is wise. It is far better to leave women to discuss and decide among themselves as to whether they are driving men to drink and debt by their magnificent demands.

It hardly seems woman's fault that the men of this northern half of the American continent work so strenuously. The American man (the adjective including Canada) loves business for its own sake, and will work hard in his bachelor days when he needs to take no thought for feminine tastes and the cost of gratifying them. The difficulty on this side of the Atlantic seems to be that there is not so much comradeship in matters of household and business expenditure as may be found in Great Britain and France. Women are frequently kept in ignorance of their husband's income and of impending financial disaster, and many of them are blamed for catastrophes of whose approach they could not dream. Of course there are utterly selfish and heartless women who would demand luxurious dress and diamonds though the heavens were falling. But there are comparatively few women who would not respond to the right kind of appeal regarding domestic finance and who would not take an intelligent interest in their husbands' business demands if they were given the opportunity. In truth, the British or French householder pays woman a greater compliment than does the American, for the former assumes that his wife is capable of comprehending his affairs and governing the home expenses accordingly. But the Montrealer or New Yorker is too likely to think that his wife is not equal to the task of understanding the ebb and flow of his financial world, and if a crash comes partially in consequence of her ignorance, they are both to blame. No one thinks that a woman can manage a house and also be acquainted with all the details of her husband's office; but she ought to know of his success or impending failure and have a general knowledge of what is being lost or gained.

Canadian women of fifty years ago were too busy doing their own work, making their own gowns and, in many cases, teaching their own children, to consider the matter of extravagance. But in modern days many of these thoughtful men, who are so anxious that their sisters should always do the right thing, have arisen to ask in troubled accents if Canadian women are not spending too much. Perhaps we are; but it is so very lately that we have had much money to squander that we may be excused for not realising all at once the necessity for a bank account. The cure for the excesses of new freedom is more freedom, and the Canadian woman will soon be wise enough to acknowledge in a practical form the feasibility of economy. Already there is a marked change in the habits of Canadian business women, who at first were too much inclined to spend every dollar as it came. There is too much of the cautious blood of good old Scotland

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in the veins of the Canadian woman for her to throw away recklessly the money which she or her husband has won by honest work.

* * *

The Present Distress.

THE last month has been one of unusual suffering in Canadian cities, especially those of the East. We always look forward to February as the most trying month of the year, but in 1908 it has revealed a degree of poverty and affliction sufficient to startle the community.

The first and imperative duty was to feed these distressed human beings and keep them warm; but after they have had soup, flannels and coal, one naturally wonders why such distress should exist in a country with big, uninhabited spaces where there ought to be room for millions more to have comfortable homes. If the half that is told of Canada's resources be true, then it is utterly ridiculous for men, women and children to be cold and hungry in Montreal, Toronto, or any other Canadian town. But, we are told, these men cannot get work. We pick up a British Columbia paper and are informed that the one need is white workingmen. Then an authority says that these immigrants come at the wrong season and are not supplied with funds to reach the West, where their services may be in demand. It is a pitiful mess and someone has certainly blundered. If steamship agents are lying to innocent foreigners, telling men with families that they have only to come to Canada in the month of January and, however penniless they may be, fabulous positions will be theirs on landing, such mendacious gentlemen should be exposed and punished. The consequence of all this extensive immigration at an unseasonable time is misery for the men and worse than misery for the women and children. Whereupon the citizens of Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto or London are called upon to clothe and feed newcomers who should not have crowded to the cities and who probably wish themselves back in Europe. There is room for all, but not in two or three cities. However, the modern world seems city-mad and would rather starve, freeze or suffocate in a crowded community than go to the God-made country.

* * *

A Brisk Debate.

THERE is nothing more truly joyous than a vigorous controversy as to the relative common-sense of the sexes. Such a diverting quarrel has been going on in the English *Outlook* and the end is not in sight. Dr. Alfred R. Wallace, an eminent scientist whose very initials inspire awe, wrote an article for the January *Fortnightly Review* which took a gloomy view of our mental and moral progress. Indeed, the learned author seemed to be of the opinion that there has been no appreciable advance in the moral nature of man since the earliest days of savagery. This is not cheering information. Just as we are congratulating ourselves on being so far ahead of our grand-parents, who had the bad taste to consider Shakespeare a great writer and who took time to be polite, a rude scientist arises to announce that we are no better than the cave-dwellers.

But Dr. Wallace went further and fared worse. He made remarks concerning woman's characteristics which aroused the wrath of those women who know how to "write to the editor about it," and a lady calling herself *Eve* has addressed a stormy letter to the *Outlook*, condemning the distinguished scientist for his infinite condescension towards women. The same old subject of woman's sense (or absence) of humour is dragged into the columns, and the man critic is sternly asked how he knows anything about "Mr. Meredith's masterly analysis of female character; Thackeray's intim-

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ate knowledge of women," and so on. Why does not someone ask the women about Meredith or Thackeray? Men declare that Charlotte Brontë did not know a cad from a gentleman. Thackeray certainly often failed to distinguish between idiocy and amiability when depicting a heroine. All these and other weaknesses of mere men who have tried to write things are mentioned in passing by the scornful *Eve*, who will have none of Dr. Wallace's philosophy.

We have gone too far in classifying virtues and vices as masculine or feminine. Solomon seemed to have doubts about the existence of a really admirable woman, but Solomon cultivated an acquaintance with ladies of folly who probably laughed in their sleeves at his loads of proverbs. After all, the vanity, the heroism, the madness, the wisdom, the despair and the hope which keep the newspapers going belong to that bewildering common human nature which is the "glory, jest and riddle of the world."

* * *



Madame Le Grand Reed, a distinguished Canadian soprano

One of Our Singers.

AMONG the singers of to-day whom Canadian audiences are glad to hear none is more welcome than Madame Le Grand Reed, whose present home is Toronto. After years of study under foreign masters, Madame Reed made her *début* last year with Victor Herbert's orchestra at Daly's Theatre, New York, afterwards giving a concert in Massey Hall, Toronto. This singer's charming personality no doubt adds to the effect of her voice, concerning which a Canadian critic has said: "Beautiful as is the quality of her voice—a high soprano—which is also broad, warm, true and flexible—it is not this noble gift alone which made her singing delightful. The perfect tone-production, the ease and grace of her phrasing, the full, noble utterance which left a definite impression of forces in reserve, in fact all that intelligent study can do to augment and preserve the natural character of a voice, these were the elements which gave distinction to her *début*."

Jean Graham.

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The Front Window

The Little Company of Eight.

THE formation of the Canadian Art Club, whose first annual exhibition was held recently in Toronto, should mark an epoch in the acquirement of dignity in what might be regarded in its various aspects as distinctly Canadian art. There is in the painting of pictures, as well as in the writing of books, certain variations that must be observed when it comes to the point of defining what is or what is not an absolutely native product of any particular country. Could a book written by a Canadian, descriptive of the natives of Brazil and published in Paris, be classed as Canadian literature? Could a picture of a Dutch landscape, painted by a Canadian in Holland, be described as Canadian art? Could a novel based on Canadian social life and customs, with the scenes all laid in Canada, and written by a Frenchman in New York, be accepted as Canadian literature? Could a picture possessing a similar genesis have legitimate place in a collection of Canadian art? It can be seen at a glance how varied and embarrassing are the questions that would confront the enthusiast who might undertake to make a record of the art or literary productions of any country. But if a precise definition could be given and generally accepted, the task would be comparatively easy. If, for instance, no painting could be classed as Canadian unless the subject were Canadian and the painter a native of Canada, the way would be clear. It is not quite so clear, however, when we have to deal with a scene in France, painted by a man who was not born in Canada, but who has lived in Canada



Mr. Homer Watson, President, The Canadian Art Club

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most of his life and who is in all reason a real Canadian. It is perhaps clearer when we have a Dutch landscape by a born Canadian. But there is not much doubt about paintings of Canadian subjects that are painted by born or naturalised Canadians and set up for Canadians to look at. And if the members of the Canadian Art Club aim at anything, their chief aim seems to be to produce pictures whose classification will leave no room for doubt. They have started out well. It would be untrue to say that all of the paintings exhibited at their first exhibition were of Canadian subjects, but many of them were. Newfoundland subjects are, of course, included as Canadian.

The Canadian Art Club is the result of a growing conviction that no country in the world offers better subjects for painting than Canada and that there are Canadian artists who are just as capable of rising to the opportunities as the artists of any other country. The members were not so sure, however, of the support that they would receive. The people of Holland think that no artists can paint their landscapes with the same deftness and fidelity as their own Dutch painters, and it is to be hoped that the people of Canada will soon have a similar respect for Canadian artists. We are prone to feel that Canadians have but little fondness for the work of native painters, but the lack of interest is perhaps, after all, due to an uncultivated appreciation of art and to the machinations of art dealers. But Canada is not the only country wherein the cry is heard of lack of loyalty to native art, for Mr. Arthur Hoeber, a well-known art critic and painter, writing in *The Forum*, laments the poverty of the esthetic household environment in the United States, and charges that the worst American picture-buyer is the one who "prefers anything to the product of his own countrymen, and,



Mr. Curtis Williamson, Hon.-Secretary, The Canadian Art Club

curiously enough, the more questionable his way of amassing wealth the less is he inclined to patronise art."

A significant feature of this first exhibition of the Canadian Art Club is the fact that there was not among the fifty-four pictures a single one that could fairly be marked bad. The quality all round was creditably high, while a few of the canvases would go in the front rank anywhere. Most of the subjects were picturesque, and it will be a good thing for art in Canada if for future exhibitions picturesqueness be almost rigidly demanded. It is difficult to conceive of anything being really artistic that is not picturesque. As the president of the club, Mr. Homer Watson, puts it, a house, a waggon, a man, or anything else, is not paintable until it becomes weather-beaten and ready to fall to pieces—until it gets back close to that from which it was evolved. It would seem, therefore, that nothing of an elaborate historical nature can be ex-

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The late Frank Herbert Eaton, D.C.L., Superintendent of Education at Victoria, B.C., one of the most eminent of Canadian educationists, who died recently



The late Hon. Arthur Peters, Premier of Prince Edward Island, who for about six years served his Province with great influence and distinction

pected to come from the Canadian Art Club, unless, indeed, history can claim a place in the picturesque aspects or transformations of the country.

This little company of eight painters have an organisation that is distinct from most other organisations formed by painters in Canada: it is a club, and for that very reason the members should be mutually beneficial to one another. Mutual benefit has resulted from the formation of the Graphic Arts Club of Toronto, an organisation whose members are largely interested in commercial art. But the new club must be prepared to cheerfully give and accept either favourable or unfavourable criticism. It seems to be their intention not to confine their exhibitions to the members of the club, but to invite contributions from other Canadian artists whose work they deem worthy. They are fortunate in having as president Mr. Homer Watson, and as honorary secretary Mr. Curtis Williamson, two artists of recognised distinction. So far the membership is composed of these two and W. Edwin Atkinson, Archibald Browne, Franklin Brownell, James Wilson Morris, Edmund Morris and Horatio Walker. That is a distinguished list, and it is to be hoped that they will keep ever before them the high ideals that gave birth to their club, and that by so doing they will be an inspiration to the many other Canadian artists who have undoubted talent and great possibilities.

* * *

Difficulties in the Way of Reform.

There is no such thing as real law reform. It is possible to change the current of a stream, to direct it into other channels, but the substance of it cannot be changed. It is water,

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and water it *will* be. So it is with law. The system or the practice of law may be changed, but the spirit or the genius of it will remain. So that when we speak of law reform we should keep in mind possible reformation within the scope of the practice of law. It is easy to imagine a limitation of the powers of a judge, but no one thinks it possible to get along without judgment. Perhaps it is not so easy to imagine a lawyer who would never yield to the temptation to badger a witness, but nevertheless no one thinks that we could protect society and insure the rights of individuals without examination under oath. While there is undoubtedly great opportunity for reform in the criminal courts and in the legal practices that have to do with punishment for crime, it is to the civil courts that most persons turn whenever the question of law reform is mooted. There seems to be no doubt in the world that our system of appeal is bad. Why a ridiculous minority of judges should finally prevail over the opinion of a majority is not readily understood, and why a trial judge should have the right to give or withhold the privilege of appeal seems, on the other hand, to be equally anomalous. In any event, the balance of power is certainly in favour of the judge, and that is one reason why we should have men of unimpeachable integrity on the bench. But who will reform the system of law? Parliament? Parliament is influenced by the Government. If the Government supports a measure, very good; if not, very bad. But the Government is in turn influenced by the cabinet minister who is the most concerned in any particular branch of legislation. In the case of law it is the Minister of Justice. The Minister of Justice is, in his turn, assailed by those who are directly interested in any proposed legislation affecting his department. If it be a proposed reform in the practice of law, the persons most directly concerned are lawyers. It stands to reason that the law societies will do all in their power to prevent legislation that would be injurious to the legal profession. And unfortunately it happens that most legislation that would benefit lawyers would not similarly benefit those who engage the services of lawyers. Legislators have been prone to rely upon societies and fraternities for the framework of legislation affecting the interests of such bodies. Not until our legislators are sufficiently sympathetic to give ear to the voice crying in the wilderness, and independent enough not to accept as disinterested the counsel of highly-organised bodies, can we hope for those reforms that are needed but that are not actually crying out on all hands. At the same time, it is well for the voice in the wilderness to gain in strength in the hope of diffusing the spell of such societies as are controlled by lawyers, doctors, bankers, etc.



Mr. A. Knechtel, late Forester, the New York State Forest, Fish and Game Commission, a Canadian who has been brought back to Canada to act as Inspector of Forest Reserves

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The WAY of LETTERS

IT is no small accomplishment for a man of eighty years to write a creditable history of his time, or even of part of his time, but such is the accomplishment of Col. Charles Clarke, late Clerk of the Legislature of Ontario, whose volume entitled, "Sixty Years in Upper Canada," has just been published (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, $1.50 net.)

At the beginning of his preface Col. Clarke says: "The story to be related by me, at the request of various friends, is one marked by few uncommon incidents and fewer extraordinary events. It tells somewhat of the social advancement of Upper Canada, and much more of its political progress, and I have endeavored to portray, candidly and faithfully, some of the leading occurrences of the past sixty years in that direction. In that time I have witnessed the new growth of an old Province, now rejuvenated and well on its way to manhood and nationality." And in his closing words he frankly admits that "a mere sketch of the doings of the period which elapsed since Confederation was brought about is all that has been attempted by me, and I gladly make way for better pens to work out a complete story of the events of the last forty years."

To admirers and friends, this volume, too long deferred, will be joyfully received, and it will be read by many others as a non-partisan record of events that came under the author's personal notice. Regret will perhaps be felt that Col. Clarke did not entitle his book "The Mowat Régime," and confine the work to that interesting and important period in the history of Ontario; but had that been done, the chief object, the production of a volume that could possess a personal and especial value to the friends of the author, would have been defeated. Nevertheless, the volume contains some reminiscences of general interest, while as a work of reference for biographical information respecting most of the important figures in the Ontario Legislature during its first forty years the work will have special value. Col. Clarke had exceptional opportunities for studying the members of the Legislature, and he has recorded his impressions in a brief and appreciative way.

Canadian Wild Flowers

The Canadian Rockies are now regarded as a most fertile and attractive field for botanists, particularly for those whose fancy is mostly for alpine flora. A manual, or, more strictly speaking, a guide book, has recently been prepared by Mr. Stewardson Brown, Curator of Herbarium Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, and illustrated with water colour drawings and photographs by

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Mrs. Charles Schäffler (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.) The volume is entitled, "Alpine Flora of the Canadian Rocky Mountains," and deals with the flora accessible by means of the Canadian Pacific Railway between Banff and Glacier. It is observed that the plants found in the Rockies are adapted to the withstanding of severe conditions of drouth or cold, being mostly low and tufted, with small surfaces of leaf exposure, either thick or leathery, or in many instances with an ample covering of protecting hairs; while those of the Selkirks, owing to more humid atmospheric conditions, are essentially moisture-loving forms, with a luxuriant growth of stems and leaves. It seems that only where the atmospheric conditions are the same in the two regions that the same or similar forms exist. By a contrast with the plants of the European Alps, it is shown that while most of the species are vastly different, there is close resemblance in the families that are represented in both countries. While the Canadian Rockies can boast of no such array of primroses and gentians as the European Alps can, they have, on the other hand, an incomparable showing of, for instance, the Indian paint brush. The volume contains thirty-one water colours and ninety-eight other illustrations.

Local Government

The importance that many municipalities in Canada have attained, and that others are attaining, renders the study of municipal or local government particularly interesting, and it is safe to say that nowhere has the subject been treated in a comprehensive way. A creditable discussion of many of its most interesting aspects has nevertheless been brought about by the editor (Mr. S. Morley Wickett) of the University of Toronto Studies: History and Economics, in volumes I. and II. Volume II. appeared recently, and, like the first volume, should prove to be of unusual interest to students of the division and distribution of powers. The papers contributed to it are as follows: "Evolution of Law and Government in the Yukon Territory," by J. N. Elliott Brown; "Local Government in British Columbia," by S. Morley Wickett; "Local Government in the Maritime Provinces," by Walter C. Murray; "Local Government in Newfoundland," by D. W. Prowse; "Some Notes on the Charters of Montreal and Related Statutes," by Hon. R. Stanley Weir; "The Civic Administration of Montreal," by Hon. Paul G. Martineau; "City Government in Ottawa," by Fred Cook; "Present Conditions," by S. Morley Wickett.

Travel in South America

A second edition of "Through Five Republics on Horseback," by G. Whitfield Ray, missionary and explorer, has been issued (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, $1.25 net.) This is a most absorbing book of travel, and at the same time it pretends to be more than a mere descriptive work. It deals with social, and particularly religious, conditions in South America, subjecting the Roman Catholic Church to a very severe arraignment for what the author characterises as demoralising practices. One of the first things he charges it with is the tolerance of a system of lotteries, from which the Church reaps bounteously. That is a charge that might be laid against the Roman Catholic Church in countries where it is subjected to what are oftentimes regarded as the counter-balancing influences of Protestantism, and, indeed, the same charge might be laid, and frequently is laid, against some of the Protestant denominations. Opinions differ as to whether it is wrong for a church to derive benefit from a lottery or right for another church to raise funds by means of an auction sale at which the buyers have no foreknowledge of what

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Dr. Albert Shaw, author of "The Outlook for the Average Man"

they are buying. If it is wrong to do these things, Protestantism and Roman Catholicism are alike indictable. There may be a difference between an auction sale conducted in public by a branch of a denomination and a lottery conducted by the public for the benefit of a church, but the two things seem to have an affinity in spirit and object. However, the arraignment of the Roman Catholic Church is only a small part of Mr. Ray's extremely interesting volume.

England and Germany

During and following what some observers were pleased to call the "crisis" between England and Germany last April, and in view of the interesting attitude of the King and Kaiser towards each other, Mr. Austin Harrison wrote for *The Observer* a series of articles which have been republished under the general title of "England and Germany" (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, 90 cents.) Mr. Harrison takes the stand that, notwithstanding every indication to the contrary, there was a real crisis, and that at his time of writing it had not altogether passed away. Instead of animosity towards England, as a result of the South African war, having passed away with time, he had found that it had actually grown in volume and intensity. He provides suggestive opinion on the German appreciation of King Edward, and whether his observations are reliable or not, they are at least interesting.

The Average Man's Outlook

A most interesting and suggestive series of lectures delivered by Dr. Albert Shaw to young men in several universities in the United States have been published in book form under the general title of "The Outlook for the Average Man" (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, $1.25.) Each lecture is distinct in itself, but each one has some relation to the main theme—the relation of individuals to the social, economic and political conditions of the present time. The first lecture gives title to the book. Dr. Shaw upsets many popular opinions; for instance, he insists that nowadays character and efficiency, rather than wealth, stand as man's best and safest asset, and that there has never been a time when the outlook was better for "the sane and wise dominance of the best average intelligence." He also says that wealth is not the degenerating thing that it is popularly supposed to be, but men in modern times have been far more likely to decay under conditions of wealth. He sees much good and beneficence in capitalised wealth, and has no fears about distribution, because "no railroad can grow rich unless it serves a rich and prosperous country," while no industrial trust can create multimillionaires "except under conditions which permit the division of an incalculably greater quantity of wealth among millions of people."

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A Mystery Story

Easy and agreeable reading may be found in George Burr McCutcheon's new book, "The Daughter of Anderson Crow" (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, $1.25), in which the author pleasingly handles phases of human nature in his characterisation of certain persons. He also has fiction throughout the narrative, which is not without more than one peculiar and improbable climax. Anderson Crow is the story's most striking individual, and is apt to make many see in him something akin to the town constable in the play " 'Way Down East." He is a quaint, good-hearted, simple-minded man, deeply absorbed in detective work, with opportunity to excel, but who always forms a valuable clew out of a single idea or suspicion, and then imagines the culprit "just as good as caught." Thus he is the direct cause of many serious, yet humorous, blunders.

Mystery surrounds the life of the heroine, known as Rosalie Gray. She lives with the Crow family, which is responsible for much dramatic incident, and which is used to keep the reader curiously interested till the mystery regarding the girl's birth is cleared.

A Restaurant Heroine

"Sadie," by Karl Edwin Harriman, is, as the title would suggest, a story which is nearly all heroine (Toronto: Henry Frowde. Cloth, $1.25.) Sadie is a restaurant girl of the familiar type, extravagant as to pompadour and slangy as to speech, but possessed of that good heart which is supposed to cover a multitude of small transgressions. Sadie goes out to a dreary desert station to act as general manager of what is politely called the "lunch counter." Many and sensational adventures there befall the fair dispenser of dinners and destinies; but through them all Sadie proves herself to be a staunch friend to the unfortunate and such a good comrade as it is cheering to meet in the waste of modern fiction. Of course Sadie marries, for such a combination of beauty and *esprit* would not be allowed to waste its sweetness on the desert lunch counter. But, what is more important, Sadie becomes the bride of the right man, although it looks at one time as if she were going to wed a picturesque young man from the East, who would be highly "incompatible." This is not hammock weather, but "Sadie" is a novel which would nicely fill in a lazy August afternoon and leave one with a good appetite for a non-restaurant meal.



Champlain's Monument at Quebec, from "Quebec: the City of Champlain" by Emily P. Weaver

Introducing English Writers

Among the many English writers which Cassell and Company, who now have a Canadian branch established at Toronto, are introducing to those

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who on this side of the Atlantic admire the Old Country type of novelist, is Mr. Alfred Gibson, whose novel, "David Strong," is receiving attention. This novel is the tale of a youth, *David Strong*, who does not wish, like most boys, to become a soldier or a sailor, but who rather aims at being a leader of men—a modern leader. *David* possesses a strong character and much determination, and throughout the narration of the accomplishment of his ambition there runs a pretty romance. Some sport is introduced to enliven the pages, and there is an account of a first-rate football match between England and Scotland.

A Concise History of Quebec

Miss Emily P. Weaver, whose name is familiar to students of Canadian history, has written a brief, concise history of Quebec that will serve an excellent purpose in providing for tourists and visitors to the Ancient Capital an opportunity to observe with intelligence the many historical landmarks to be seen there, and to absorb with sensitiveness the charming atmosphere that still hovers over the place that has been made famous by Champlain and the great men who have followed him. The title of the book is "Old Quebec: The City of Champlain" (Toronto: William Briggs.) The pen and ink drawings used as illustrations are by Miss Anne E. Weaver, sister of the author.



Illustration from "Quebec: the City of Champlain"

Notes

—With a view of stimulating an interest in song birds, Mr. Richard Kearton, F.Z.S., author of "Wild Nature's Ways," "The Adventures of Cock Robin and His Mate," has written a book entitled, "Nature's Carol Singers" (Toronto: Cassel and Company. Cloth, $1.50 net.) The volume deals in a concise and popular manner with the appearance, haunts, habits, nests, eggs, songs and call notes of the winged melodists that breed in various parts of the British Isles. An attempt has been made by the author to describe these songsters in such a way that the reader may be able to identify them in wood or field.

—"Just One Blue Bonnet" is the somewhat curious title of a little volume that contains the life-story of Ada Florence Kinton, as told by her sister, Sara A. Randleson. (Toronto: William Briggs.) The book is full of human interest, telling in a simple, attractive style the characteristics of one whose life was devoted to Christian service.

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THE LAST BEST.

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Easter Dawn

By

JEAN BLEWETT

Awake, O earth! the rose of dawn
Flames softly over Olivet,
The night of pain and death has gone,
The air is full of fragrance drawn
From blossoms of the thorn, dew-wet.
Awake, O earth! awake and greet
The day and all it brings to thee—
Love's crowning triumph, full, complete;
Awake and sing with rapture sweet
Thy song of Immortality!
Awake, O earth! the rose of dawn
Flames softly over Olivet.

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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXX TORONTO, APRIL, 1908 No. 6

Reform of the Senate

By GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L.

CONFEDERATION was not so much a deliberate measure of constructive statesmanship as a door of escape for two sets of party politicians from the dead-lock in which their struggle for place had ended. Government had been reduced to a majority of two. Only in the two Provinces which were the scene of that party conflict can Confederation be said to have been clearly desired at the time. Outside them there was a good deal of opposition. Nor does the debate on Confederation impress us as a conference of statesmen. British institutions were copied without much reflection by men more versed in party management than in history or political science, and probably little conscious of the difference in the social conditions of the two countries, or of the effect which social conditions have on the working of political institutions. On the social influence of courts they had probably not much reflected, when as an equivalent for the court of Great Britain they gave us half a dozen, with more to come. The constitution was never submitted to the people. As an excuse for the omission was pleaded the Parliamentary election which followed. This, it was pretended, was an equivalent for the submission of the constitution, which, of course, involving as it did miscellaneous questions, it could not be. We may therefore hold ourselves free to deal with the work of the fathers of Confederation.

The Upper House of the British Parliament, with its hereditary peerage, could have no counterpart here. It was a legacy of the middle ages, though rather in form than in substance; for in the middle ages the seat was attached not to the pedigree but to the fief, and the handful of Bishops now sitting in the House of Lords represent a number of mediaeval Prelates and mitred Abbots who sat with the lay Lords as representatives of ecclesiastical fiefs and far more nearly balanced the lay Lords in numbers. Nor did the legislative history of the House of Lords present to the architects of constitutions a happy model. It has been as that of an hereditary order might be expected to be, a continuous series of resistance to reforms, even the most necessary and beneficial. Its obstinacy in opposing Parliamentary reform and struggling

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to maintain the rotten borough system brought the nation to the verge of revolution.

That a second Chamber is needed as an organ of legislative second thought and revision will hardly be denied. We have a thrilling proof of this in the case of Gladstone's Irish Home Rule Bill. As leader of the Liberal party and head of the Government, Gladstone had been decidedly opposed to the Home Rulers and had thrown their leaders into prison. But his political position became precarious. The Conservative leaders had begun with the usual unscrupulousness of party to coquette with Home Rule. Suddenly Gladstone turned round, declared for Home Rule, joined hands with Parnell, and brought in a measure which, however cloaked, would practically have dismembered the United Kingdom, and was supported almost avowedly for that purpose by Irishmen breathing the most intense hatred of England. The Bill was thrown out by the House of Lords, which on that occasion had no patrician bias to pervert its judgment, and the integrity of the United Kingdom was thus saved. The conduct of the Lords was emphatically ratified by national opinion, to which Gladstone succumbed, and relief was evidently felt by some, probably by most, of those British members who had given a party vote for the Bill. Mr. Gladstone's state of mind at that time was described by one of the most eminent of his political associates as moral insanity. But had his Home Rule Bill passed, as without a second Chamber it would, it would have passed irrevocably and only by a convulsion of some kind could the integrity of the United Kingdom have been retrieved. The Separatists in Ireland would probably have stretched out their hands for help to the enemies of England abroad. In this case the Second Chamber saved England from mortal peril. The thought of abolishing the House of reconsideration and revision ought surely to be laid aside.

It may almost be said that if the framers of our constitution had wished to adapt it to the real conditions of the case, at the same time following an English precedent, they had better on some points have looked to the Protectorate than to the Monarchy. It is not impossible that England herself may some day turn her eyes in that direction.

Legislative revision, however, is not the only function of the British House of Lords, nor is aptitude for it the only title to the appointments. Personal distinction and influence are also qualifications for its membership. Of this Lord Kelvin, Lord Rogers, and Lord Hobhouse were instances, Lords Rogers and Hobhouse having been distinguished in the public service.. Instances at present are Lord Wolseley and Lord Roberts; so are Lord Mountstephen and Lord Strathcona. An instance in a line wholly non-political was Lord Tennyson. Canada, of course, has not the material for anything of this kind, nor is it certain that she would use it if she had. With us the nominations all go by party.

The House of Commons is supposed to represent "the people," whose will is taken to be supreme wisdom as well as supreme power. Suppose it did represent the people and not the caucus, has the people never need for an hour of cool reconsideration? How many of us are qualified for the settlement of great questions of state? What proportion of the voters under universal suffrage understand the arguments or know the facts of the case? We endow "the people" with personality and mental combination, whereas it is the aggregate of an infinite number of separate grains of humanity blown often by the same wind but hardly capable of common thought.

That the Canadian Senate will bear improvement seems to be generally admitted. It used to be loudly pro-

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claimed by the party now in power, which, since it has come into power, appears to have shown practically that its former allegations were not unfounded. The invidious task of framing the indictment no longer needs to be performed. That the Senate is not what it might be, even under existing conditions, is pretty well admitted on all sides.

What shape is the reform to take? Nomination by the Governor-General must always be, as it is, like the exercise of his Excellency's other nominal prerogatives, a formality, or rather worse, a slight screen for the abuse of patronage by the Minister. The question practically seems to be, by whom shall the Senators be elected? How can a basis sufficiently broad to satisfy popular demand be combined with a character sufficiently select to guard against the scramble of party? The Provincial Legislature naturally presents itself for the purpose. The State Legislatures over the way seem to have done their allotted duties pretty well till they fell under the domination of commercial magnates, then corruption began. To some danger of that kind we should no doubt be exposed in giving any new power to our Provincial Legislatures. Still, if the election of Senators were vested in the Provincial Legislatures there would be at least public criticism of the candidates. The net result would probably be an improvement on the system of nomination by a Minister who securely treats the patronage as mere party spoil.

If the election of our Senators were given to the Provincial Legislatures it would surely be an improvement on the present system. The appointments could not be made in the dark. A man of whom his Province was proud would sometimes have a chance. The election should be tenable for life or up to a certain age. The voting should perhaps be by ballot, which though it does not commonly produce much effect may sometimes baffle intrigue and sometimes shield an honest vote. Account must certainly be taken of population; there would otherwise be weakness from the outset.

Election by the House of Commons would be simply a return, perhaps with an increase of jobbery, to nomination by the head of the party in power through his majority in the Lower House.

Reduction of the number of the Senate would be a small gain of money, but surely it would be a loss of authority.

If the evil is in our political character, no change in institutions will set us right; still something may be done by a judicious reform of the Senate.



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A Vision of Old Spain

By H. S. SCOTT-HARDEN

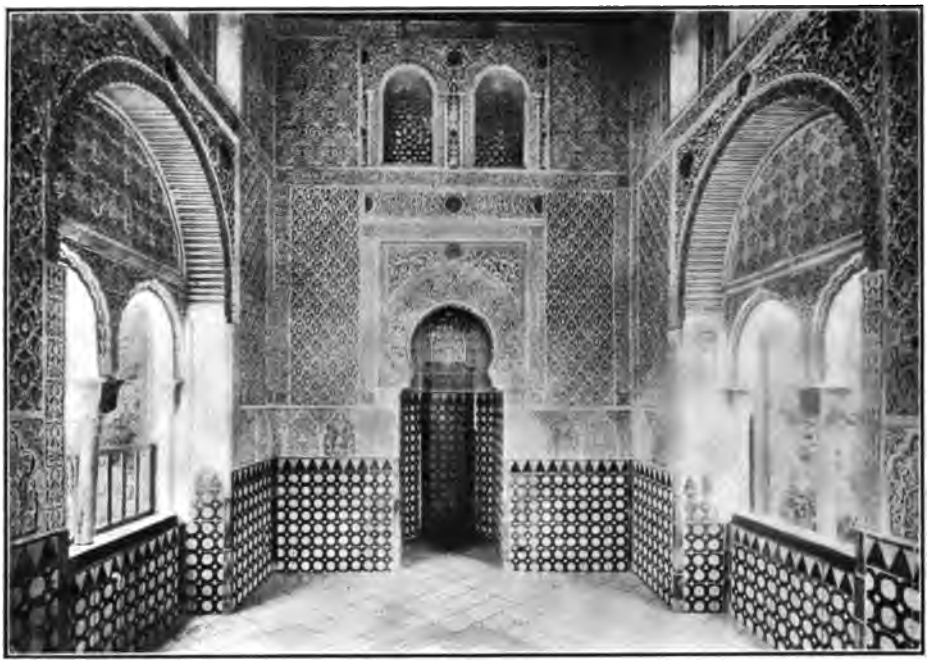
Dealing particularly with the Alhambra and its surroundings, where romance and chivalry long held sway

THERE are three places in the world that one should certainly see by moonlight—the Taj Mahal, Melrose Abbey, and the Alhambra in Spain—each one so different yet so wonderfully impressive. The great Moslem pile of the Alhambra in the midst of a Christian land was built by Mahomet Abu. It is the ancient fortress of the Moorish kings of Grenada, an Oriental palace, and an elegant memento of the brave, intelligent and graceful people who came and conquered and have passed away. The Moors regarded the Alhambra as a miracle of art, and many now consider it one of the wonders of the world—for fairy tracery and fragile fretwork have survived the wear and tear of time and shocks of earthquake, and save for the fire a few years ago many parts are just as beautiful and perfect as they were when Ferdinand and Queen Isabella



THE GLORY OF GRENADA—THE ALHAMBRA AND THE SIERRA NEVADA

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A CORNER OF THE ALHAMBRA, SHOWING THE ELABORATENESS OF THE DECORATIONS

prayed within the walls, and Columbus, before he discovered the new world, was a quiet and unobserved beholder.

What legends and traditions, songs and romances of love and war are wrapped up here! One enters a great porch formed by an immense Arabian horse-shoe-shaped arch which springs to half the height of the tower. On the keystone of the arch is engraven a huge hand; within the vestibule on the keystone of the portal is sculptured, in like manner, a gigantic key. Those who understand Mohammedan symbols affirm that the hand is the emblem of doctrine, and the key of faith. The latter was emblazoned on the standard of the Moslems when they subdued Andalusia in opposition to the Christian emblem of the Cross. When you enter you seem to be carried back into other times and are treading the scenes of some Arabian story. Through the Moorish arches you see the shadows from the moon on the pavements, and the outlines of the fragile fretwork on the twelve lions which hold up the alabaster basin, waiting as it were for the silver stream of water to flow from the fountain above.

In the daytime the rich, gilded ornamentations and the colours of the Moorish tiles and the roofs of the halls outvie one another in picturesqueness, and from the open window above, one pauses to think what scenes were beheld by the dark-eyed beauties of the harem who used to sit and gaze unseen upon the entertainments below.

This is indeed an enchanted palace of an Arabian tale. And standing on the roof of some hall one sees below the old Moorish capital, with the snowy summits of the Sierra Nevada shining like silver in the distance. From the summit of one of the hills the unfortunate Boabdil cast back his last look upon Grenada and gave vent to the agony of his soul, "The Last Sight of the Moor."

The Sierra Nevada is the glory of Grenada, and dominates the whole extent of Andalusia, sending down the cool breezes across the Vega to the Alameda—the great avenue of trees where the Spaniards sit and watch the passers-by in the

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evenings and listen to the guitar. But to return to the Alhambra: From the heights above the palace one sees the city of Santa Fe, built by the Catholic sovereign during the siege. It was there that Columbus was called back, and within those walls the treaty was concluded that led to the discovery of the Western World.

Before descending to the courtyard you look once more from a terraced roof on the tower of Cornares. The winding river is hidden here and there by some Gothic dome or row of houses, or perchance in summer by the orange groves and olive trees—and the suburb where the convent lies filling the narrow gorge of the valley with its gray walls.

As one wanders through the gateway down the steep hill to the town one passes the little fountain and well which used to be a sort of meeting place for all the lovers in Granada. It is noted for the pureness and coolness of the water, and for the legends. To-day, there, a Spaniard stops the passers-by and offers for sale pictures of the palace and pretty castanets and fans. The Alhambra has recently been renovated and some of the walls recoloured and the roof regilded, while large iron bars hold together the Moorish pillars and strengthen the decaying walls. Not far from Grenada is the Duke of Wellington's Spanish home at Torré Molinos. The house is quite new, but the vineyards are old and bring forth quantities of grapes which help to keep the estate of the Duke of Cuidad Rodrigo in good order.

From the hills round the house you can just see the gray towers of the Alhambra and the views of the mountains beyond; and while you wander under the olive trees some good-natured Spaniard will relate the tales of the Moslem monuments at Cordova and Seville, and of Ferdinand and Isabella and their courts where they took possession of the Alhambra. The present Duke of Wellington often visits his Spanish home, and invites his friends to shoot partridges in the fields. A few years ago I spent several pleasant days there as a guest of Colonel Mostyn, who manages the estate, and we had excellent sport on the hillsides under the olive trees.



THE HALL OF JUSTICE, ALHAMBRA, SHOWING THE "COURT OF LIONS," SURROUNDED BY COLONNADES

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The Narrative of Col. Fanning

Edited by A. W. SAVARY

[Last Installment

ON the 10th of March I had some business to St. Augustine, the inhabitants of Musqueto asked the favour of me to hand a petition to his Excellency the Governor, and knowing the situation of the petitioners I spoke in their behalf; asked his Excellency what answer he sent to the people, he said he should send for none of them, and if they were a mind to remove, they must get to the shipping as they could, for he said he had no vessels at that time in Government's services.

"To his Excellency Patrick Tonyn, Esq., Capt. General, Governor and Commander and Chief in and over his Majesty's province of East Florida and vice-admiral of the same: whereas your humble petitioners showeth that they are rendered very poor and unable to remove ourselves to be in readiness to receive the opportunity offered for our removement from his Majesty's province of this East Florida which is to be evacuated; here is several poor widows as well as poor men of his Majesty's loyal subjects; we pray his Excellency would send a schooner to remove us to the vessels provided for our passage when his Excellency sees that this province will be given up; we would wish to tarry here where we have good warm houses till his Excellency sees the time draws nigh; however, we would wish to refer it to his Excellency's opinion upon the matter, and in granting of your petitioners' humble petition, your humble petitioners ever will be in duty bound to pray.

At the Musqueto, this 26th of January, 1784.

THOMAS YOUNG, Capt. S. C. Mil.
Abraham Floyd, Joseph Currie, Magee Black, Agnes Wilson, Moses Barnes, Jacob Barns, Joseph Rogers."

I left St. Augustine the 13th of said month and returned to the Musqueto and made the following speech to the inhabitants:

My good and worthy friends: I am now going to make some remarks as to your disagreeable situation. The distresses to which the unfortunate loyalists in America are now reduced are too poignant not to command the pity and commiseration of every friend to human nature. The man that is steeled against such a forcible impression is a monster that should be drove from the circle of cultivated society. In most situations, when calamities and misfortunes press upon their minds, hope buoys us up and keeps us from sinking into the ocean of despondency and despair, but the unfortunate loyalists have no hopes to cheer up their spirits; even this last refuge of the afflicted is denied us of enjoying peace and happiness which our forefathers and ourselves were born under. During a seven years' war we have been induced to brave every danger and difficulty in support of the Government under which we were born, in hopes that we and our children would reap the fruits of our labour in peace and serenity. Instead of that reasonable expectation, we find ourselves at the conclusion of a war sacrificed to the indignation of their enemies, expelled their native country, and thrown on the wide world friendless and unsupported. It is needless to repeat the many promises of support and protection held out to the public by the King and those acting under his authority. These promises have been violated in every instance, and that national faith which we had been accustomed to look upon as sacred, basely bartered for an inglorious peace, even to this province for which the loyalists from

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the other colonies have fled to for shelter are denied us. The Spaniards are in a short time to take possession of this province, and whilst we are together we had better draw up a decent petition to have protection, and throw ourselves on their mercy. If they deny us we will have few to condemn us, which cruel and relenting necessity may compel them to adopt. Innumerable are the difficulties at present to encounter. Stripped of our property, drove from our homes, excluded from the company and care of their dearest connections, robbed of the blessing of a free and mild government, betrayed and deserted by our friends, what is it can repay them for their misery, dragging out a wretched life of obscurity and want? Heaven only that smooths the rugged paths of life can reconcile us to our misfortunes. Also, my hopes of ever receiving anything from Government for losses or services are vanished, as I cannot support any other opinion than whenever Great Britain sees it her interest to withdraw her force and protection from us, let us go where we will, we never can say we are safe from difficulties as we have been induced to brave since the commencement of the late war, and for the same reason I shall in a few days get out in open boats to West Florida to settle myself at or near Fort Notches on the Mississippi River.

On the 20th of March myself and seven other families set out, all in open boats. We kept company for 160 miles. I then left them and went forward to get to better hunting ground, and proceeded until I got to the Scibirsken, where I waited for the rest of my company twelve days; but not seeing them come, I concluded they had passed me, and must have proceeded on their journey. I hoisted sail and stood on until I came to Key West, and seeing a large schooner I stood for her. She hove to, and when I came alongside she informed me that I was then on the edge of the Gulf of Mexico, and then I turned and stood for that key. I got to the key at three o'clock, and the wind blew a gale for fifteen days, and whilst on board the before-mentioned schooner, who belonged to the Spaniards. They had some Creek Indians on board, and then bound to Havana; the Spaniards I could not understand, but they understood the Creek language and my speaking to the Indians and informing of the Indians that I was going to Mississippi, he told me that my boat was too small, and it would be impossible for me to make the main land, as it was three days' sail before I could make land. The Spaniards understood all my discourse, and upon finding where I was bound, they spoke to me in Indian and told me that there were six or seven families of the English had left St. Augustine some time before, and that they were all killed except the negroes, and they thought we would stand a poor chance to escape them, as I should be obliged to keep the shore. In an hour after I made the key there came another Spanish schooner to anchor that I had passed the day before. They could not speak any English, but finding that the others could speak Creek, I also spoke to them in the same language, which they understood very well, and informed me as the other schooner had done. They were windbound for fifteen days, and treated me with every civility. I had one white lad of eighteen years of age, and by the different accounts we had of the Spaniards he got scared. I told him not to lose his life on my account. He then went on board of the schooner, and on the night she wind abated, the Spaniards came on shore and took the most of myself and wife's wearing apparel and bedding.

They informed me before their departure that they looked upon it that we could not proceed with our small open boats, the distance of the bay where we had to cross being about 36 leagues to a key called Sandy Key, which is nine leagues from the main land, which in case of our not hitting that key the distance would be about 100 leagues before we should make land again. Upon which I turned and went back about twelve leagues to Key Bockes, and steered due north till we made the key, being about eight hours out of sight of land. When we made the key, being 19th of said month, I got to said land the 20th. I saw a small schooner standing for the land about four leagues distance from us, and cast anchor where the aforementioned Spaniards informed us that the Indians were very bad in killing the English people that crossed the Bay of Tompay, as the man that started

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with me being much alarmed at the behaviour of the Indians, set off back again with the Spaniards to the Havana. I then with my little family, consisting of my wife, self and two little negroes, I perceiving it might be dangerous for me to proceed, went on board the little schooner that lay at anchor about four leagues from me. I immediately took my boats and went on board of him, enquiring of one Baptist, who commanded her. I found he was an Italian; asked him where he was from, he informed me from New Providence. I then applied to him to get a passage with him. He told me he could not tell me at that time whether he could carry all my property or not, desired me to pay my boats off that night. The next morning he told me he could not give me a passage for less than 200 dollars. The next day he fell to 150 dollars. Then the wind blowing very fresh, I went on board my boat, and hoisted sail and went off for the land again. In the course of two or three hours he came round a point with a schooner to the land in order to mend some turtle nets which were much broken. He, during the time of his laying there, gave us liberty to come and sleep on board, and on the 23rd of the month I asked him if he would not take less than 150 dollars to carry me to Providence, as I told him I could not afford to give him so much, as it was more than I was able to give him, as I was entirely robbed of what little I had. He said he would not take less. The next morning I set off in my boat and sent my girl along shore to catch some fowls I had on shore, where I was to come back again to the place as soon as I got the distance of about three miles round a point. When I got to the point I left my boat ashore, and went back in order to meet the girl where I expected to see her. I got about half the distance, but did not meet her, and coming there and not finding her I went some little distance back to where the schooner lay. As I expected, they were going to use me in the same manner the Spaniards had done before, when I saw them take my negro girl and carry her on board with them. I then set down for the space of a half hour, and considering within myself what I had best do, and seeing the said Baptist, commander of the said schooner, and his man Thomas coming ashore again, after carrying my negro girl off into the woods and hid her. I then saw them coming out of the woods. Thinking within myself that they intended to kill me, with which I looked and examined my gun and powder; finding I had only one charge with me or nigher than my boats, and considering the present distressed situation I was in, obliged me to consider what was my best measure to pursue, and I immediately advanced towards them, they parting, one turned back to where the girl was, the other coming on a small distance, went from the beach and turned off into the woods. I immediately ran and called to him and asked him concerning what he had done with the girl, with which he denied having seen her. I then told him he need not deny it, for I had seen him with her, and offered him four dollars if he would inform me where she was, so that I could get her. He immediately said that Mr. Baptist had the command of the schooner, and that I had better go back and speak to him myself. I also went back to where their boat lay, and continued there for the space of fifteen minutes, then I turned and walked back from the place I started from. During the course of my walking I looked behind and saw the said Baptist about 150 yards in my rear, his gun lying across his left arm. I turned around and advanced to him, and when near him I observed his gun cocked. I asked him at first what he had his gun cocked for; his answer was in order to fire at anything that came. With that I told him that he had better uncock his gun as I did not see anything to fire at there. I told him several times; he replied he always carried his gun cocked, and kept her cocked for the space of fifteen minutes. I asked if he had not seen my girl come that way. He told me no. I then told him that he need not deny it, for I had seen her on board his boat, he being in the boat at the same time, carrying her off to the schooner, not mentioning to him that I saw him bring her back. I then told him I could carry him back and show him the girl's tracks

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where he had carried her along and took her on board. I then offered him four dollars to give her up, as I told him my present situations would not admit of my giving him as much money as he asked to carry me to Providence. He told me I talked like a boy, as no person would carry me to Providence under five hundred dollars, and he only asked one hundred and fifty, and also alluded to my going off and not speaking to him any more, and that if he had my girl he would keep her as he had lost a boy that cost him eight hundred dollars, and that he must make something before he returned to Providence. I asked him if he would carry me for either the boy or girl, allowing me fifty dollars. He told me no. I told him that it was but little less than the half I was worth; he told me he would carry me for one of them, or fifty dollars. In my distressed situation, and my wife being pregnant, I thought I had best endeavour to get a passage with him. I told him that I would sooner than to lose my negro girl give him one hundred and fifty dollars than either the girl or the boy, as I was convinced I should have justice done me on my arrival at New Providence, as I should see some persons who were acquainted with me in Providence; he told me he would. I then told him I wanted him to drop his schooner down to where my boats were in order to get my property out of the boats. He told me he could not as he was going round the Key to turtle. I then going back, I met with the other man and wanted to hire him. He told me he could not unless I had got liberty from Baptist. With that I went myself, and came to my boats and told my wife the situation of matters, and we immediately started with only my boy's assistance and rowed back against the wind blowing fresh for seven miles; then coming very near the schooner I threw out my anchor and lay there all night, and the next morning I called to them several times and asked them if they had seen my girl. After some time they answered me, Ay, Ay! and told us to come alongside. I told them I wanted my girl to come and assist me in taking out my property. They answered me they would assist me in taking them out. With that I weighed anchor and went alongside of the schooner and told my wife to go on board. When on board she went and called the girl several times. My wife then went down into the hold with a stick, and she said that she found the girl hid among the sails, being stripped of all her clothes she had on the day when she left me. I had my property put on board, and soon after I set off to the shore and anchored my large boat some little distance from the shore, where I lay till some time in June, round the point where I came from, as the wind was blowing fresh. On the 15th of June he got his turtle and water on board where he had his turtle in a crawl in the Bay of Fundy, where he had supplied himself with wood and water, and all his turtle on board, where he then drew a note of hand for me to sign for two hundred pieces of eight for my passage. I immediately answered him I would sooner suffer death than to sign any instrument of writing. He then wished himself damned before I should go with him, and ordered me to haul up my boat and put what I could in her and go on shore with my family. My boat being so small would not carry one-fourth part of my property off. As there lay a large boat alongside that they had brought off their turtle wood and water on board in, I asked them for the loan of her. They told me they could not as they were going to get under way. With that I brought my boat alongside, and they in the meantime took their two boats and went on shore.

My wife being in a bad situation, fell a crying and begged of me to do anything to get away for fear we might meet with others who might distress us of everything. As I found that I should lose the greatest part in case I went on shore, as I had left my large boat at Cape Sable on the mainland, and my little boat not being large enough to contain over the one-fourth of my property, for which I told him to draw a note for one hundred and fifty dollars, for which I signed, the note being dated 15th July,

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and was to be paid after my arrival in Providence, to have thirty-five days after my landing there before payment was to be made.

On the 30th of June, as we were laying at New Madamcumba after our having several words, he told me that he understood by my negroes that I intended to have him hung after my arrival at New Providence if he had turned my wife on shore, and in case she had died that I should do my endeavours to hang him in Providence, and told me if it had not been for killing my wife he would be damned if he did not drown me overboard long ago, only on account of my wife. On the 12th July a Capt. Bunch, Capt. Clutsam, and Capt. Wm. Smith, of New Providence, appeared, and Capt. Bunch came on board the small schooner commanded by the said Baptist. The said Mr. Bunch asked me my reasons for staying so long on board that small schooner, and why I gave the said Baptist my note of hand for one hundred and fifty dollars, of which Mr. Bunch informed me that it was contrary to the laws of the Government of New Providence to make any agreement with any person or persons found in distress, but to render every assistance. With this I found Mr. Bunch wished to render me a service in my distressed situation, and I opened to him all former proceedings respecting the ill treatment and behaviour of the said Baptist. On the same account every gentleman of them offered me any assistance I wanted, and Mr. Bunch told me that in case I did not get a passage with Capt. Clutsam, which he did not doubt but what I should, he would give me a passage himself. However, I procured a passage from Capt. Clutsam for fifty dollars, during which passage I was in every respect used and treated like a gentleman by the said Capt. Clutsam, and on my arrival at New Providence the said Capt. Clutsam behaved with so much honour that, instead of taking fifty dollars of me, he deducted twenty, and only charged me thirty, and upon finding who I was would not take but twenty dollars, and he at the same time refused taking any more of me. During the course of my being on board of Capt. Clutsam he found me in every necessary, and made no charge for any provisions or anything I received from him. His humanity was so great, that if ever in my power to render any service to him or any of those gentlemen, nothing shall ever be wanting on my part to do them service.

I continued in Nassau for twenty days, and then took my passage with Capt. Jacob Bell to New Brunswick, where we cast anchor 23rd of Sept., 1784, and continued until the 25th of October, and then set out for Halifax to his Excellency Governor Parr, to know how I should get land, but as I got to Halifax his Excellency Governor Carlton arrived, and I could do nothing, so I returned on the 7th November, and in August I received the following letter from Col. John Hamilton in answer to mine in regard to my claims:

DEAR SIR,—I received yours of the 9th February, 1785, a few days ago and notice the contents. I am sorry to inform you that your claims are not yet given in, but I expect the office for receiving claims will be opened again by act of Parliament this session, when you may depend proper care shall be taken of yours. I am sorry to hear of your losses. I hope you are now agreeably settled, and making something for your family. I think if you can leave your business in proper hands, a trip to this country would be of service to you, though I don't think you would get half-pay. Government would settle an annuity on you for life; which cannot be done without your coming here.

If you come you may depend on all my interest in your favour, and I cannot help thinking it worth your while to come home.

I am, dear sir, your humble servant,

JOHN HAMILTON.

London, May 10th, 1785.

In a short time after I heard that there was another act of Parliament passed to receive claims for losses and services, also that the Commissioners had arrived at Halifax, and on the 20th March, I set out for Halifax, and presented a copy of my claim from East Florida, with the Memorial as follows:

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"To the Honourable Commissioners, appointed by act of Parliament, further to enquire into the losses and services of the American Loyalists.

The Memorial of David Fanning, late Colonel of the North Carolina Militia, humbly sheweth: That your Memorialist is a loyalist from North Carolina, who uniformly and religiously adhered to his duty and loyalty to the best of Sovereigns, for which he suffered persecution, and many other inconveniences—that your Memorialist, by a warrant from Major Craig, of the 82nd Regiment, then commanding at Wilmington, was placed at the head of the militia of that province; that your Memorialist during the late war did command from one to nine hundred and fifty men, with whom he was engaged in six and thirty skirmishes in North Carolina, and four in South Carolina; all of which were of his own planning and in which he had the honour to command; that your Memorialist killed many of the rebels and took many of them prisoners; among the latter of whom were Governor Burke, his council, and many officers of distinction in the rebel army; that your Memorialist, during that time, was twice wounded, and fourteen times taken prisoner; that, on the conclusion of the late peace, your Memorialist settled two hundred and fifty souls in East Florida; and himself having taken refuge in several parts of his Majesty's remaining possessions in America, finally settled in the Province of New Brunswick, where he is in great distress, with his family. That your Memorialist, in consequence of his said loyalty to his Sovereign, the many services rendered him, and attachment to the British Government, had his property, real and personal, seized, confiscated, and sold by rebel authority. Your Memorialist therefore prays that his case may be taken into consideration, in order that he may be enabled under your report to receive such aid or relief as his case may be found to deserve."

DAVID FANNING.

St. John, March 1st, 1786.

I also took the following oath before Peter Hunter, Secretary to the Commissioners, in favour of my claim at Halifax:

Town of Halifax, Nova Scotia. } S. S.

David Fanning, late of North Carolina, Colonel of Militia, but now of Kings County, in the Province of New Brunswick, maketh oath and saith that he resided in East Florida and the Bahama Islands from the 15th day of July, 1783, to the 25th of March, 1784, and this deponent further saith that he was utterly incapable of preferring or delivering to the Commissioners appointed by Act of Parliament passed in the twenty-third year of his present Majesty, entitled an Act for appointing Commissioners to enquire into the losses and services of all such persons who have suffered in their rights, properties and possessions, during the late unhappy dissensions in America in consequence of their loyalty to his Majesty and attachment to the British Government, or at this office any Memorial Claim or request for aid or relief on account of this deponent's losses during the late unhappy dissensions in America, within the limited time by the said Act for the receiving of such claims by the reason that this deponent during all such time, viz., Between the 15th July, 1783, and the 25th March, 1784, lived or resided in East Florida and the Bahama Islands; that this deponent did, however, send a claim to Col. John Hamilton, of the North Carolina Volunteers in England, of his losses, but that by a letter that this deponent received from said Hamilton, bearing date 10th May, 1785, he is informed that his claims were not then given to the Commissioners in England, and that this deponent believes his said claim must have arrived in London after the time appointed by the late Act of Parliament for receiving such claims had expired, or that the Colonel, Hutchins, to whom I had entrusted the delivery of the said claim had neglected the trust reposed in him in giving in my claim.

Sworn this —— day of March, 1786, before me—

DAVID FANNING.

When I presented my Memorial and estimate of claim to Peter Hunter, Secretary to the Commissioners, he gave me no manner of satisfaction, and on my asking

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him if I could come under an examination, he told me to be gone, he did not think the Commissioners would receive my claim. When I found I could get no hearing at Halifax at that time, I returned home with a full resolution never to trouble myself any more. At the time of being in Halifax I met my old friend, Capt. John Legett, of the Royal North Carolina Regiment, who said he would speak to the Commissioners in my favour. He also gave me a copy of the following letter from Lieut.-Col. Arch. McKay:

LONDON, Nov. 15th, 1785.

DEAR CAPTAIN,—

Ever mindful of your good-will and the kindness you showed unto me since I had the pleasure of being acquainted with you, induces me to write you a few lines at present informing you of my success since I came to England, knowing you would be glad to hear of the provision made for me. When I came to England, I got a hearing by the Commissioners of American Claims, and they granted me thirty pounds yearly for temporary subsistence. I then laid in a memorial to Sir George Young for Captain's half-pay; but I must confess I thought my chances for that bad enough, as I was not acquainted with any of the Generals who commanded in America; but since it was only amusement to try, I got a certificate from Col. Craig, and another from Col. Hamilton and laid them in with the memorial. It was, with a good many others, a long time from office to office; at length they have allowed me seventy pounds sterling, yearly, for life, for my services in America, exclusive of the other thirty pounds. Upon the whole I do not repent coming to London, as things have turned out.

I wrote to Capt. McNeill this morning, not thinking I should have time to write to you before the ship sailed, and I had not time to write to him so fully as I could wish, but I will mind better next time.

I intend to spend next summer in Scotland, if everything turns out here to my expectations, and I would be glad to get a long letter from you concerning your new settlements. You will please to write to me, under cover to Messrs. John and Hector McKay, No. 5, Crown Court, Westminster; and if I am in Britain I shall be sure to get any letter that may come for me. After my jaunt to Scotland I hope to do myself the honour to call and see you on my way to New Providence, where Alexander and Malcom McKay are gone. I am, sir, with due respect,

Your sincere friend and humble servant,

ARCHIBALD MCKAY."

To Capt. John Legett.

I returned home and continued until the 27th June, 1787. When I was entering the suburbs of the city of St. John, I accidentally met Ensign Henry Niss, with a letter from the Commissioners, desiring me to attend immediately for an examination. I still retained my opinion, but on informing Col. Joseph Robinson, he prevailed with me, after a long persuasion, to call and see the Commissioners, which I did, in company with Col. Robinson, where I was treated with every civility and all attention paid to me. After my examination they gave me the following certificate:

"OFFICE OF AMERICAN CLAIMS,

St. John, 2nd February, 1787.

We do hereby certify that David Fanning has undergone an examination on oath before us, as an American sufferer from North Carolina. We are satisfied by his own account, and by the evidence he has produced, that his exertions in support of the British Government, as Colonel of the Chatham and Randolph County Militia, during the late troubles in America, have been very great and exemplary; that he has been severely wounded in several engagements and has in other respects been a great sufferer; though, from particular reasons, it will not be in our power to make him any considerable allowance under our report. We therefore recommend him as a proper person to be put on the half-pay list as Captain, and to have an annual allowance from Government equal to that half-pay.

THOMAS DUNDAS.

J. PEMBERTON."

I then empowered George Randall, Esq., Whitehall, London, to act for me. I sent the original certificates and memorial in company with the letter.

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To the Right Honourable Sir George Younge, Baronet, Secretary at War, etc., etc.:

The Memorial of David Fanning, late Colonel of the Chatham and Randolph County Militia, in North Carolina, humbly sheweth:

That in the year 1781, under an appointment from Major Henry Craig, then commanding the British troops in North Carolina, your Memorialist embodied near one thousand men of the loyal inhabitants of that Province, and with them performed singular service to the British Government; that he has been twice severely wounded in the course of the war; he has been fourteen times taken prisoner, and has been tried for his life by the rebels, and has ever exerted his utmost endeavours in support of the cause of Great Britain; he is disabled by wounds he has received and has no means of support. For the truth of these allegations he begs to refer to his appointment of Colonel, to the certificates of several officers under whom he served, and to the certificates of the Commissioners of American Claims, forwarded herewith.

Your Memorialist most humbly prays that he may be put on the Provincial half-pay list as Captain, fully confident that his past services and present necessitous situation will be thought deserving of that appointment, and your Memorialist, as in duty bound, shall ever pray,

DAVID FANNING.

City of St. John, 2nd February, 1787.

Pursuant to the advice of Lieut.-Col. Joseph Robinson, I have transmitted a power of attorney to you in order to receive half-pay, with a certificate from the Commissioners. Mr. I. Pemberton and Colonel Dundas, Esq.; General Alexander Leslie, Col. Nisbet Balfour, Lieut.-Col. J. Henry Craig, of the 16th Regiment, and Lieut.-Col. John Hamilton, of the North Carolina Regiment, are witnesses of my services. If you will be so good as to accept the power and grant me your assistance in obtaining the same, you will highly oblige,

Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

DAVID FANNING.

New Brunswick,

City of St. John, February 7th, 1787.

GEORGE RANDALL, ESQ., WESTMINSTER, WHITEHALL, LONDON.

Received July 20th, 1787, the following from my agent:

WHITEHALL, 15th May, 1787.

SIR,—On the 3rd inst., in a letter to Lieut.-Col. Robinson, I desired he would inform you of my having received your Memorial, Certificate, etc., claiming the half-pay of a Captain or a military pension equal to the rank. Since then I have received your letter with duplicates of the above papers, and your bill of £260 1s. has been presented as you desired, and as I was also much disposed to do. I gave the holder a favourable answer and the true one, that you had reason to expect that I should have effects in hand sufficient to pay the bill when it became due, but that a delay in settling your business, and which you could not foresee, would for a time prevent my accepting your bill.

I must now inform you that I took the earliest opportunity of presenting your memorial and the certificate of the Commissioners, being highly honourable to you and recommending you for an allowance, or the half-pay of Captain. I think there is no reason to doubt you will have a sum equal to that rank allowed you by Government. You had omitted to request that the grant might take place from the 24th of October, 1783, but I added a paragraph to the memorial for that purpose, but whether you will be allowed from that period is doubtful. I am sorry at the same time to acquaint you that it may be some months before the determination of Government is known. but you may be sure that I shall pay a particular attention to your business and give you the earliest notice of the event. The certificate you sent, though very regular as to the periods, I think would not entitle me to receive the money from the pay office on your account, as I am inclined to believe your allowance will be a military allowance, and not half-pay, and for that reason I send you a printed certificate, which you can keep as a precedent, and desire you will transmit to me a sett,

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copied from it, for the same periods as them you have already transmitted, taking particular care that there be no blot, alteration or erasure in the dates. I will be much obliged to you if you will acquaint Chillas that the answer of Government to his memorial is that he cannot be placed on the half-pay establishment, the commission he held being only in the militia of the town of New York.

The packet you sent with the certificate amounted to 12 shillings postage and your single letter to one shilling.

I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

GEORGE RANDALL.

To David Fanning.

WHITEHALL, 1st August, 1787.

SIR,—On the 15th May, I acknowledged the receipt of your letter and duplicate containing memorials, certificates and other papers relating to your claim of half-pay, or a military pension, and acquainted you that having presented those papers, I thought you had a very fair prospect of success. I am still of that opinion, but am sorry to acquaint you that the consideration of half-pay claims is again deferred and that it may be some months longer before I can acquaint you with the results. I conclude, therefore, that the bill you drew on me for £260 1s. must be returned.

I have received from the Treasury the sum granted to you by Government on account of your losses, for which I gave a receipt in the annexed form and am ready to accept your bill for £22 14s., as after deducting agency and postage, etc., and abstract herewith sent.

Copy of a receipt:

The 24th day of July, 1787, received of Mr. Thomas Coffin by order of the Lords of the Treasury and according to a distribution under the direction of the Commissioners of American Claims, appointed by an Act of the 23rd of his present Majesty, the sum of £24, as a payment for present relief and on account of the losses during the late dissensions in America.

Signed for David Fanning,

G. RANDALL, *Attorney.*

£24 0s.

After this I received the letter from my Agent and found I had lost property to the amount of £1,625 10s. according to an appraisement of three men acquainted with the property. But, as it was not like a coat taken out of my hand, or gold taken out of my pocket, I could not get anything for my losses, although I did not give in anything like the amount of my losses. I lost twenty-four horses, and only reported fifteen, one of which cost more than all I ever got from Government, and six head of cattle, £289 for property sold at the commencement of the war, and the land which I was heir to, and for which I refused, many times, £3,000 Virginia currency. But because I turned out in the service of my King and country in the 20th year of my age, and my exertions were very exemplary in support of the British Government, I have lost my all, for and on account of my attachment to the British Government—only £60, which would not pay the expenses I have been at to obtain it.

I can prove what I have here wrote to be facts, and the world will be able to judge after reading this narrative, and observe this Act of Oblivion passed in North Carolina, in the year 1783, which is herewith set forth—which is enlarged and improved in the *London Magazine*, which will be found on page 607, Vol. 1, from July 1 to Dec. 1, 1783.

An Act of Pardon and Oblivion, by the State of North Carolina.

Whereas, it is the policy of all wise States, on the termination of all Civil Wars, to grant an Act of Pardon and Oblivion for past offences, and as divers of the citizens of this State and others, the inhabitants thereof in the course of the late unhappy war, have become liable to great pains and penalties for offences committed against the peace and government of this State, and the General Assembly, out of an earnest desire to observe the articles of peace on all occasions, disposed to forgive offences rather than punish where the necessity for an exemplary punishment has ceased. Be it therefore enacted by the General Assembly of the State of North Carolina, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, that all and all manner of treasons, misprisions

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of treason, felony or misdemeanour, committed or done since the 4th day of July, 1776, by any persons whatsoever, be pardoned, released and put in total oblivion.

Provided always that this Act or anything therein contained, shall not extend to pardon or discharge, or give any benefit whatsoever to persons who have taken commission or have been denominated officers, and acted as such to the King of Great Britain, or to such as are named in any of the laws commonly called confiscation laws, or to such as have attached themselves to the British and continued without the limits of the State and not returned within twelve months previous to the passing of this Act.

Provided further, that nothing herein contained shall extend to pardon Peter Mallet, David Fanning and Samuel Andrews, or any person or persons guilty of deliberate and wilful murder, robbery, rape or house-breaking, or any of them, anything herein contained to the contrary notwithstanding. Provided, nevertheless, that nothing in this Act shall be construed to bar any citizen of this State from their civil action for the recovery of debts or damage. Provided, also, that nothing herein contained shall entitle any person by this law to be relieved to elect or be elected to any office or trust in this State, or to hold any office civil or military.

And whereas by an Act passed at Wake Court House, all officers, civil and military, who have taken parole were suspended from the execution of their respective offices, and required to appear at the next General Assembly, to shew cause, if any they could, why they should not be removed from the said office; and, whereas, several of the officers aforesaid have neglected to appear agreeably to the requisition of the Act of Assembly. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of North Carolina, and it is hereby enacted, by the authority of the same, that all such officers, both civil and military, are hereby declared to stand suspended from the execution of their several offices until they shall appear at some future Assembly and be restored to the execution of their respective offices or removed agreeable to their merits or demerits. Provided that nothin herein contained shall be construed to exclude a Justice of the Peace from executing the duties of his office, who shall make it appear to the satisfaction of the Court of his County by oath or otherwise; that he was taken prisoner without his consent and privily, and that after his capture he had not voluntarily stayed with the enemy, nor taken an active part in any manner by furnishing them willingly with provisions, bearing arms, or accepting any appointment in their civil regulations.

Read three times and ratified in General Assembly, the 17th May, 1783.

RIC. CASWELL, *S. Senate.*
E. STARKEY, *S. Commons.*

Many people are fools enough to think, because our three names are particularly put in this Act, that we are all guilty of the crimes set forth, but I defy the world to charge me with rape, or anything more than I have set forth in this Journal.

All his Majesty's subjects or others that wish to know the truth of anything further than I have set forth, let them make enquiry of those gentlemen whose names I have struck in; examine the letters of the rebels, and the recommendations of the officers who have been acquainted with me in person and with my services in the time of the late war.

Although I have been prohibited from receiving any benefit from the laws of the State, all that I desire is to have the liberty of commanding 30,000 men in favour of the British Government. I flatter myself that there would be no doubt of my putting many of them to swing by the neck for their honesty, as John White did, after stealing 150 horses in North Carolina.

Here follows a short address to the printer, signed, sir,

Your most obedient and humble servant,

DAVID FANNING.

(*The end.*)

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Mr. Danby's Volcano

By JAMES MARTIN

"YES, John, I'll fight them an' I'll win. If old Joe Smith thinks that his pesky comp'ny kin walk over me he'll find that I aint made o' putty."

"You can't mean it, Mr. Danby," said Stirling, incredulously. "What! Fight a wealthy and soulless corporation like Smith's!"

"No, it aint got no soul," the old man admitted, "but Joe Smith has a body, an' if he tries his runnin' rights or whatever he calls it over my land, he'll git all the runnin' he wants an' more'n he likes, by gosh!"

He tapped his pipe against the end of the rustic bench and proceeded to refill it. Stirling made no rejoinder, wishing to give the other a chance to cool down before offering any advice; but as soon as his pipe was lit Mr. Danby got in the first word.

"I know ye're goin' to argee agin my decision, John," he said; "so ye may's well begin. I'm ready."

"Well, you see, it's this way," began Stirling. "If you do as you propose it will end in your spending all your savings, and in the long run they'll get the farm. I know it's your's, but they've the law behind them and can compel you to sell. Wait now and listen—I won't be long. On the other hand, if you accept their offer you'll get full value for your land; there will be no heart-breaking law business; you'll come down to the city and live with Barbara and me, and be as happy as the day is long."

A change passed over the old man's face. "Poor little Bab," he murmured softly. "She's had a lonely time of it here, with no one but old dad for comp'ny ever since she come home from boardin' school four years ago. When's this ye're goin' to be married, my boy?"

"About the middle of June."

For a couple of minutes nothing more was said on either side, but Stirling quietly observed the old man's play of features and pretty accurately guessed at what was going on behind. Mr. Danby was the first to speak.

"Young Weston was here a few days ago," he said, "an', by gosh, he argeed the same's you've done."

"That's because he has your interests at heart, my dear friend."

The old man bristled up.

"My interests at heart! To advise me to bow down to that darnation railway comp'ny an' give in to 'em! No, sirree. I just told him I'd fight them to the last ditch, an' so I will. It's very kind o' ye to invite me down to yer new home, your's an' Bab's, but I can't do it, John. I've lived for more'n sixty year on this farm, an' here I'll die, so there's an end to the argeement."

Stirling held his peace. It was about the wisest thing he could do just then. When Mr. Danby spoke again his prospective son-in-law found that he had switched off to another subject.

"John," he said, "d'ye know anything about volcanies?"

The young man slowly turned his head and looked full in Mr. Danby's face.

"Volcanoes?" he echoed.

"Yes, them pesky things what busts out

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an' throws down avvylinches of flame an' smoke, an' kills people in their beds afore their time."

"I've read of them. Why do you ask?"

"If I was to tell ye, will ye promise not to say anything to Bab?"

"Yes, if you wish it so."

"Well, then, I've been talkin' to a man what knows a man what has seed a volcany with his own eyes, an' he tells me they're the darnedest, cussedest things he ever heared tell on."

"What did he say about them?"

"Everything what's bad. They're the wickedest, cruelest things in this world; worse'n snakes or tigers. They're perfect demmons, John!"

"Why did he tell you this? How did it come about?"

The old man looked carefully around before replying. "I don't want Bab to hear me," he said, lowering his voice, "it 'ud frighten her. John, ye see that mount'n over there? It looks quiet enough, don't it?"

"It certainly does."

"Well, for all that it may be the treacherousest, sneekiest, cussedest devil of a mount'n ye ever seed in all yer life."

Stirling's eyes opened to their full extent.

"This mountain! What do you mean?" he asked in a tone of bewilderment.

"Nothin' more nor less than this, my lad: That mount'n's turnin' into a pesky, darnation volcany."

"How did such a notion get into your head?" Stirling's lips were twitching.

"A man what knows all about volcanies put me on my guard agin the treacherous demmon."

"Who is he?"

"I aint at liberty to tell ye just now, but he's a man what I've a great respect for, an' his friend says that volcanies busts out in fire an' smoke an' the avvylinches rolls down their sides for miles an' miles around—hush, here comes Bab."

"Daddy, dear," said Miss Danby, coming up to him, "John and I are going for a sail. You won't be lonesome?"

"Tut, tut, Bab; stay's long's ye like, but don't git yer feet wet." He watched the young people as they walked down the lane, and before turning a corner which would hide them from view, Barbara looked back and kissed her hand to him.

"Ah, well," he sighed, "I guess I'll be mighty lonesome when she's gone for good, but I musn't let her know it. Anyhow, I kin run down to the city once in a while an' see her an' John—Hello, Mr. Weston; I'm right glad to see ye. Bab an' John's just gone for a sail on the river."

"I'm sorry to have missed them," returned the new-comer, "but you and I can have a quiet chat while they're away, that is, if you're not busy."

"I'm never that when there's a friend around, my boy. Sit down."

"The railway people are still after your land, I suppose, Mr. Danby?"

"Yes, drat them, but they'll not git it, as I told ye the other day."

"Well, I've been thinking the matter over since I saw you last and have come to the conclusion that perhaps you are right."

"Ye think I ought to fight old Joe Smith an' his pesky comp'ny?"

"I do."

"Give me yer hand, lad!"

"Yes, I think you stand a good chance of winning. At any rate, it's worth trying."

"I'm mighty glad to hear ye say so, Mr. Weston. John seems to think I ought to put my neck under Joe Smith's heel. I'd sooner give the farm away than do that."

"And you're about right, although at first I didn't agree with you. Oh, by the way, I saw my friend last night!"

"Ye did! An' is it true about the fire an' smoke rollin' down on the people right an' left?"

"Every word of it."

"An' the mount'n that he saw—was it always a volcany?"

"It was never known as such until it began its work."

"An' did it bust out sudden?"

"Oh, no; it gave ample warning."

"How?"

"Well, about eight o'clock at night a rumbling noise was heard, which my friend compared to the hollow sounds

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produced by an empty cart going over a cobblestone pavement. You've heard such?"

"Yes, yes!"

"This was followed by an explosion, accompanied by fire and smoke which disappeared in a few seconds, and all was quiet again. But, the following night—that is to say about twenty-four hours after the volcano had given its warning—it broke out in earnest, and only a few people were left to tell the tale."

A dead silence followed the recital of this calamitous news. At length Mr. Danby, keeping the corner of his eye on the mountain, found breath to ask:

"An' this here mount'n—what does he think of it?"

"It can't be trusted, he says. He has something to do with the oil works beyond, and this is why he takes an interest in it. He's really afraid of it."

"What's yer own idea, Mr. Weston?"

"My idea? Oh, I have no experience in such matters. I have never been within a thousand miles of a volcano."

"An' he has seed one with his own eyes," said Mr. Danby, half aloud, as if speaking to himself, his gaze meanwhile resting on the mountain. Mr. Weston rose.

"I must be off now, Mr. Danby," he said, "but I'll run in this evening before I go home. Pray don't let Miss Danby or Stirling know that I've been telling you all this."

"No, no; ye kin trust me, my boy. I was speakin' to John about the pesky thing a little while ago, but I didn't mention yer name. Never fear; ye kin trust me."

* * *

Tea was over, and Mr. Dandy and Stirling were seated on the verandah, smoking. A pleasant breeze came down from the mountain, but the old man got no enjoyment from it. His mind was busy with volcanoes, and his eyes were on the wooded height before him. Suddenly he jumped to his feet.

"By gosh, there it is, John!" he cried, pointing upward. "Don't ye see it?"

"See what?" queried Stirling, in reply.

"The smoke—the smoke, man!"

"I can see nothing bearing the slightest resemblance to smoke," Stirling assured him. "But even if you are right, Mr. Danby, a little of the substance you mention wouldn't hurt anyone."

Mr. Danby turned to the speaker.

"John, my boy," he said impressively, "I've lived here sixty odd years; I've seed that mount'n every day, but if smoke ever come from it afore, may I be etarnally golswozzled!"

"It's quite possible that some dry rubbish has caught fire," the young man admitted; "but I can see no sign of it."

"John, it aint no rubbitch what's caught fire."

"What is it, then?"

"It seems to me like the first warnin', an' p'r'aps the next thing we'll see is flames."

"Flames!"

"Yes, John, flames," repeated Mr. Danby; "an' after that comes the volcany an' the avvylinches."

"But, my dear Mr. Danby, I've already told you that this mountain is not a volcano."

"I hope ye're right, but my friend tells me it may be one, an' if it is, the avvylinches of flame an' smoke'll come rollin' down the side, an' it'll turn into a volcany twenty-four hours after it gives the first warnin'. That's what he says an' he knows, for his friend has seed one with his own eyes."

Stirling smiled.

"I see there's no use arguing the point," he said.

"Ye never seed a volcany in yer life, John," retorted Mr. Danby; "so ye kin argee all ye like an' laugh all ye like, but I know what they do. If this here mount'n busts out in a explosion like a cart goin' over cobblestones, we'll have just twenty-four hours to git away."

Stirling's smile vanished.

"If I could meet the fellow that has filled your head with this balderdash," he said, with heat, "I'd be tempted to twist his neck!"

"That 'ud be a very onkind thing to do to a man what wanted to save yer life, my boy."

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Miss Danby came out and joined them.

"What a gorgeous sunset!" she exclaimed, gazing at the sky over the mountain.

"Gorgeous, indeed, Barbara," echoed Stirling. "I have never seen the like of it."

"Such beautiful colours!" the girl went on. "How exquisitely they blend and harmonise! And that little patch of gray near the mountain's summit—"

"That's the smoke," broke in the old man.

"Smoke, dad? I don't see any."

Stirling interposed.

"Mr. Danby thought he saw smoke on the mountain a few minutes ago, Barbara," he explained; "but I've been unable to detect any. Can you?"

"Oh, yes, I see it," she declared, "or, rather, I perceive a small gray cloud, mist-like—"

"It aint no cloud, Bab," interrupted the old man; "I know better'n that; it's smoke."

The sun had disappeared, and a darkening shadow was sweeping over the valley. Stirling glanced up and saw a thundercloud thrusting its shoulder over the top of the mountain.

"That means a shower, Bab," he said. "Shall we go in?"

"Oh, no," came the reply; "we should lose this lovely breeze; and see—here comes Mr. Weston." The latter approached and was soon engaged in conversation with Miss Danby and Stirling. The old man became absorbed in the mountain. Presently a flash of lightning flared out, and it was followed by a sharp peal of thunder. Mr. Danby uttered a hoarse cry and clutched the railing in front of him.

"It's come agin, by gosh!" he shouted. "There—don't ye see it?"

Barbara put her arm around his neck. "Come in, dad," she pleaded. "Lightning and thunder always disturb you. Do come, dear."

"No, no, I want to see the whole darn performance," he cried, turning a pair of excited eyes upon his daughter. "See here, Bab; if she busts out like a cart goin' over cobblestones, she's turnin' into a volcany, an' then—"

A heavy crash of thunder cut off the remainder of his information. Weston leaned over and whispered to Stirling:

"Get Barbara into the house, John, but let Mr. Danby remain here."

The young fellow's voice had a nervous ring in it. Stirling glanced sharply at him.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"Never mind just now, but get her inside," returned Weston.

Stirling was about to comply with the request, when a rumbling noise startled him and the other occupants of the verandah; it was instantly followed by a terrific explosion, and near the river, a hundred yards away, a mass of fire leaped from the earth and was gone in a moment, leaving the spectators in inky darkness.

"My goodness!" cried Barbara, "what was that?" Stirling threw his arm around the terrified girl.

"It's the pesky, darnation volcany," roared the old man, "an' we've got to git out o' here quicker'n lightnin'!"

He rushed into the house and was followed by Weston.

"Let us go in, Bab," said Stirling.

"What was it, John?" she gasped.

"I don't know, but it's all over, so don't be afraid. Come."

They heard Weston counselling Mr. Danby to keep cool.

"Keep cool! How in thunder can a body keep cool with a demmon of a volcany at his heels?"

"Dad, it's all over and we're safe," Barbara assured him.

"All over, Bab? By gosh, it'll soon be all over with us if we don't show a clean pair o' heels to the roarin', screechin' avvylinch!"

"For heaven's sake don't frighten the life out of Bab!" whispered Stirling. "Tom, get him out in the back somewhere and keep him quiet." He then accompanied the girl into the parlour and applied himself to the task of allaying her fears. He had spoken scarcely a dozen words when the old man was heard to say in a relieved tone:

"By gosh, that's so, Mr. Weston. Yes, sure enough, yer friend said we'd have twenty-four hours, so we needn't be in a

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hurry. Come along." The sound of their footsteps died away, and an ominous frown darkened Stirling's face.

"What does he mean, John?" asked Barbara, in a frightened whisper.

"Some nonsense about the mountain becoming a volcano," the young man replied, trying to smile. "I'm afraid that your reading of the *Last Days of Pompeii* is at the bottom of his hallucination, but someone has been —"

The sentence was never completed. A door in the rear of the house was hastily thrown open and Mr. Danby came tumbling in in the last stages of fright. He was followed by Weston, whose usually ruddy cheeks were pale as death.

"The avvylinches is pourin' down the mount'n!" gasped the old man in tones made hoarse by terror, "an' we'll have to git out o' here at once."

"There's something wrong, John," said Weston. "Will you step outside for a moment?"

Stirling glanced at Barbara, whose state of mind was indicated by her parted lips and frightened eyes.

"Remain here with Barbara, Mr. Danby," he said, "while I have a look outside. Don't be alarmed, Bab," he added; "I'll be back in a few seconds, and you may be sure it'll turn out to be nothing."

He and Weston went out by the front door. The storm, although lessening, was not yet over; brilliant flashes of lightning glared over the valley, and the booming of nature's artillery was almost incessant. But upon reaching the outer air, Stirling's ear caught another sound—a peculiar *gushing* noise, which he was utterly at a loss to account for.

"In heaven's name what does this racket mean!" he cried.

"I can't make it out," replied Weston; "it seems to me the river has overflowed its banks—at least it sounds that way.

Suddenly an idea flashed into Stirling's mind. He recalled Weston's peculiar request just prior to the explosion, and the old man's subsequent reference to the twenty-four hours' notice.

"Have you had anything to do with the explosion?" he demanded sharply.

"Yes, I placed a charge of powder in the old dried-up well," admitted Weston, "and applied a slow fuse, which I fired as I came up this evening.

"Good heaven! What was your object?"

"To scare the old man from the farm and save him from the result of his own obstinacy. But this infernal rumpus has no connection with my act."

"I don't know about that," returned Stirling. "It seems to me that water is rushing past close to this spot—good God! the old well is near the dam! Perhaps the latter has given way. I must get a closer view."

He descended the steps and had just reached the ground when a cry escaped him. He hastily retraced his steps.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed Weston.

"It's a flood in dead earnest and I've put my foot in it," replied Stirling. "We'll have to clear out at once."

"Wait a moment: don't you get a strange smell?"

Stirling sniffed the air.

"I do, but can't name it," he said. "However, we must get away from here. Let us go in."

Mr. Danby was saying something to Barbara about "that pesky volcany" when the young man re-entered the house.

"Something has happened Barbara," said Stirling. "The river is over its banks, I fear —"

"It aint no river what's over its banks," put in the old man, jumping to his feet; "it's them darnation avvylinches what's rollin' down onto the farm! Come along, Mr. Weston, an' help me to hitch up the mare."

"Now, my dear Bab, you must not wear that terrified face," said Stirling when the others had gone out. "If I am right the dam has given way and a flood is the result, but there is no danger. All we shall have to do is get to higher ground, that is to say, we'll drive to the city, and by to-morrow the water shall have gone down."

"But that awful explosion, John!"

"Can be explained, but not just now.

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Wrap yourself up warmly, for the air is chilly, although the storm is nearly over. Hurry like a good girl, and we'll be away in three minutes."

Barbara needed no further urging. When they had left the house by the back door, they saw Mr. Danby and Weston working like beavers, by the light of the lantern, getting the mare harnessed to the waggon. The ground was higher behind the house than it was in front, and, save for the wet occasioned by the rain, was in its usual state.

"What strange odour is that?" Barbara inquired, as she descended the steps.

"It aint no odour at all, Bab," the old man answered; "it's the pesky smell o' that darnation volcany. Come along now an' jump in," he added; "we're all ready."

Stirling assisted Barbara to a seat in the waggon, and Weston climbed in behind. The strange, *gushing* sound had increased to a hoarse roar. Mr. Danby looked at Stirling over his shoulder.

"John," he said, with a chuckle, "old Joe Smith can't say I gave in to him or his pesky comp'ny, an' the volcany's there to prove it. By gosh, a man 'ud be a fool to hang on to the farm when the darnation avvylinches was right a. his heels. Yes, sirree, Joe Smith's welcome to the old farm—that is if he kin find it in the mornin'. Where to, John?"

"To the city," replied Stirling.

The old man touched the mare with his whip, and presently the farm and its "volcanies an' avvylinches" were swallowed up in the gloom of the night. A few days later Mr. Dandy closed with an offer of fifty thousand dollars for his land, which is now producing oil at the rate of one hundred barrels a day. Weston has the oil fever and is off prospecting with the hope that he will meet with another lucky "strike."

The Miracle

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

There's not a leaf upon the tree
 To show the sap is leaping,
There's not a blade and not an ear
 Escaped from winter's keeping—
But there's a something in the air
 A something here, a something there,
A restless something everywhere—
 A stirring in the sleeping.

A robin's sudden, thrilling note!
 And see—the sky is bluer!
The world, so ancient yesterday,
 To-day seems strangely newer;
All that was wearisome and stale
 Has wrapped itself in rosy veil—
The wraith of Winter, grown so pale
 That smiling Spring peeps through her!

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From Garden to Conservatory

By JEAN GRAHAM

The place of floral development in our expanding civilisation



WHATEVER the Higher Criticism may do with the rest of the Book of Genesis, it is to be hoped that it will leave us the Garden of Eden, for the belief that humanity began its varied course in a garden has helped to restore some of its primeval blossoms. Mr. Kipling has a pretty fancy that the Angel of the Sword flung an Eden Rose to banished Eve and that its scent has never been lost through the years since it crumbled to dust. However far we have wandered from the original Paradise, few will deny that wherever humanity is aiming at a life of sweetness and light, flowers are an adornment of that existence.

One of the first objects a child learns to clutch and love is a bright-petalled flower; one of his happiest experiences is a day in the fields or woods. In one of her earlier stories, Josephine Daskam told of city-stained little *Ardelia* who was taken to Arcady but who hated the meadows and the farm, preferring to go back to the stifling flowerless slums. But, fortunately, Ardelia is the unwholesome exception, and most of us look back to the wild flowers of spring or the apple blossoms of the old orchard as the accompaniment of that time, when the evil days came not.

Canada is regarded by some nations as a comparatively bleak and blossomless country; but it is the stranger who depicts the Land of the Maple in such cheerless colours. We have almost every variety of garden, from the West, where Victoria knows an English spring, to Prince Edward Island, with its daisy-starred paths. An English traveller may seldom find

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PART OF LONG ROSE HOUSE, SHOWING MRS. J. PIERPONT MORGAN VARIETY IN BLOOM

such lanes as those of the Old Land, but perhaps our summer blooms are all the sweeter to the native-born because, like Herrick's daffodils, "they have short time to stay."

The modern development of horticulture is one of the most striking evidences of our advance from the simplicity of pioneer life to the complexities of a more urban civilisation. Our great-grandmothers were women whose lives were filled with practical toil, yet they found time to lay out and tend an old-fashioned garden whose fragrance is one of childhood's memories. The flowers of old-time taste were to be found—rows of hollyhocks, a long line of crinkly petunias, blazing beds of geranium and a spicy border of the clove pink. There were pansies in profusion—not the magnificent multi-coloured pansies of to-day, but trim heartsease beds which kept the invalids of the neighbourhood in modest bouquets.

But what would our ancestors think of the florist's bill of to-day? Grandfather sent his sweetheart a simple valentine outpouring his heart in stilted verse on a page of gilt-edged paper; his descendant orders a box of violets or roses by telephone and is rewarded by the later information that "the flowers were perfectly sweet." We are constantly reading comparative statistics (and dreary stuff some of us find it) regarding the wheat supply and the cheese products, as showing the country's marvellous development; but no better proof could be found of Canada's increasing wealth, which considers a necessity that which our fathers deemed a luxury, than the expansion of floral industries. There is hardly a town in Ontario without a greenhouse of some pretensions, while there are several establishments filling orders of continental dimensions. Now, people are not going to

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A BENCH IN ONE OF THE LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY HOUSES. PART OF THE GROWTH HAS BEEN CUT

buy lilies of the valley or chrysanthemums, to say nothing of orchids, unless they are first supplied with bread and butter. Therefore, the fact that the florist is extensively patronised from Sydney, Cape Breton, to Victoria, British Columbia, is a fragrant and convincing evidence that Canadians are quite able to provide themselves with the refinements, as well as the comforts, of life.

The rose was long ago called the queen of all the flowers that be and, while there are those who prefer the violet or the primrose to the "red and royal rose," there will probably never come a day when the flower which Persian Omar loved will not have a host of admirers. The long wars, which took their name from the rival badges, left the rose as the flower of England, and it is there that the June blossoms reach the rarest perfection. Years ago, an Englishman came to Canada and, after establishing a market garden, turned his most devoted attention to the cultivation of a wonderful rose tree, which became the floral marvel of Brampton and its county, and which finally led its owner, Mr. Harry Dale, to build in 1880 a conservatory which has broadened into the greatest establishment of its class in Canada, and which has been known since the founder's death as the Dale Estate.

In such an immense stretch of fifteen acres of greenhouses, the visitor sees what the Canadian "flower trade" has become in this opening decade of the twentieth century. The fragrant moisture of a greenhouse gives a grateful sensation to most lovers of flowers, and the eye is rested by the long cool lines of green with blossoms, white, crimson and golden, shining above the verdant growth. Sixty-three greenhouses, the longest of which is over eight hundred feet, present a bewildering floral wealth

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HOUSE OF EASTER LILIES

and then the extremely practical consideration comes that it takes more than six thousand tons of coal a year to bring these delicate products to perfection. The poet who called the life of Nature "a circle of eternal change" was writing science as well as melodious verse. As one looks at the spreading maidenhair fern which is to form a fringe for the orchids, it is hard to realise that graceful fern leaves, crushed by millions in the ages that have gone, furnish the very coal beds whose product now keeps the palm and fern alive, in spite of February frosts or the winds of March.

Of course it is the roses which first claim attention, and to see them at their best on the Dale Estate one must pay them a visit before Christmas makes its demands, for American Beauties, Canadian Queens and Bridesmaids are ordered by thousands in the weeks before the happiest holiday of the year. The fashion of sending flowers at Christmas appears to be well-established by this time, and it is to be hoped that the floral gift will flourish as the years go by. "Such a perishable present," some will say. But they forget the exquisite pleasure which the roses give while they last and, as Longfellow tells us in the *Golden Legend*,

"Themselves will fade but not their memory;
And memory has the power to recreate them from the dust."

The American Beauty is a rose for which there is a great demand, and when one sees these regal flowers stretching in a dark red vista for one-sixth of a mile and inhales their almost overwhelming sweetness, the surpassing splendour of this rose with stalk of royal length must be frankly admitted. Truly a box of such beauties would be fit for any queen, and it is no wonder that by the twenty-sixth of December there are few of such roses uncut. Then there is the rich and radiant Canadian Queen,

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THE MAUDE DEAN CHRYSANTHEMUM IN NOVEMBER GLORY

not so gorgeous as the American Beauty, but a flower to wear with pride notwithstanding, and a special evolution of the Brampton greenhouses. Forty per cent. of the space under 750,000 square feet of glass is devoted to the varieties of roses. The Bride and the Bridesmaid are, as might be expected, roses for which there is a steady and increasing demand in our young country. In the month of June, boxes are frantically rushed out to all parts of the country, to be opened finally by blushing maidens who think the soft white blooms much sweeter than the flaming red. Then there are the girl graduates to be considered in June and florists from Nova Scotia to the Pacific must be taking into consideration the flowers which are to be the fragrant portion of those who are to be granted hard-won diplomas. The Bride and the Bridesmaid are ordered in greater quantities than any other roses, and the room where the flowers are finally packed has a brilliant display with Bridesmaids in the majority. Then there are to be found the crimson Richmond and the velvety Meteor, the latter requiring a higher temperature than any other rose for its perfect development. It is rather surprising to learn that Ireland, the country of the blessed Shamrock, is the source of rose supply, a firm near Belfast being the foremost dealers known to rosedom. They are houses to be remembered and revisited, these places where the white, pink and crimson flowers spread beneath the glass and make a mimic June.

One asks about the busiest season for florists, to be informed that December sales equal the combined output of July, August and September. The Easter season comes next to Christmas in floral importance, the flower in most demand at that season being what is popularly called the Easter Lily. A Canadian who re-

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GROUP OF ORCHIDS IN BLOOM. THE GROWER, MR. GEORGE HANSEN, IS STANDING ON THE RIGHT

members the services of half a century ago was commenting lately on the almost universal custom of decorating Canadian churches at Easter and was comparing it favourably with former conditions. All denominations seem to have adopted this custom and have added unto it a "flower Sunday" in June and an imposing "Harvest Home" in the autumn.

In October and November, the chrysanthemum is the reigning flower and queens it in golden splendour at "'Mum Shows" in nearly every Canadian city. The fashion is comparatively new, probably intensified by the fondness for all Japanese adornment; but it has become so popular, while the chrysanthemum has become a flower of such fluffy magnitude and of such variety of colouring, that it is a hopeless task to keep informed of its latest development. One-eighth of the space is given up in the greenhouses to this flower of Oriental origin, of which there are one hundred varieties. The pungent, earthy odour of the chrysanthemum comes from balls of white, shaggy heads of bronze and rich stretches of dull crimson. Most of these splendid blooms have been given prosaic names. Mrs. Thirkell is the designation of the finest yellow bloom, a dusky reddish brown is Mrs. H. Patridge, a huge white bloom is Mrs. Thurlow, while an English importation of vivid pink is known as T. Carrington, and a dark red beauty is merely E. R. Brooks. Maude Dean is the more melodious name for a bit of magenta splendour, while President Roosevelt is represented by a glowing mass of rose pink. The evolution of this flower is a most interesting example of what may be done by modern cultivation. This flower which makes November golden seems to be capable of infinite development and variety.

Next to the rose as a "selling"

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GROUP OF THE DELICATE DENDROBIUM ORCHID FROM NORTHERN INDIA, WITH MAIDENHAIR FERN

favourite comes the carnation, the flower which our Canadian poet, Mr. Bliss Carman, has associated with the quality of comeliness. Our old friend, the clove pink, which so soon wilted in the clasp of warm, childish fingers, comes back in its quaint charm as we breathe the piquant scent of more than a mile of carnations. Crimson, cardinal, rose and white they are seen through a wilderness of bluish stalks. The queen of all these spicy blossoms is known as Enchantress, a flower of pale pink delicacy with the soft colouring of the lining of the shell. The "double" carnation is of rare proportion when compared to the "pink" of olden times and, at its best, has the appearance of a rose. This flower has been induced, in the atmosphere of the Canadian greenhouse, to yield what is technically called a "sport" and a new carnation has been produced, known as the Excelsior or rose pink Enchantress, of deeper tint than the original. The carnation is suggestive of clean and wholesome qualities. There is something sturdy and vigorous about its growth and bearing which associates itself with hardihood. It flourishes in a temperature ten degrees lower than that of the rose and can be sent greater distances, with assurance of safe arrival, than most of greenhouse growths. The annual cut from this estate alone is about two millions; so the carnation must be fairly diffusing its aroma in the Canadian atmosphere. A carnation of which we heard a good deal some years ago is the Mrs. Thomas W. Lawson, named after the late wife of the Bostonian writer and business man, whose attacks on "Frenzied Finance" may have had something to do with the vogue of this rose pink blossom. Interesting experiments have been made with the seedling, resulting in streaked specimens, which are rather dainty illustrations of

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floral art but which will hardly appeal to the general public. The Enchantress and Excelsior are the present favourites.

It is curious, so we are informed, how the orders from the "trade" have grown more specific as the knowledge of varieties has increased. At one time a florist or dealer would simply order one hundred or five hundred roses, with no qualifying terms. Recently, however, Bride, Bridesmaid, Meteor or Richmond is added as a detail. It is to be regretted, perhaps, that the golden rose with a red heart, the Sunset, is hardly so much in demand as to render its extensive cultivation a matter "worth while." Fashion, that capricious ruler of most of us, has something to say in the flower world, and one hears of "old" varieties, no longer in demand, which seem as much out of date as the hats of 1900. Will there come a day when even the stately American Beauty shall be superseded? Perhaps an Omar Khayyam wonder may some day take its place.

There was a time when sweet peas were considered old-fashioned, but the last decade has changed all that and these delicate creatures which Keats has described as "on tip-toe for a flight," hold their own with much more imposing flowers. They are of country garden asociations and are never sweeter than when stretching away in prim lines of pink and purple under a July sky of cloudless blue. Yet the greenhouse blooms have their own charm when they extend in a fragrant battalion, in spite of the whirling snow outside their shelter. Mignonette, too, has an old-fashioned loveliness, a perfume which steals upon us with a refreshing potency. But these modern stalks of goodly size are gigantic in comparison with the olden flower, while they have not sacrificed sweetness to magnitude. Well did the French affectionately name its quiet fragrance "Mignonette." Modest as it is, some of us would rather miss the rose than this permeating "reseda."



THE CANADIAN QUEEN ROSE, AN EXCLUSIVE PRODUCTION OF THE DALE ESTATE

There is a quartette of houses where the tulip and its kindred hold their heads up proudly. There is something stern and unbending about its bloom which makes stubborn little Holland seem its natural home. There is not a more curious chapter in history than the chronicle of the tulip craze which seized upon the land of windmills and canals, centuries ago, and which, like every other extrava-

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gant fad, was followed by financial disaster. A "corner in tulips" meant a fortune in those frenzied days. It was Oliver Goldsmith, impulsive and impecunious Irishman that he was, who spent all his modest guineas on a few bulbs for a favourite uncle, and then set out to tramp through Europe. But when one beholds brilliant beds of the pink and white double tulip, known as the Murillo, the extravagance of Oliver may be condoned. Strangely enough, this pride of Holland is given a Spanish name, a reconciliation of historic differences. These bulbs come over the sea from Queen Wilhelmina's dominions in the month of August and flourish from January to April, the one effort of the florist being to anticipate the natural season. Yellow, cardinal and white, the tulips stand up like brave little warriors, but the incomparable bloom is the dainty, flushed flower with the artist's name. Then there are daffodils—such a golden host as Wordsworth would have loved — a crowd such as he must have seen when he wrote:

"And then my heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils."

There is the "bi-colour" variety with petals of white forming a pale setting for the golden trumpet, which is comparatively a newcomer. The daffodils are prime favourites in February and March, anticipating, as they do, the sunshine of the later season. "Paper white" is the popular name for the overwhelmingly sweet bloom which comes from France as the *Narcissus Grandiorum*. There is the single hyacinth and in richest fragrance are the violet, mauve and rose hyacinths of double bloom, the flowers which breathe of Southern Europe and which tell of kindlier climates than the Northland knows. Germany, the Netherlands, France and Italy contribute the bulbs which come to blossom in Canadian spring time. The Easter lily, which is at its best in April, but which may be coaxed into bloom during other months, is imported from the islands of Japan, although the supply in earlier years came from Bermuda.

Daintiest of all the lilies is that which is called "of the valley." Its fairy bells have rung in all literature, from the sacred songs of the Old Testament to the rhymes of the youngest poet. It seems almost vulgar to speak of piles and bunches of this airy, fairy flower and yet it is bundled away in express parcels amounting to a million and a half of an annual cut. It has become a wedding favourite, many of the June brides preferring its delicacy to the rose. This flower comes from Germany, the pips arriving in boxes of two thousand each, which may be kept for a year. The demand has grown so rapidly that two of these boxes are "put in" daily and carefully guarded at first from open growth. The lily of the valley is delicate but lasting in its perfume. It may be sent many hundreds of miles with comparative safety, even in our sternest weather.

There has been some popular satire regarding the term "modest" as applied to the violet, since the Christmas prices for that exquisite little bloom are hardly in keeping with the adjective. Its richness of colouring would assure its popularity and when a subtle, ethereal sweetness is added, the violet becomes a blossom to be supremely desired. The wild violet, bluish, yellow or white, is a flower to be sought in the fresh May woods; but the purple violet of advanced cultivation makes an appeal to the flower lover which is well-nigh irresistible. It is no wonder that the poets have written of its loveliness in terms of tenderness, or that even the all-conquering Napoleon turned from more gorgeous blossoms to make it the flower of his empire. Imperial yet gentle, its purple sweetness has given it a place as an enduring symbol.

But in the flower world of modern times, there is one development that

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in exquisite charm is the ultimate word. The fragile mystery of the orchid gives it a suggestiveness and grace which are associated with no other floral product. There have been books written on the orchid hunters, but the real romance of the search for these frail air flowers is yet to be told. Twenty years ago, the orchid was a rarity in Canadian conservatories. The late Senator Sanford of Hamilton was among the earliest to import orchid specimens. At the present, the orchid plants in the greatest of Canadian greenhouses number several thousands with a future of promising extent. It was a venture four years ago when the manager decided to experiment with this most exquisite and—most costly— of flowers. But there had come to Canada, to take charge of the lilies of the valley, a Danish gardener, named Hansen, who, having spent over a score of years abroad in orchid culture, became lonely for his pet plants and proposed to return to England. To please this exacting cultivator of the orchid, a house was set apart for these exotics, with the result that four new houses are now devoted to beauties from Brazil, Colombia and Northern India. To be an orchid collector means to possess a constitution equal to swamps, snakes and fever, and a courage which will take the hunter ten thousand feet up the Andes in search of the *odontoglossum crispum*—which is as clumsy a name as ever was given to a rare white flower whose petals are hardly more than gossamer. Technical terms never seem more ridiculous than when applied by the mouthful to such aerial bits of nature. There is the *oncidium varicosum,* with spreading yellow sprays, which comes from sunny Brazil, while the *dendrobium* in tendrils of heliotrope perfection has travelled over mountains and many seas in its journey from Northern India. There is a wonderful bit of flowering which one can hardly believe is without wings—a spread of silvery white petals with flecks of tawny orange and brown and the golden centre of a butterfly, by which name it is called. Ruling with a master's supremacy over all this orchid territory is Hansen, the Dane, who will allow no other man to come near the flowers, which he cherishes with the passion of a devotee. Kingdoms may rise and fall, storms come and go, bargains be made or unmade in the outside world, but Hansen cares for none of these things. He is verily an artist and, should the visitor be properly humble, Hansen will explain how the true lover of orchids can stoop to care for no lesser blooms, since the finest art seeks only the best. Such utter abandon to so frail an idol is something to marvel at in our modern world of mammon-worship. Happy Hansen! When he stands before a fairy group of *cattleya labiata* and his blue eyes kindle with enthusiasm as he tells of their voyage from Brazil and the care which has brought them to their mauve immaculacy, he knows the artist's rare exaltation. He may live in Canada for twenty long years, but he will know only the glass-enclosed corner where his beloved orchids have reached their ultimate loveliness.

The most solid framework, the most careful construction must go to the glass houses which shield these fragrant and fragile wares. Iron, cement and steel take their part in a structure which must admit light and keep out cold. It forms a small world in itself, where over one hundred workmen are busy throughout the year with soil and seeds and bulbs, and from which wagon loads make many journeys a day with flowers for all parts of the Dominion. It has all grown, from a rose tree planted by an Englishman in a picturesque Canadian town, to an estate of sixty acres, and it shows that we are adding unto our bread and our cheese the colour and fragrance which spell prosperity and progress.

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The Corruptionist

By W. A. FRASER

Author of "Mooswa of the Boundaries," "The Lone Furrow," Etc.

JACK ROONEY assured the world that he was a "handicapper," a "clocker," but the world, impatient of fine distinctions, dubbed him a tout. However, Rooney was certainly an adept at the business of holding a stop watch on horses in their gallops, and reducing to black and white their chances in different races.

One day in May, Rooney took a seat in the race train, just across the Harlem River, on his way to Morris Park. The clocker had scarcely settled himself down to a deep study of the racing chart when he was brought to attention by the quick, nervous voice of Dicky Sproat, saying: "Jack, shake hands with my friend, Mr. Larmour."

Something in the respectful tone of the "Mister" caused Rooney to raise his eyes to the small, green-gray, foxlike beads that peeped between the narrowed lids of Sproat's thin face—in fact, but one of the green eyes peeped, the other being veiled by a drooping lid, and Rooney knew that there was business afoot. Before Sproat had a chance to give him a key to the situation another man, loquacious in racing talk, joined them, and Sproat, again winking at the clocker, carried the intruder away.

Larmour was a heavy, ponderous man; he raked Rooney's ribs with his hip as he crushed into the seat beside him, saying: "It's a nice day—the track'll be fast, Mr. Lane."

Rooney utilised the careful folding up of his paper as an excuse for a minute's inner commune. "Lane? Ah!" he muttered, "that's the idea; this duck thinks I'm Jack Lane the trainer. Dicky Sproat has worked this."

The big man unbuttoned his vest, snorted an expostulation against the heat, and continued: "Say, Mr. Lane, you don't got to be 'fraid of me—I ain't got no pump wit' me. You know me, eh?"

Rooney had for two minutes, so he nodded in acquiescence.

"Sure thing—everybody does; I'm Ab Larmour, the bookmaker."

The huge face beamed benignly on Rooney; then the heavy lines drew down in a sardonic frown of impatience when this momentous announcement failed to galvanise the little man into exuberant recognition. Then Larmour struck again at the imperturbable clocker:

"Dicky Sproat haf told you many times about me, eh? Didn't Dicky an' you haf the good thing at Sheepshead already—I was on, myself, that time."

"Sproat's too fresh—his tongue's hung in the middle."

"Say, Jack, that don't make no loser with me, see. Dicky knows I'm a clam; I ain't no mutt to give a good thing away."

The speaker looked cautiously over his shoulder, then, tipping his gorilla head towards Rooney, whispered:

"Firebrand looks good with 112 pounds; he'll be favourite—the papers call him to win. But I'll tell you something, Lane—Whitestocking, handicapped at ninety-

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eight pounds, might cop the goods." He looked solemnly out of his heavy eyes at the clocker, then dug a ponderous thumb in his ribs, whispering: "I'm wise to that stable—there's somethin' doin'."

"There's always something doin'," Rooney growled dejectedly, thinking of the wondrous scheme that had gone all awry the day before, leaving him with but $5 in his pocket. "That old gag's got whiskers on; something doing, and at the finish the best horse wins, and the wise guys are broke. Whitestocking with a postage stamp on his back couldn't beat Firebrand——"

The big man interrupted Rooney with a snort: "It ain't what a horse *can* do, it's what he *does* gets the mun. Say, Dicky told me 'bout you, Mr. Lane—can't we do some business together?"

The speaker's lips were so close to Rooney's ear that his hot breath scorched the little man's cheek.

"As to how?" the clocker queried patiently.

"Well, I'll speak plain—that's my way, an' if you ain't on, why—nothin' doin'. You want to make some sure money, don't you? You ain't in the racin' game for your health?"

"I'm in it to improve the breed of horses."

"Ha, ha! that's a good one. That old chestnut is dead ripe up in the club-house among the swells, an' I notice they're all after the long green. If you beat 'em out of a few dollars they'll squeal like a stuck pig. You can't feed your horses for the public; they don't give a pretzel for you—an' we don't cry over 'em, ain't it?"

"When a man's short of the 'ready,' it's the three gold balls—that much of the public for him, eh?" affiliated Rooney.

"You bet; a man ain't got no friends when he's shy the price. I'll make you some good money, Lane; you stick to me, an' you don't have to train for nobody by an' by; you'll have your own stable."

This spoon-bait, suddenly turned at the clocker's very nose, threw him off his guard, and he snapped, saying eagerly:

"Say, mister, if I had a horse could win I'd unseat some of the push; I'd knock some of the Mets off the block."

"What's the matter with Firebrand?—he can win."

Jack gasped; *pro tem.* he was supposed to be a trainer with a stable in which was Firebrand, not a tout.

"I mean a *good* horse," Rooney explained.

"Well, we'll get him by an' by—we'll get one like Hermis, eh? But first we got to get the sixty thousand, eh, Jack?—that's what Hermis cost."

Rooney thought of the solitary five dollar bill resting in his vest pocket.

"You're going to ride Ike Murray on Firebrand, ain't you?" the bookmaker proceeded.

"Murray'll ride him; he can do the weight," Rooney answered evasively.

"Well, the public's followin' Murray, an' they'll back your horse off the boards"—the speaker made a pass with both hands as though he were washing windows—"'cause he's in this race with a lot of selling platers. You've got to take a short price. And perhaps somebody's got a horse in the race that's been saved for a killin'; an' the boy on the dark un'll take a chance of bein' fined a hundred, an' try to beat the barrier—p'raps he'll get away flyin', an win out all the way. Then where's your horse?"

"Down the course."

"Sure thing! Your mun's gone, an' the public they'll swear you never tried a yard, ain't it? If they win on your horse they don't whack up, never no more."

"I ain't botherin' over the public," the other answered truthfully enough; "Betsy and I are out—me an' the public's divorced."

"That's what Dicky told me. He said you was tired talkin' the short odds 'bout Firebrand; an' p'raps get him bid up on you, an' take the purse away. 'Tain't like it was, no more, when a man could get his horse ready an' make a killin'. Nowadays there's always some damn sneakin' tout about—clockers they call themselves, railbirds—What's the matter wit' you, Mr. Lane—was I crowdin' you too much?" For Rooney squirmed most uncomfortably under the bookmaker's thrusts.

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"Something bit me in the leg," he answered lamely.

"Maybe 'twas a bee or an ant. What was I saying? Oh, yes, you got to play the game wit' these fellows, an' that's what I'm goin' to talk about. I'm in a book here—see? I don't get up on the block; I'm behind—it's my mun—I keep the bank roll."

The speaker stopped, and the heavy eyes looked questioningly at Jack. Under their pressure the little man said:

"Well?"

"Hell! what more d'you want—have we got to make some legal documents to understand the layout? There'll be bar'ls of money for Firebrand, and if I held him safe, I could lay against him, an' win a big pot. Some of the books'll be rubbin' him off the slate."

"You want me to pull the horse?"

"Nobody don't pull no horse no more. If Firebrand gets into a pocket or gets left at the post, I'd make a big winnin'."

"But the purse——"

"What's that? Six hundred—'bout four-fifty to the first horse, an' Whitestockin' might beat you out—see? I *know somethin'!*"

"What do I get if Firebrand don't win?"

"I give you quarter interest in the book, an' I'll lay him till they get tired comin' at me mit the goods. An' you make the purse next time you start the horse. He'll be a better price if he gets beat, won't he? Now, that's the proposition—does it go?"

"Yes; I'll come around after the race. What's the name of your book?"

"I don't whisper that to the moon; I'm behind. You meet me by the oyster stand, where the big fat fellow mit the black moustache dishes up the clam chowder, where a man what finds a clam in it gets a prize."

"I know it, just by the bar; I'll be there soon's the numbers go up."

"Don't get a hot box running to meet me—I'm good for what I promise. Ain't you got to see your horse in?"

"When they win I do; winners for mine! the stable lad takes the losers. I'll be there, for I want to close up a deal of this sort quick—see?"

A sudden inspiration of commerce came to the clocker, and he added: "If it's all the same to you we'll make this deal solid. What horse'll win if—if—mine's beat?"

"Whitestocking."

"Well, I'll take a hundred on account. I want to play it on this good thing of yours."

"Oh by gracious! how do I know if Firebrand don't win, eh? You might give me the double cross."

"When I make a bargain I stick to it. If Firebrand wins to-day I'll never start him in a race—I'll never pull a girth on him."

"Will you swear that?"

"Yes, sure thing."

"All right; I'll give you the hundred. But if Firebrand don't sulk, or something, or get shut off—if he comes home by himself you'd better not stop runnin' till you strike Harlem."

The train chucked; the wheels skidded to a stop; the big man tapped Jack on the arm as he rose, looking over his shoulder, and whispered:

"I'm your friend; you stick to me an' we got that good horse like Hermis."

Dicky Sproat swung in beside the clocker as he strode along the gravel, under the arch, and up the incline to the stand entrance.

"How'd the bookie get it in his crop I was Lane?" Rooney queried of Sproat.

"He squats down in my seat, an' commenced makin' a play that he'd like to meet Lane—that he'd like to find out whether Firebrand could win or not. Then he told me to look back four seats an' tell him if that wasn't Lane. When I looked——"

"You saw me."

"I did; that's all I know about it. Larmour must have seen you about Lane's stable, or somebody'd pointed you out, or somethin'. How'd you get on?"

"I thought it was a joke at first, Dicky."

"I didn't. I knew it was business with Mister Ab. He has no use for comedy, that duck—he plays the heavy villain all the time. What's the game over Firebrand—does he want him pulled?"

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"Yes, I swore I'd never saddle him for a race again if he won."

"You'd never get the chance; but he'll win all the same."

"He promised me a quarter in the book if the horse was beat—say, Dicky, I don't like it—it's a variety of the confidence game. I'm broke—I'm down to five dollars, or I wouldn't have anything to do with it."

"He's a pirate—you needn't worry over him. He'd lay against the horse anyway; it's the bookin' game to pound the favourite."

"I screwed a hundred out of him, an' I'm going to bet it on Firebrand. You're halves in it, Dick."

"We'll whipsaw the race anyway; but, we'll have to take to the woods as soon as we cash this bet. This same Larmour is a rusty cuss when he gets a jolt."

"Here, Dick, you take the hundred and put it on Firebrand. I'll have to go over into the paddock and stand near Lane's horse when he's saddling for the second race. This heeler of honest men might take a notion to prowl."

"I'll watch for him here by the paddock gate, and stop him with some excuse if he comes along," Sproat answered.

"Say, Dick, if he gets wise to this before the race, what'll we do—give him back the hundred?"

"Yes, tell him it was a joke—that you was drawin' him."

In the paddock, the clocker had his opinion of the race confirmed on every side. It was a pipe for Firebrand; he'd come home on the bit; it was the best bet of the day. Unfortunately these assurances were unpleasing to Rooney, for, though chance had cast his way a hundred to bet, the profit would be small.

Even the horse, when he was stripped for the saddle, appealed to the clocker's pessimistic vision as a model of condition. His bronze-bay coat glistened in the hot summer sun like a polished Russian samovar; blue and red and peacock green shimmered tantalisingly here and there in patches over the bunches of muscles that curled and uncurled as the horse capered and lashed out under the tickling sensation of girth-cinching.

"There's not a chance on earth for the big end of this," Jack moaned; "nothing but an accident, and something happens only when one's down on a horse good and plenty with the dough."

A bugle sounded over at the judges' stand; a paddock official called: "Mount your horses! Come on, Murray—get up! Eight boys small of stature, gaudy with many-coloured silks, fluttered like butterflies to the backs of eight thoroughbreds; then, in procession, Indian file, they wound from between the cool, whispering trees; a white-painted gate swung open, and leisurely, daintily stepping, the horses, old campaigners, passed down the course, turned, and cantered over to the mile post.

Rooney trailed the racers from the paddock, passed along the narrow walk by the club inclosure, and, as he emerged on to the stand lawn, was met by his partner in the hold-up of eager Ab.

"How does Firebrand look?" Sproat asked.

"Great—it's a pity."

"It's too bad; but I got even money to the hundred—I got it in Larmour's book."

"The devil! You've got a nerve."

"Firebrand was four to five all over the ring, and I saw Danny Baird—that's the book Larmour's backing—layin' even money as fast as they came to him. An' they was comin'. You've heard of salmon runnin' up a river till you could walk over them—well, that's what it was like. I threw an eye behind the box, an' I couldn't see Larmour, so I took a chance. I'm flat yet from the squeeze of that push."

"He'll shoot you when you go to cash in—you'll never get it in the world."

"I'll give my badge to Cully French to collect. They'll pay to the number on the badge; they don't use faces in their business. I'll go and send him to stand in line as soon as the horses are off. I'll tell him to get his chest right up against the cashier; I want some of the early money, for Ab Larmour's goin' to get a knock when Firebrand rolls home with his ears prickin'."

"That's good business, Dicky."

"Yes, Cully can get out of line if somethin' else wins."

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Over at the starting post there was a swaying, undulating blotch of strong colours, so like a gaudy Persian rug swinging in the wind. Suddenly the network barrier shot upward; the rug was drawn into an arrowhead, with a crimson point that was the colours of Firebrand; a bell clanged viciously in the betting ring; a thousand men swirled from the money mart—even the bookmakers rushed to the grass lawn, dragging stools.

"I'll back the favourite," one of them said, from the eminence of his chair.

Larmour levelled his glasses on the horses; the cylinders were filled with the presence of a big-headed steed, Firebrand; and behind him, spread out like the flight of wild geese, were the other seven.

"What the deuce is that boy gettin' off so well as that if Lane don't want to win," Larmour growled.

"The favourite 'll roll home," some one at his elbow said.

"Whitestocking's going well," another announced.

"White nothin'!" the first speaker retorted; "Murray's playin' with 'em—Firebrand's tow-ropin' the whole field."

And still the heavy-headed horse loped along in front just as though there was no financial enterprise depending upon his tardiness.

Perhaps Murray was rushing his mount so energetically to the front to kill him off. Isaac was a finished horseman and could beat a horse as well as he could nurse him for a win. Larmour knew that. "By Jiminie!" the bookmaker muttered, "he's runnin' him into the ground. I'll give that boy a diamond stud for a present."

"I'll lay three to one on the favourite," a bettor cried; "three thousand to a thousand Firebrand gets the long end of this purse."

"By Jiminie! if I don't see Dicky Sproat bet that hundred, I'd shut that fellow's mouth," Larmour whispered to himself; "they might be throwin' me down."

Now the racers were swinging to the last corner, the turn into the stretch; and still in front gleamed the placid white face of Firebrand. Up the stretch the big horse loped, leading the procession with a full dignity of little exertion.

"By gracious! I'm just kiddin' myself. I'm a sucker from Missouri; there ain't nothin' doin'—nothin' doin'," the bookmaker groaned. He could hardly hear his own thoughts, bitter as they were; his senses were numbed by the babel of many voices; the air palpitated with the echoing beat of galloping hoofs as the straining thoroughbreds swept by. Then there was a discordant clatter of Larmour's compatriots clambering from their perches with ornate expressions of regret.

Somewhat abstracted in his engrossing discontent, Larmour came to earth with unintentioned haste; his long-legged pedestal swayed as if caught in the wave of contagious excitement, and the big man was dumped most unceremoniously, his last view showing him Firebrand well in front.

Physically shocked, and financially battered beyond doubt, the bookmaker, all but stunned, arose with one paramount thought in his mind—two, perhaps—a glass of brandy and revenge.

As he cut across towards the bar, he was conscious of a voice asking some one, "What's the matter?" And another voice had answered, "Fell; must be drunk."

The bookmaker flung a curse over his shoulder at this gratuitous comment upon his accident, as he thought.

Clocker Rooney, standing where the blue-gray of the cement walk hides the hard line of its sharp edge in the velvet fringe of the greensward lawn, watched the sweep of the horse wave as it came like a breaker gliding up a stretch of sand.

"That'll crack gentle Ab's heart," he said to Dicky Sproat, nodding toward Firebrand's gleaming white face that was showing in front down by the betting ring.

"It breaks mine, too," Sproat replied.

"Yes, he's just ambling; Murray's yawning. It's a thousand to one on Firebrand. There they go!"

This, as a chorus of voices started the backer's anthem, "The favourite wins!"

"In a romp!" somebody cried. "Come on, you, Murray!"

Just over the course on the infield a big black yelled: "See him come—come on, you ole Firebrand—huroo-oo! ole Firebrand!"

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Within the lingering of the darky's voice the racers were but fifty yards away. The apathy of assured result stilled the tumult of the watchers, even stilled the senses of Firebrand's jockey; the little man in crimson rode in dreamland.

All at once, like the alarm of many angry bells, a hundred voices called in warning to the careless boy. A look, quick-turned over his shoulder, showed Firebrand's rider the head of Whitestocking on his flank, stealing the race with a well-judged rush. Then Murray's whip shot into the air, his small, sinewy form uncurled from its lethargy; men who had turned away, their interest lost, wheeled, stood still, and held their breath.

A struggle! Would the boy on Whitestocking outride the great Isaac—would their idol pay the penalty of his nap and lose? No; the big horse, gathered by those quick hands of steel, thrust forward. No more the lean-flanked mare gained.

"The favourite's got— My God! what's up?" It was a cry of startled horror from Rooney. The crimson jacket wavered like a wind-blown rag; a whip flew forward from a small hand that clutched at the horse's mane; then down, down, fighting, clutching, sinking in the wave of swirling horses, the boy sank and was lost from Firebrand's back.

Up in the stand ten thousand faces blanched till it was one white wall. No one spoke. As the boy sank, a woman's scream cut down through the stillness of the mob.

"My God! that's the boy's mother—she sits up there," Rooney said.

The note of anguish, and then in crescendo a tempest of articulate emotion! Women screamed and swooned with a call on their lips. There was the drumming pound of rushing feet; hoarse calls from sane men to be seated; and down on the track, past the goal, still in the lead, the big horse had swept riderless; and where the others had swerved in their gallop lay the poor lad, who was now surely asleep in death. Over the rails, from lawn and infield, men leaped, to crowd in useless sympathy about the boy.

There was the rushing whirr of wheels—the ambulance. Up to the cordon of men it dashed.

"Back, back! Stand back, make room!"

And as the foolish ones surged away a shout of relief went up from the stand; the little figure in crimson—the fierce red softened to silence by the dust of the course—weak, tottering, was up, with the strong arm of the big black about him. The thick-lipped face of the negro gleamed in spots in the sunlight as though tiny pearls had been pinned to his swarthy cheek, and the great bass voice that had bellowed across the course the triumph of Firebrand was soft as he said: "Doctah, if dat boy'd been killed, I doan race no moah!"

"That's Murray's valet," some one said.

"Whitestocking gets the race," the clocker said, as the numbers, creaking dismally, crawled up the notice pole.

"See, that's what happened—the girth broke. I thought so," Sproat cried, pointing to barebacked Firebrand, and the broken-girthed saddle on the stable lad's arm.

"Say, Dick, I'd 've felt guilty if that boy'd been killed; of course, I had nothin' to do with it, but—hell, it was creepy. I wouldn't have touched that Larmour money."

"Will you now?"

"Yes, our hundred's burnt up, an' I'll chase myself down to that oyster place an' make Larmour part. What'll I hit him for?"

"Not less than a thou.; let him think you prepared that girth play."

As Jimmie slipped through the arch at the oyster bar he met Larmour.

The two men instinctively stood and measured each other with the eye. "I haven't got it yet," was in the clocker's mind; and the other was whispering to himself, "I got to pay him off cheap's I can."

"Well," said Jimmie.

"Is the boy much hurt?"

"Where'll we go where it's quiet?" the little man clicked sharp through his teeth.

Larmour moved toward the bar, saying,

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speaking low, "I got cold feet an' didn't lay much against Firebrand."

"The hell you didn't!"

"I see Dicky Sproat back him for a hundred in my book, an' it looks like I'm gettin' the double cross—the straight flap-doodle. If I don't get that jolt I make a bar'l of money."

"I don't open my head about my business to Sproat; he didn't know our arrangement."

"I thought he was next it; that's why I don't lay Firebrand much. But that's my fault, p'raps. Come over here just by the coatrack. There is a nice quiet place. Here's a little present for you," and Larmour slipped his hand surreptitiously toward the clocker.

Rooney's thin, wiry fingers closed upon the bills; then he counted them—five one-hundred dollar bills.

"Where's the rest of it?" he asked.

"That's all; I didn't make no money. Didn't I told you I got cold feet and quit!"

Then Rooney stretched up on his toes so that he could look from a level into the pig eyes of the fat man of evasion, and said, in a low, sincere voice: "I'll take a thou—see? I'll *take* a thou——"

"No you won't——"

"Or the stewards'll have you on the carpet for corrupt tendencies—see?"

A twitch of apprehension turned the big pasty face yellow; then it flushed red in anger, and he answered: "By hell! you think I'm a kid, eh? You'd lose your license, Mister Jack Lane."

"I'm not Jack Lane—I'm Jack Rooney; I wasn't in on that good thing at Sheepshead with your money, but Dicky Sproat *is* in on *this*, so we need five hundred more."

Larmour stepped back, and in his eyes was bewilderment.

"You won twenty thousand if you won a cent, an' you won it because you thought Firebrand was stiff. It was as good as the real thing; you'll pay me a thousand, or get ruled off for trying to bribe Lane to pull his horse."

Larmour hesitated for a minute; then he smiled in a ghastly manner, and said:

"Don't get de hot wave—I was just kiddin'—Come and split a bottle—here's another five hundred—I said I'd be your friend."



To-morrow

By A. L. FRASER

In thought I wandered where Time lays his dead
And scanned the tomb-stones to past days with sorrow;
Hope met me there,—an aureole round her head;
She told me not to weep; there still remained to-morrow,
That though of all my days I be bereft,
Eternity, secure, to me is left.

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French-Canadian Folk-Lore

By LOUIS FRÉCHETTE

Last Installment

THERE is no place in the province of Quebec where fantastic traditions blossom with an equal profusion as in the neighbourhood of the famous Forges of the St. Maurice, a short distance north of Three Rivers. People live there in full fantasmagory. Mysterious beings, ghosts, sorcerers of all descriptions, the devil in all shapes and forms, are the main subject of conversation. Here, it is an invisible phantom, heaving forth some lamentable moan in the silence of the night; there, it is a huge black cat with blazing eyes, which walks and sleeps on melting iron as tranquilly as on an oriental carpet. Somewhere else, it is an unknown man in shirt sleeves, who, in the open air, by the bitterest winter colds, shaves himself for hours in front of a pocket looking-glass which a monstrous black dog—a loup-garou probably—holds in his mouth; somewhere else, it is a negro carter, unknown to all, who, drawn by a gigantic black horse, drives a cartload of coal and disappears on the edge of a ravine, without a soul being able to tell whence he came and where he went to. Some other time, it is a mysterious and formidable forger who lights up the old furnaces at night, sets the forges at work, puts the rams in motion, and hammers and hammers his own leg until it reaches incredible dimensions. This strange individual has been seen several times by the most trustworthy persons of the place. The same folk would also point out a most extraordinary fellow who cannot wear a decent suit of clothes, having to fight every night with a familiar demon who follows him since he was born. And so forth; there is no end to it.

In this vicinity is situated the famous chapel—*la chapelle des Piles*—where the shanty men of the St. Maurice used to lock up the *Bon Dieu*, to have a free hand at la Chasse-galerie. Not far from there, way up the river, in the dense forest, at night a terrible cry of anguish, a most horrible growl, a blood-curdling lamentation was often heard, and rolled along and along, repeated by the echoes of the shores, without anybody having ever been able to discover the cause or the origin of the phenomena. This is called the *Gueulard*—the Squaller—of the St. Maurice.

At some distance further up again, we meet the Mont-à-l'Oiseau, a high and wall-sided peak which is the terror of the travellers of those regions. This mountain is inhabited by spectres of the most extraordinary sorts. They are nothing but skeletons of men and beasts, of all shapes and sizes. At midnight, when the voice of the *Gueulard* is heard, the whole crowd turn out in the most terrific procession and sarraband, scaring to death all who happen to witness the infernal scenes. Woe to the imprudent travellers who dare to camp in the coves of the Mont-à-l'Oiseau! They are never to be seen again in this world.

And so on; and so on; the fact is that if I were to recount all the marvellous stories told about this region, I wouldn't

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have time to write of anything else. And God knows that I am not in lack of kindred subjects.

For instance, the *Braillard de la Madeleine*—the Brawler of the Magdalen Islands. This Braillard de la Madeleine had for long years bewildered many people, and been the subject of many superstitious tales—until it was discovered that the awful cry, which had all the intonations of a human voice, was caused by the grating of two trunks of trees against each other, when the wind blew in a certain direction.

Who has not heard of the mysterious light of Lake St. Peter? I saw it myself; it is like the glimpse of a candle which seems to float on the surface of the lake, projecting a long and trembling glimmer on the wave. Numbers of people have often tried to approach the strange light, to investigate its nature. It always faded away before it could be reached. The legends told about this light are numberless.

Another light of the same kind is also to be seen on the St. Lawrence, somewhere in the vicinity of Coteau Landing. Like that of Lake St. Peter, it never could be reached. It does not fade away though; it only changes position, and wanders so well right and left as to challenge the efforts of the most obstinate hunters.

In some localities below Quebec, in the vicinity of Kamouraska, there are sorcerers who can call east or west wind at will, by building a little fire on the shore in which they burn some mysterious powder unknown to the vulgar. Others know some incantation by which they can stop short vessels sailing up or down the river, five or six miles distant.

We have at Rivière-Ouelle a phantom schooner which, at certain periods of the year, boards at Pointe-aux-Orignaux pier, apparently mounted by a frolicsome crew of dancers and merrymaking young people, which vanishes as soon as outsiders make their appearance. In relation to this, there is a tradition in the locality that, at the beginning of the last century, a joyous party left La Rivière-Ouelle, on board a schooner, one Sunday morning, to join a dancing re-union at La Malbaie—now the summer resort called Murray Bay—and was never heard of since.

In addition to this we have the spectre of the Cap-au-Diable, the well known Ghost of Gentilly, the phantom priest of the Rigault presbytery, the apparitions of the late Sir John Caldwell in his manor of Etchemin, the phantom Head of Pointe-Levy, etc.

As to our popular beliefs attributing such and such power to such and such objects, or practices, most of them are now things of the past; but they were almost numberless in old times. In my infancy, I knew lots of people who never failed to gather and preserve some of the first rain fallen in the month of May, the same having, in their belief, the propriety of curing all sorts of maladies and bodily harm.

All the young girls—I mean all those who were not particularly scrupulous, for such practices were strictly forbidden by the priests—had recourse to different sorts of cabalistic performances to know their future husbands. The would-be sorceress would swallow some peculiar kind of drug together with, I do not know what sort of a cake baked according to certain mysterious rites; and then she would go to bed after having put a basin of water, a looking-glass or a small wooden ladder at the head of her couch. During the night, she would see in dream some fellow either washing his hands in the basin, or shaving before the glass, or climbing the ladder. It was the man she was bound to marry.

I am not sure whether this piece of sorcery was always successful or not, but I know at least of a certain case which was considered very remarkable at the time, and gave great credit to this popular superstition in our midst. It happened to one of our servant girls, who had seen, instead of a man, a hog climbing the ladder. Nobody was surprised when the unfortunate girl united her fate to the most inveterate drunkard of the whole parish and village.

A most extraordinary story was told freely by the veterans of that time—

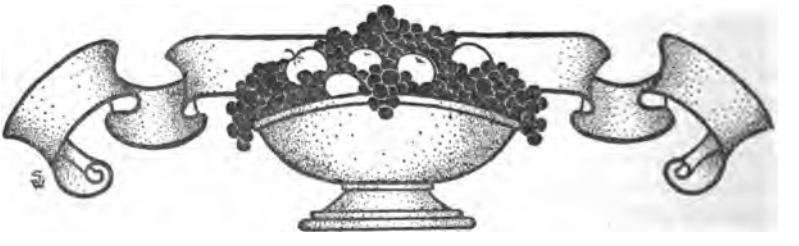
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and I shall close with the same. It was pretended that at the beginning of the last century, or at least by the end of the eighteenth, a man—a stranger to the country—gave daily a very strange spectacle to the citizens of Quebec. He would tie—so they said—a log or a piece of square timber to the tail of a rooster, and the rooster would drag it along the steep and lofty Palace Hill, without any apparent effort. And this was accomplished, they said, in broad daylight, in the presence of an astounded and stupefied crowd. One can easily imagine the affluence of spectators attracted by such wonderful exhibition.

One day, an old woman, who carried a basket full of vegetables, exclaimed laughingly: "Why! for goodness sake, what do you find so astonishing in all this? Where is the difficulty for a fowl to draw a bit of straw at the end of his tail?" As everybody saw a log instead of a straw, everybody thought the old woman was crazy. But the magician went to her and said: "Madam, will you let me look in your basket?" "No objection," she said. And among the lettuce and the cabbage leaves was found a young toad. This had, it appears, averted the charm from the old woman's eyes, who saw but a straw, while the rest of the crowd saw a log.

Now, what is to be thought of such a story? Can it be nothing but fibs invented by practical jokers? This would be very strange indeed, the fact being vested with a character of publicity which excludes all idea of mystification. How could a story of that kind have gained credit among the population of Quebec and the neighbouring localities with such a stamp of notoriety, if there was not something true at the bottom of it? As late as forty years ago, the matter was still talked of in Quebec. Some old people asserted in my presence having heard the fact certified by their own parents. Are we here in presence of an extraordinary case of hypnotism? Was the man who practised such witchcraft in possession of the secrets and science of the fakirs of India? At all events, if the fact ever existed, it cannot be but through the virtue of some power of that kind. In reality, this seems to have been the opinion of most people of the time, who attributed the whole thing to a charm exercised on the eyes and sight of the spectators by the magician's will and suggestion.

Such are the principal characteristic features of our French-Canadian folklore. Of course, it is useless for me to add that the almost totality of these legends, popular beliefs, traditions and superstitions are no more to be found, even among the illiterate portion of our community. I am not so fond of idealistics to deplore this progress beyond measure; but I am enough of a poet to think that these legendary traditions, like the relics of the past kept in our museums, should not be entirely forgotten in the pages of our national history.



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From Tennyson to Kipling

By ARNOLD HAULTAIN

THE Germans have been talking much of late of "world-politics." And since East has lately touched West in so intimate, not to say inimical, a manner, first on the banks of the Yalu and then on the shores of the Pacific, it was time perhaps that the coinage was made. No one, however, has yet coined the word "world-poetics." Let us hasten to do it.

The poet—or let us say rather the artist in words—is always the best exponent of his age. The artist of whatever kind is always a better exponent of his age than is any other kind of worker. And for more reasons than one. To begin with, the artist deals with emotions; with feelings and sentiments, hopes and desires and doubts; and if we would know the spirit of an age we must know these. The poet holds up a mirror to nature—including man: he shows us the workings of the human soul. He cannot help but do this: it is his gift, his function, and—he is the product of his age.

Now, of the spirit of the age immediately preceding our own, of the era styled Victorian, was there any one great exponent? Surely there was, and surely Alfred Tennyson, in spite of many limitations, was he. To labour that point, there is no need now or here.

In the interval between Tennyson's day and ours, the world has travelled fast and far. Tennyson wrote for the educated. Not till twenty years after he was created Laureate was national education instituted. And he wrote of the educated. The Idylls of the King were really a depicture, not of the Court of King Arthur, but of the manners, customs, and sentiments of the gentlemen of England in the time of Prince Albert. Stripped of their history and of their local colour, the Idylls portray the chivalry, the taste, the notions of honour, the delicacy, the refinement — and also the aloofness, the dignity, the reserve of the educated classes of the Victorian era. "The Palace of Art" is typical of Tennyson, a Tennyson shut up in his beautiful England, where he built for his soul a lordly pleasure-house wherein at ease for aye to dwell. He sang the brook, the mead, the mill, the English home, and dewy pastures, dewy trees—haunts of ancient peace. He sang, too, the growing religious doubts of his age:

"Oh! sure it is a special care
Of God, to fortify from doubt."

"I am void,
Dark, formless, utterly destroyed.
Why not believe then?"

"O spirit and heart made desolate!
O damnéd vacillating state."

This in his earlier years. In his later years he applauds honest doubt. In his later years also we see dawning upon him the effect of novel views,

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novel theories, and the rapid rise of "the people." In "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After" we see him somewhat petulantly recognising, yet fearing, the rise of democracy. Listen,—

"Equal-born? O yes, if yonder hill be level with the flat.
Charm us, Orator, till the Lion look no larger than the Cat,

Till the Cat thro' that mirage of overheated language loom
Larger than the Lion,—Demos end in working its own doom."

What, now, are the chief characteristics of the days in which we live as compared with the days of Wordsworth's successor? Well, the seeds sown then have flowered and fruited —and some of the fruit is over-ripe, and some is rather bitter, and some has already sown a second crop!

First, popular education, factories, and, by consequence, city life, have together completed the rise of Demos. Hence forward the artist in words must not forget the man in the street. And this means much. Second, scientific investigation and scientific speculation have gone so far that (*i*) every detail of life is governed by scientific facts or scientific appliances; and (*ii*) every detail of thought, philosophical or religious, is governed by scientific method or scientific theory. When the seed was germinating, Dogma looked askance at hesitating Doubt; now that it has fruited, it is Dogma that hesitates, for Doubt loses it timorousness and sometimes even masquerades as a New Ethic. So, a Herbert Spencer falls back upon an Unknowable (vague and hollow entity), and Matthew Arnold on a Stream of Tendency (a tenuous thing and highly innutritious), and Swinburne blandly wonders "if any gods there be," and Grant Allen proves (to his own content) that Jahveh was "a stone" (whereat many were shocked). Third, with the rise into power of "the people" has come the rise into power of the peoples of the colonies and dependencies. Of all the characteristics of this age this is the chiefest, that whereas in 1850 England was all-in-all and Greater Britain not even was, to-day Greater Britain is all-in-all and England is fast becoming the mother and protectress of a family of nations. Tennyson foresaw nothing of this, sing as he did of the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World. Fourth, there has come into being in this our day a something to which it is difficult to give a name. In Coleridge, Southey, Shelley, Keats, in Wordsworth above all, there is a pensiveness, a leisure, a calm, a tendency to dream and meditate and quietly observe: an inheritance, no doubt, from the eighteenth century. To-day there is everywhere apparent a spirit of. . . perhaps "strenuousness," the word of President Roosevelt, is the best to choose.

Now of these four great outstanding characteristics of the age, who, since Tennyson, has been the chief exponent? Surely we can point to no other than to Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Of certain particular tendencies certain particular artists in words might perhaps be chosen; but could the phrase "world-poet" be ascribed to any other of Tennyson's successors—to the Brownings, the Rossettis, Swinburne, George Meredith, Patmore, Morris, the Arnolds, George Eliot, Robert Bridges, William Watson, Lawrence Binyon, Stephen Phillips, Yeats, Henley, James or Francis Thompson, the two Moores, Locker Lampson, John Davidson, Alfred Symons?—some of these names will cause a smile.

Turn we then to Kipling.

I was looking over various editions of Mr. Kipling's works the other day, when I alighted upon the following:

"I do not anticipate for Mr. Kipling a very popular popularity. He does not compete with Miss Braddon or Mr. E. P. Roe. His favourite subjects are too remote and unfamiliar for a world that likes to be amused with matters near home and pas-

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sions that do not stray far from the drawing-room or the parlor . . . He is an exotic romancer . . . He is not in tune with our modern civilisation."

That is from a "Biographical and Critical Sketch," by no less a personage than Mr. Andrew Lang. I confess I smiled when I read it. By this time, I suspect, this is one of the things that Mr. Lang wishes he had left unsaid—or said otherwise. Not popular! Too remote! Too far from the drawing-room! Exotic! Not in tune with our modern civilisation! Why, it is precisely to our modern civilisation that Mr. Kipling appeals; and he is popular to the last degree, just because that modern civilisation asks for something remote, "exotic" (if Mr. Lang will have it so), and that strays very far away from the drawing-room. So much the more Kipling he, surely. So much certainly the more world-poet he.

When the great exemplar and exponent of the thought and sentiment of the Victorian Era was building for himself in Little England a Palace of Art, and inditing therein Idylls of a King who had lived centuries bygone, his true lineal successor and descendant was busying himself in knitting together the scattered portions of an England that had outgrown itself. Of the Imperialistic idea Kipling is the true progenitor, numerous as may have been the foster-fathers who have nurtured his offspring.

Secondly, whereas Tennyson, the laureate successor of Wordsworth, hedged about by influences dating from the dawn of the nineteenth century—even perhaps from the sunset of the eighteenth—whereas Tennyson sung in mellifluous phrase of the educated and for the educated, and of the higher classes and for them, Kipling has shaken ungloved hands with the man in the street; for, since Tennyson's day, Demos has arisen and has proclaimed itself arisen. Tennyson did not understand him; Kipling does. In which may be noted the enormous stride made between the Era Victorian and the Era Edvardian.

With the rise of Demos has come the rise of many things, among others, as I have said, of the reign of science —both applied (in the shape of machinery) and theoretical (in the shape of investigation and speculation), this latter leading in the long run to curious things, for example, to highly un-Tennysonian views of life and duty. Here, too, Kipling is true to his day. Who ever "sang" machinery as has Kipling? "McAndrew's Hymn" ("Hymn," mind you), "The Bridge Builders," "The Ship That Found Herself," ".007," "With the Night Mail," "The Devil and the Deep Sea," and even "Steam Tactics" . . . time presses else could one expatiate long upon these unique —and romantic and poetic as unique —apotheoses of the Mechanical. Never before the dawn of the twentieth century could they have been penned, and by none other than by Kipling himself could they—at all events have they, been penned.

And what of the speculative side of science, the side that has substituted Evolution for ecclesiastical dogma? Here one treads on dangerous ground. Is Kipling true to his age in depicting this? Yea, verily. Demos is not versed in the Origin of Species, nor does he care over-much whence come his ideas of right and wrong, whether from a Divine sanction or from recondite laws of Nature, but Mr. Tommy Atkins, with less science, but perhaps more common sense, still believes in a Gawd—and Mr. Kipling faithfully portrays Mr. Tommy Atkins. From the vacillation and dubiety of "In Memoriam" to the vacillation and dubiety of "Tomlinson" what a step? And yet how perfectly each represents its particular age!

And what does "Tomlinson" teach? Something that the singer of "The Lotos Eaters" and "The Brook" and "The Day Dream" and "Saint Simeon Stylites" did not teach—

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"'Ye have read, ye have heard, ye have thought,' he said, 'and the tale is yet to run:

'By the worth of the body that once ye had give answer—what ha' ye done?'"

Not a hero of Kipling's but does something . . . And here note a most significant fact, one that perhaps the twenty-first century will ponder thoughtfully—he does it because he knows he ought, without waiting for one moment to ask whether he ought because a Nebula or an Unknowable or a Stream of Tendency or a Gawd demands it. In this perhaps lies Kipling's greatest greatness. He is a serious and earnest man is Mr. Rudyard Kipling. He that would, could analyse his lightest effort to find in it something serious and earnest. Is there not even in "The Song of the Banjo" a pathos sublime? And take this one stanza from "The Return"—*i.e.*, the return of troops, English and Colonial, after peace was declared, from South Africa:

"'Also Time runnin' into years—
A thousand Places left be'ind—
An' Men from both two 'emispheres
Discussin' things of every kind;
So much more near that I 'ad known,
So much more great than I 'ad guessed—
An' me, like all the rest, alone—
But reachin' out to all the rest!'"

Reader, what read you between those lines? For me, I read an Imperialism so passionate that the discussion of Chamberlainian tariffs seems trivial in comparison; a patriotism too intense to be formally expressed; a fellow-brotherhood almost poignant in its fervour; a national spirit religious in its devotion; and an individual aspiration at once so lofty and so humble that . . . well, one reads the stanza over again and thinks quietly to one's self.

I have left myself no space in which to speak of those exquisite works, the "Jungle Books" and the "Just So Stories." They will live as long—as long as Aesop's Fables will live. Indeed, there are some of us who think the "Jungle Books" will live longer. But if you ask, Why? we cannot tell. Can anyone tell wherein consists the permanent popularity of a supreme work of art?

Art? There lies the secret. Mr. Kipling is at once the supreme exponent of his age and a consummate artist. Evidently, to be the exponent of an age—to be the exponent of anything, one must (unconsciously) be an artist. The higher the art, perhaps, the deeper the truth expressed; the finer the art, the more fundamental the human passions portrayed.



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Chinatown in Victoria

By HENRY F. PULLEN

IT is curious to notice how little the Anglo-Saxon inhabitants of the Pacific Coast cities know of the thousands of aliens that always inhabit that district known locally as Chinatown. It is always contiguous to, and partially intermingled with, the district of red lights, which is the sore spot of every western town, differing little in this respect from the older cities of the East. Every morning scores of cooks and male houseworkers come out of this part of the town to do the domestic work of the richer part of the population, yet the employers know almost nothing of the part of the city where their spare time is spent, the companions with whom they associate, and the rooms in which they sleep. It is sufficient for them that the boy comes dressed in a clean suit of clothes and that he is not too strongly impregnated with the odour of opium.

A few days ago a lady teacher belonging to one of the religious denominations that work among these people, and who, therefore, is able to speak their language fluently, volunteered to take myself and two friends into some of the interesting parts of Victoria's Chinatown. The Chinese seem never to mind the visits paid by tourists and others, but they never "sabey" when their visitors ask for information. Hence the advantage of having an interpreter.

The first place we saw was the joss house, or temple, devoted to the worship of the departed spirits of their ancestors. This place was in charge of two men, one of whom seemed to be a novice. It is a small and dingy place this temple to the dead, eminently suited for the worship of dead people. The only light came through the open door or from the faint glimmering lamp that burnt before the idol day and night, never being allowed to go out; and from two gaudily coloured candles that were the offering of some Celestial who had lately gone to Toronto, and who had written to inquire of the spirits of their



CHINESE CHILDREN AT VICTORIA RETURNING FROM A BIRTHDAY PARTY

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HEADQUARTERS OF THE CHINESE REFORM ASSOCIATION AT VICTORIA, B.C.

forefathers respecting some journey to be undertaken, or to seek advice as to some such momentous undertaking as building a house, starting in business, or buying a wife.

At first we thought there was no idol in this temple, but much seeking discovered it hidden behind the gaudy decorations in the very darkest part of the building. The carving of the image is of the crudest kind, resembling somewhat the carvings of the Pacific coast Indians.

In front of the altar were cushions for the kneeling worshippers, usually only one or two coming at a time. On this altar was a cylindrical box of ornamented sticks which attracted our attention. We were told that these were used in invoking the oracle. Each of them was numbered and the numbers corresponded with similar ones in a book of interpretations. There were also printed slips with extracts from the book.

I was going on a journey in the near future, so I spent twenty-five cents for an invocation, from which I gathered that it would be quite lucky for me to make the journey at any time, a most consoling result. Whether the intermediary was having a game at our expense I cannot say. At any rate he kept his countenance admirably if he was. In order that the gods might give a proper answer, the priest had lighted no less than eighteen punk sticks, which smouldered, giving off a smell similar to incense. Two candles were also ignited as an aid in the incantation, and at the close a paper of the value to the ancestral divinities of twenty-five cents was burned on the altar. Thus the gods were satisfied, and so were the priests who pocketed the money.

The building adjoining this little joss house is owned and occupied by the Chinese Reform Association, it being the headquarters of that society for the Province of British Columbia. Here the members meet every Sunday evening and discuss questions affecting the rousing and reforming of old China. As a result of their efforts in Victoria, many young Chinese men are preparing themselves to become school teachers in their native land, for they recognise that the people must be educated before any great

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change can come about.

In the place of honour in their club room is an etching of the great sage, Confucius, while next in importance is the leader of the present movement, Kong Yu Wei. The walls all around three sides are almost covered with photographs of prominent reformers, one group being that of the officers of the Women's Chinese Reform Association, with the wife of Kong Yu Wei at their head.

There are branches of this association at Vancouver, Nelson and Kamloops, and practically all the influential Chinamen are members.

The next place we visited was the joss house devoted to the worship of Confucius. At the farther end of the room, beneath a gaudily decorated canopy, were the idols, three in number, and before them a small lamp burned perpetually in a large square glass lantern. The punk sticks and candles are stuck in large metal vessels kept for the purpose. A Chinaman discussing the similarity of their religion to ours said that we worshipped three gods and so did they, as witness the three idols in the joss house. He also went on to say that some of the Christian churches had pictures and images of the gods much as they did. This argument was irrefutable.



AN IDOL IN THE CONFUCIAN TEMPLE AT VICTORIA, B.C.

In front of the idols was the altar as shown in the illustration. On its face were clever carvings in gilded wood. These carved pictures, we were told, illustrated life, but wherein lay the allegory we could not discover. The dragon and little figures of men and women were the most conspicuous objects to be seen. The New Year season having just passed, the sacred lillies and the columns of sweet cakes still remained on the tables in front of the altar. These latter are for the use of the gods when they feel hungry. In every temple little cups of tea are kept always in front of the idols. An attendant informed us that they, the idols, came down every morning at four o'clock and drank the tea, and that punctually every morning at five it was replenished by them.

All around the room were wooden models of old weapons and Masonic emblems, as well as Chinese instruments of music. These are used on

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INTERIOR OF CONFUCIAN JOSS HOUSE AT VICTORIA, SHOWING THE ALTAR BEHIND WHICH THE IDOLS ARE HIDDEN

festive occasions, when they are carried in the processions.

Next we called in at the Chinese hospital, where we found only one patient, and he was suffering from a venereal disease. Apparently his days were numbered, for his eyes were starting from his head and he was covered all over with running sores. Not long before he had been a cook in the house of one of Victoria's best citizens. Every Chinese patient brings with him his blankets when he goes to the hospital. He is provided with a wooden bed, on which he lies without any mattress. Any other luxuries he may wish, such as easy chairs, he must provide himself. As the Chinese are not fond of waiting on sick people, the patients would have a hard time of it were it not for the good women of the Christian Chinese missions, who minister to the wants of the sick in this institution.

The hospital was in a little open space behind the stores on one of the busiest streets. Leading to it was a little dirty lane between two houses. At the entrance to this lane a Chinese merchant had set up in business, his stock in trade being a few pounds of cooked fat pork, which he chopped up with a sharp knife and retailed to the children at five cents "per." His fixtures were a broken chair and a small table. Doubtless the pork was quite edible, but the way it was served was not very enticing, yet the Chinese children buy this instead of candy when they can manage to get sufficient money.

The Methodist Mission Church is in charge of a Chinese convert from Hong Kong. There many of the little Chinese boys and girls, all resplendent in their gay-coloured silks, both boys and girls wearing long pants, come on Sunday afternoons to be taught the story of Jesus, and in the evening the older folk assemble to hear the same message. The little folk seem to enjoy coming more than

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the older ones. They like to see the pictures and hear the stories. All join in the singing lustily, and some of them are quite musical.

Passing from the mission we visited the theatre, a rickety, dirty old place of the plainest possible type. Here our guide pointed out the place where a murder had been committed a few years ago and for which two men had been condemned to be hanged. It was afterwards proved that the witnesses had perjured themselves and the prisoners were allowed to go free, while the false witnesses were sent up for a long term. No white man will ever know the truth about the affair, for the Chinese are a secretive people and honesty of speech is not one of their virtues.

The last call was made at an opium den, where one old Celestial had just returned from the land of dreams to which he had passed under the influence of the baneful fumes of opium, inhaled while reclining on his wooden pallet. Others were preparing the syrupy stuff, roasting it in the flame of a little lamp, before smearing it on the pipe.

Throughout the trip our nostrils were assailed with a thousand odours, spicy and otherwise. At times these became so sickening that one felt that one really could stand it no longer. If in our cool country under the regulations of our sanitary officers it could be as bad as this, what must it be like in the hot cities of the Orient, where there are no such restrictions. Surely there can be nothing more horrible this side of Hades!

The Deeper Note

By LOUISE C. GLASGOW

Soft-housed with Joy and Sweet Content,
He sang a measured lay,
And marvelled that unmindful went
The world upon its way.

But one day hand in hand at last,
Went Joy and Sweet Content
From out his cot, where all the past
Of gladsome years was spent.

Then low he sang, with grief athrill,
To ease his sad heart's pain;
And lo! the busy world stood still
Applauding every strain.

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John McClary

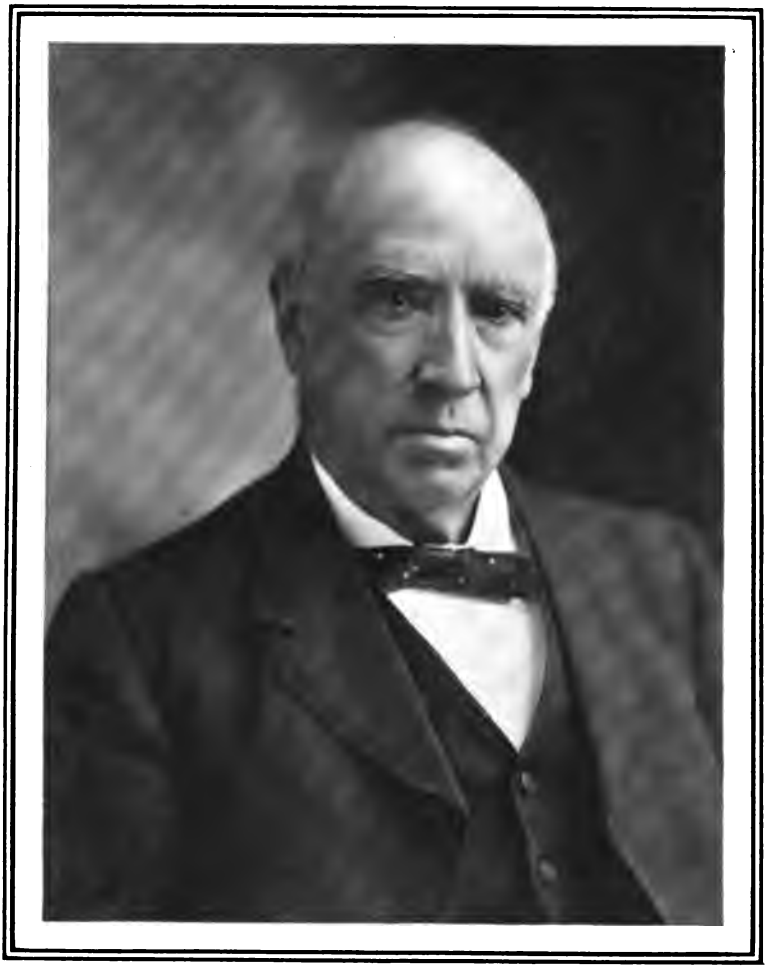
A Captain of Industry

By RANDOLPH CARLYLE

BUT few of the ever-increasing number of "Captains of Industry" in Canada have stood out steadfastly against total obliteration of the old-time personal relationship between employer and employee. John McClary is one of the few. In his extensive business, in which persons are employed in various capacities all over the Dominion, it is impossible for the official head to keep in personal touch with all, but if Mr. McClary's character is properly appreciated, that is what he would like to do. There is a singular charm about the mutual interest that nowadays is so infrequently manifested between employer and employee in large enterprises, but who could discover any charm or any attraction or even any sympathy in a condition that demands a consideration of the former as capital and of the latter as labour? That, nevertheless, is the usual condition to-day, and that is the condition against which men like John McClary, whether consciously or unconsciously, have so long stood. The regrettable fact remains, however, that as a business grows and expands —as the list of employees increases from tens into hundreds and from hundreds into thousands— the one who initiated it is gradually forced further and further away from the actual scene of operation, until finally he is to the man at the bench almost an unknown quantity. But happily there are exceptions—while that is always the case in theory, it is not always the case in practice. It is possible for a man, even though he engage five thousand employees, to have his personality felt right down throughout the entire list, from the general manager to the latest apprentice. And even though it might be impossible for a single individual to come into personal contact with all of those who serve under him, it is possible for him to maintain an equally keen interest in every individual's behalf, by insisting that work be justly rewarded, that humane principles be practised, that no man be discharged because he has grown old in the service, and that special cases of distress or misfortune be reported at headquarters. That seems to be the ideal, or at least one of the ideals, of John McClary; and if nothing else were ever said of him that in itself would be enough to mark him as a man worthy of emulation by those whose endeavours place them in positions similar to his. He began where most persons begin — at the bottom of the ladder. He stands where few stand—at the top.

John McClary, who, by the way, is president of the McClary Manufacturing Company, of London, Ont., was born on a farm in Middlesex county, and, although he has realised the allotted span, he still takes an active interest in that great business and still lives within a short distance of the place that gave him birth. He

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MR. JOHN McCLARY

comes of good and even distinguished stock, his grandmother having been a niece of John Adams, second President of the United States, and a cousin of the famous John Quincy Adams. His experience with business, as a young man, is worthy of note: it might serve as an inspiration to the boy who chafes under the trials of apprenticeship and feels like flying off to something easier. John McClary, after leaving the farm, learned tinsmithing, but he contracted the gold fever, and soon found himself on the way to California. Realising that all is not gold that glitters, he returned to London, and there as a business man he has remained ever since. Singularly enough, perhaps, his early love had not forsaken him, and so on tinsmithing he once more centred his affections, and that and the many great industries that have grown out of it have ever since been his hobby, his business, his pleasure, his life.

It was not an easy thing for him to start afresh in business in those days, not so easy as it was later to establish a branch; but John McClary had indomitable will and great foresight, and, even to-day, when shrewd

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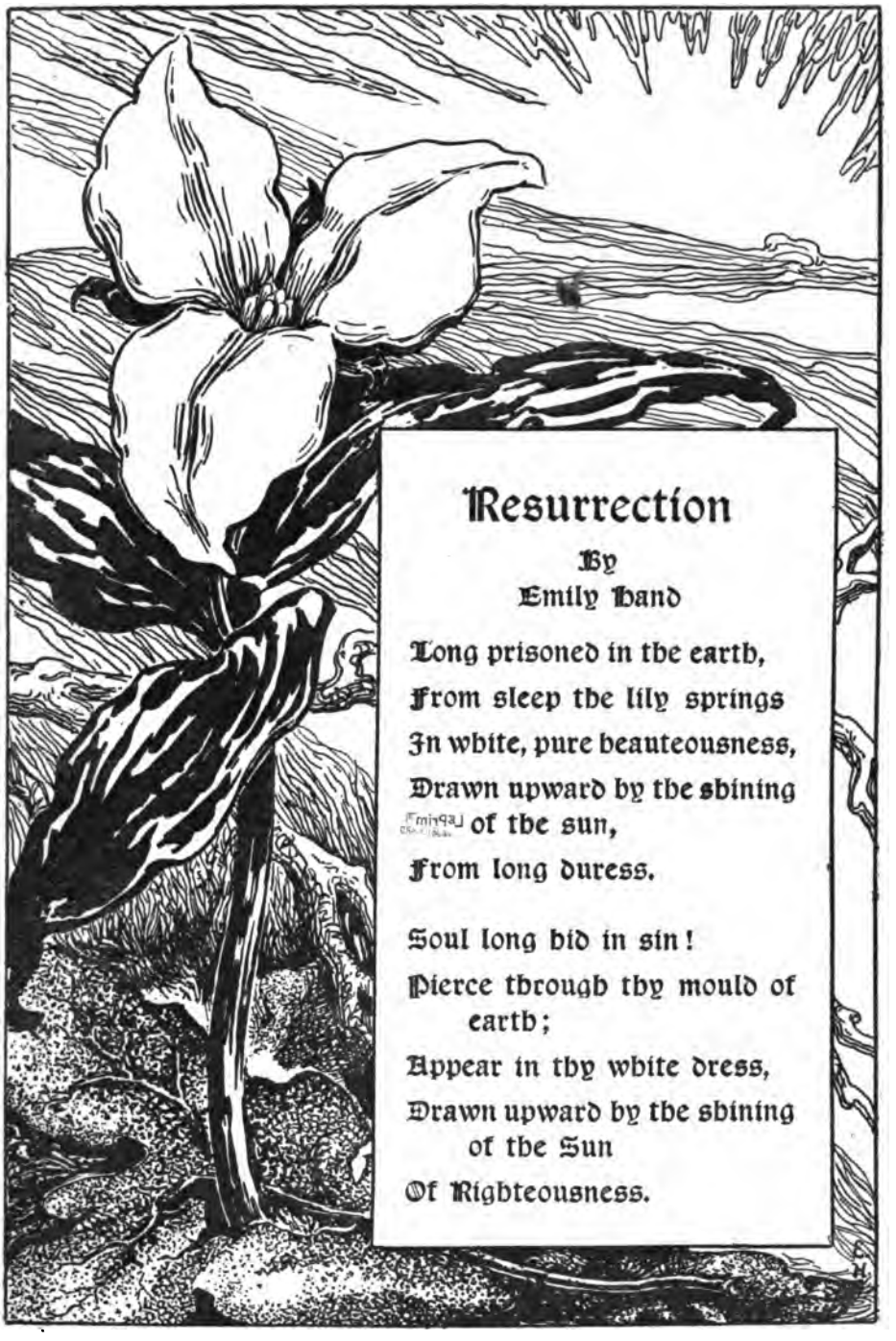
financiers and business men are to be met on all hands, he has the reputation of being an extraordinarily astute calculator and keen appraiser of the financial or commercial outlook. A person passing by the McClary head office building in London can see on one of the walls, in faint outlines, the words "Ontario Stove Works." Mr. McClary saw those words in his mind's eye many years ago, and to the inspiration that they afforded can be traced the inception of the McClary enterprises. At that time Mr. McClary manufactured only tinware and ploughs. As the sphere of trade was limited, his business was not only entirely provincial but much of it was local. A system of appointing agents to handle the trade of each district was just then in its infancy. The McClary plan consisted largely of the man who owned the place making the goods and then delivering them. But Mr. McClary early realised that the plough industry was too limited as a provincial business to yield sufficient margins. He was satisfied, on the other hand, that the demand for kitchen utensils was universal and would increase in exact ratio with the population. He looked for a sister industry to tinware, and decided on stoves. A deal was completed with a local stove manufacturer, the "Ontario Stove Works" was lettered on the wall, and the first chapter in the history of the McClary Manufacturing Company was closed.

Mr. McClary next directed his attention to the manufacture of enamelware and furnaces, and later commenced the wholesaling of metals. Manufacturing is one thing, however, and marketing manufactures is another. A problem Mr. McClary had early to contend with was that of haulage. Sales records showed that certain territories consumed more of one article than other territories. The result was the establishing of the first branch distributing warehouse, at Toronto, in 1879. In rapid succession came the call for a warehouse at Montreal. Then the West loomed into view, and Winnipeg and Vancouver became McClary sub-divisions. The Maritime Provinces were invaded in 1900; later on branches were opened at Hamilton and Calgary.

Considerateness is one of Mr. McClary's characteristics, and he is generous almost to a fault, but not ostentatious. He gives liberally, and rarely in a manner that makes the giving known to any but the receiver. Kindnesses done unexpectedly and in a quiet way have endeared him to many who had no reason to expect from him anything more than cold justice. His spare moments are spent in quiet amusements. Cards, checkers, and other games, with congenial company, are enjoyed as a relaxation from the problems of business. But business is, after all, closest to his heart, together with those of his immediate circle, his own family and the ones who have been associated with him in a long and vigorous career. Sixty years is the record of one person in Mr. McClary's employ. There are many who can boast of thirty to forty years of service, while in the twenty-year class the number could be counted by the score.



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Resurrection

By
Emily Hand

Long prisoned in the earth,
From sleep the lily springs
In white, pure beauteousness,
Drawn upward by the shining
of the sun,
From long duress.

Soul long bid in sin!
Pierce through thy mould of
earth;
Appear in thy white dress,
Drawn upward by the shining
of the Sun
Of Righteousness.

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Musical Awakening in Canada

Illustrated by a résumé of the work of certain choral societies in the City of Toronto

By KATHERINE HALE

IT is not a thing of to-day, or yesterday, the musical awakening of Canada. Like all great movements, it has crept upon us slowly, and arrived before we were actually aware of its coming.

Do we as Canadians realise the significance of the fact that we are a young nation to have arrived at the point of serious musical interpretation?

Truly, we have to consider the weight of our musical inheritance, which is not slight, and the matter of geographical position, which means much, for the northern nations have always been the deepest thinkers, musically.

The north always breeds mystics, and before we are entirely given over to sunshine, in the course of geographical evolution, it is to be hoped that our Beethoven and our Wagner will appear to turn into mighty tone our prairies, and gardens, and sea-line, and vast hills.

At present we have nothing to show from the creative standpoint in music. We are still dumb. But not dead, for the awakening is upon us, and we have passed from the first age of imitation and crudity into the age when, from one end to the other of our vast Dominion, musical expression is an absolute necessity. And not expression alone, but the finest expression that we can attain.

This, I think, has been fully proved by the existence among us of a band of singers who can give that vast choral work — the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven — to an assemblage of musical critics in New York — the musical centre of the new world — with such perfection as to evoke an unexampled enthusiasm. Toronto is, indeed, known abroad as the "Choral Capital" of America.

The success of the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto—the germ of its success—lies largely, I believe, in the herculean enthusiasm of its conductor, Doctor A. S. Vogt, who has pricked Canada in her most vulnerable spot, and shown that nervous energy, backed by confidence and precision, is the elixir of life, which we need in art as in enterprise.

Dr. Vogt stands out in the vanguard of our national music to-day as its most conspicuous figure. Nearly all Canadian choral unions are shadowed by the perfection of the Mendelssohn Choir, and as the Mendelssohn Choir proceeds to develop, and in the way it develops, will follow, in individual fashion, the destinies of some dozen or more Canadian choirs.

But the recent meteoric career of choir singing in Canada could never have been accomplished in the manner and the time that it has, had it not been for another figure who came before, who was the maker and path-

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finder of choral singing in Canada—Dr. Torrington, of the Toronto College of Music.

When times were early and dismal, and most forlorn from a musical standpoint, when the early French influence had died away, and the dreaded middle period that always occurs in the art life of a young nation had appeared, when most churches distrusted organs, when singing schools with a local "teacher" howled "glees" with unholy glee, when Halifax was sound asleep, and Montreal was indifferent, when Winnipeg and Vancouver were not, and Toronto was struggling on its feet, then Dr. Torrington slowly began the building of an organised music in Canada. He worked against fearful odds, and he conquered. So that he is our grand old man, and when for the twenty-fifth time the "Messiah" was conducted by him last December, and Massey Hall was filled tier upon tier with enthusiastic friends, and civic honours and the good-will of his musical confreres was tendered him, one could not but realise that here was a vital moment in the history of music in Canada.

I shall present various events in the musical season of Toronto, not considering them as all-inclusive, but merely as distinctive phases of our development. News comes to us from the east, and from the middle and far west, and from various centres in Quebec and Ontario, of oratorios, cantatas, operas, and concerts, which show how busy the present musical season has been from Halifax to Vancouver.

In Toronto, which is the musical centre of Canada at present, we have had a series of concerts by local organisations, showing an immense range in material and style. So liberal indeed has been the home supply of music, that but few foreign artists have been brought to Toronto for concert or recital work. At the time of writing, only the visits of Madame Calve, Paderewski, DePachmann, Hambourg and Madame Nordica, are recalled. With our choral societies, many eminent artists have appeared.

By all means the most important musical movement in Toronto in the past two years has been the establishment of a permanent local orchestra, which takes the name of the Toronto Conservatory Symphony Orchestra, and is organised and conducted by Mr. Frank S. Welsman.

The first concert of this, the second season for the orchestra, showed an increase, both in volume and balance of tone. The fact that such numbers as the Beethoven Symphony No. 2, and the Saint-Saens Concerto in G Minor, were presented with ease, and with genuine delight to the listener, proved that this orchestra is already a factor to be counted on in musical Canada. If we can establish a Canadian orchestra which will develop into the doing of big things; if we can get weekly symphony concerts; if Canadian cities will take into account the importance of orchestral work to music; the way good or bad orchestral music tinges the whole musical life of a community, the possibility for education, and the understanding of the serious literature of great composers which an efficient orchestra alone can give, our place among the musical nations of the world will become a thing of possibility indeed.

The Beethoven Sympony No. 2 was the prelude to the winter's music, for me, and as that infinitely sweet and sighing body of tone came welling up through the great spaces of Massey Hall, satisfying, pure, and perfect, one felt that the breath of a new freedom was sent, loose-winged, out into the world. There is that about our new orchestra, a small perfection, a quiet steadiness and balance, that gives a real sense of permanence.

Dr. Albert Ham gave the first choral concert of the season, with the assistance of the Damroch Orchestra

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of New York, presenting as his chief work, on the first night, Coleridge-Taylor's delightful contata "The Death of Minnehaha; and Sir Hubert Parry's setting of Browning's "Pied Piper of Hamelin" on the second evening.

A balance of fine tone and the ability to perform the quality of music attempted is the result of Dr. Ham's choral work. He chooses picturesque subjects rather than those which are directly informative, and so leaves impressions which are genuinely agreeable with the average musician. And are not audiences, and masses of people as a rule, composed of average musicians? It is one of the great factors of importance in a musical country that various conductors should cater to varying kinds of audiences.

The Northern poem of Hiawatha makes an interesting study musically: we see the frozen forest, with crackling twigs, and the bright, dry starlight overhead, feel the savage, lonely hunger of the famine, when "forth into the empty forest rush the maddened Hiawatha." The Indian music, with its harmony, which is built chiefly on variety of rhythm—complex, elaborate, changing rhythm—makes the form of song to flash before the eye, and gives the mind a picture, as well as the ear. The cries, the silences, the sudden holding back of Time, all made the legend of Hiawatha memorable. So, too, with the quick-hurrying, crowded lines of "The Pied Piper"—always a perfection of detail that was noticeable also in the lighter undertakings of the choir.

Mr. Sherlock, with the Oratorio Society in the cantata "Joan d'Arc," deserves congratulation, for he alone proved what could be done by Canadians alone, without outside orchestral assistance. The Toronto Conservatory Symphony Orchestra united with the Oratorio Society and got a fine *ensemble*.

Historically, the theme of Joan d'Arc is the most compelling in the annals of womanhood; dramatically it has been the fascination and the overthrow of generations of playwrights; musically Gaul has approached its mystery, and almost touched it, in his cantata. The music is not complex, but it is suggestive. And as, against the clamour of intrigue and battle, we get the sweet, ethereal quality of "The Voices," and the subtle contrast again between the unearthly nature of massed feminine voices in high pitch, where personality is all lost, and the effect of one quality of soprano in the character of Joan, the opposition of human and divine forces is marked.

Herr A. Wilhelmj, the son of the late distinguished violinist, is teaching singing in Ontario, and it was under his direction that scenes from grand opera have been presented in several places, his offering being the first that we have had in Canada of Humperdinck's charming "Hansel and Gretel."

The week of the Mendelssohn Choir concerts in Toronto has become a sort of general festival, when it would seem that the whole town—like an over-excited village—was hurrying en masse to the great Hall, when street cars are impossible, and carriages hard to obtain, when suburban trains come into town laden with musical pilgrims, and many a friendly American gets his first sight of Canada as a representative of his journal or musical club or college.

And those who crowd into the starry, glittering Hall, which is for a moment the centre of musical Canada, what do they bring away from all the lauded perfection of which they have heard? Only hints, images, outlines, perhaps, in the brief, crowded hours, but images and outlines of the gigantic forms of such works as the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven, of the Brahms Requiem, or some tremendous masterpiece of Bach or

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Richard Strauss or Grieg. Forms which have been presented in the full body and majesty of tone, and whose wavering images, that remain, will colour forever the musical perspective of hundreds of listeners, and give to hundreds of others that thing itself of which they never knew before, a sense of perspective: of relative values in music.

I need not deal in programmes, and the phrases of musical critics. Those who read this article have heard, or will hear some day, the best choir in Canada. As the last vibrations of such music ceases, it is as if a great army with banners had gone by.

That such work is sustained in our midst, and that we crowd forth to hear it, is not to say that we are ambitious or wonderful, but merely that we have awakened musically to a desire for the best things in this art, as we desire the best in literature or painting.

The Elgar Choir of Hamilton, under the baton of Mr. Bruce A. Carey, is doing remarkable work in unaccompanied part singing. The members number ninety-nine, and they lie safely within the fold of musical ability. The quality of tone they produce is pure and exceedingly refined. It is evidently the conductor's intention to build upwards from a perfection in small effects. Some of these effects, especially in the "Dirge of Darthula," with ancient words from Ossian and the quiet sonority of Brahms' setting, recall the restraint and spiritual quality of a drama by Yeats. It is in this essentially modern movement of restraint and mystery—an appeal to the soul rather than the senses—that the Elgar Choir excels and will excel.

The cultivation of great music in Canada has been of vast commercial value to the country, as well as of educational and artistic value.

What of its moral force? In Toronto, Mr. H. M. Fletcher is the conductor of two bands of singers, the Schubert Choir and the People's Choral Union, numbering nearly five hundred members in all. This year the Schubert Choir presented such works of Max Bruch's "Roman Obsequies," Gounod's Motette "Ave Verum," and Sir Charles Villiers Stanford's Irish Cantata, "Phandrig Crohoore," assisted by the Pittsburg Orchestra, with Emil Paur as conductor.

To train two separate Choirs in entirely different work is no small task. And whence came these singers? Chiefly from out of the business world; from the foundries, factories and big departmental stores. Mr. Fletcher takes hold of that vast chaotic mass of people who love music, with the elemental passion of all humanity, and know nothing about it—absolutely nothing. He teaches his singers sight reading in half a dozen lessons. He lectures them on the rudiments of tone — building, harmony, and musical construction, and leads them on through simple part songs to the deathless work of Gounod or Schubert.

And what do we get? A clerk whistling Carmen? A shop girl humming Grieg under her breath? A charwoman hurrying from pots and pans to a choir rehearsal?

If so, we are laying a glorious foundation for musical Canada.

I believe that in little and large places, all over this land there is, today, a renaissance of feeling as regards every form of art. Musically, in every place where choirs and choir leaders, where musical clubs and kindred organisations are doing vital work, which is coupled with enthusiasm, the awakening is upon us, and, as in commercial life, the future of Canada is assured.

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A Trio of Early Western Journals

By R. G. MACPHERSON

WESTERN journalism has now developed into such considerable proportions that the time of its early struggles is fast being forgotten. For a very few it still remains a memory full of incidents which through the perspective of time look sufficiently amusing, but which, while they were passing, were met with the most intense sincerity. Perhaps there is nothing in the whole life of a nation which is better calculated to illustrate the amusing side of the exigencies of business and policy than the history of its organs of publicity and public opinion. It is my intention to record a few of the scenes of the journalistic drama of those early times, and in order to do so I have fixed upon the first chapters of the three publications which marked the consecutive steps in the westward march of the forces of newspaperdom across the prairies from Old Ontario to the Rocky Mountains. And one feature which gives fitness to the selection of these three journals is the fact that they respectively marked also the beginnings of journalistic activity in what are now the three prairie provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

The foundation of western journalism was laid in the Red River Settlement with the establishment of the *Nor' Wester,* the first issue of which appeared on the 28th December, 1859. As there was no Winnipeg then, one naturally asks what circumstances existed to justify a newspaper. But business was good between this settlement and St. Paul, and the little steamer *Anson Northup* had lately been chartered, by enterprising American merchants, to ply upon the river. The year which brought the steamer brought the newspaper, though the latter came too late in the fall to be brought in by water.

The founders of the *Nor' Wester,* William Buckingham (of the *Globe*) and William Coldwell (of the Toronto *Leader*), brought their outfit of paper, type and press by ox-team from St. Paul, and after an agonizing journey over the old Crow Wing Trail arrived at Fort Garry on November 1st. Two months more elapsed, and during Christmas week the first issue appeared: a four-page weekly, twelve inches in length by fourteen in width, and costing sixpense a copy, or twelve shillings a year, though this was soon reduced to ten shillings.

The partnership of the two editors lasted only a year—Buckingham returning east—but Coldwell remained with the *Nor' Wester* until 1865, when, on account, no doubt, of having lost his interest in the concern by fire, he too returned to Toronto. The *Nor' Wester,* however, with the financial assistance of Dr. Schultz—afterwards Sir John Schultz—continued publication until 1870.

In this year Coldwell again return-

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ed west, and because of the interest of the sequel, we may be pardoned for dwelling upon his next venture. His intention was to found the *Pioneer*, but just as he arrived Riel rose in his first revolt, and when the outside pages of the first issue were printed—favouring, of course, the McDougall régime—Riel issued an order forbidding its appearance "until peace is restored." The office of the *Pioneer* was practically seized, and Coldwell gladly sold out to Major H. M. Robinson, who undertook to publish *The New Nation* in the Riel interests. And then did actually occur that strange phenomenon of a newspaper riding at once two political horses which were travelling in opposite directions, for the pages of the *Pioneer*, already printed on the outside, were now used, on the inside, for publishing the first issue of *The New Nation*, advocating a policy diametrically the reverse. Riel, however, ordered the destruction of the edition, and the issue of a second edition with the same pages of *The New Nation*, and two others to replace those of the *Pioneer*. But one copy at least of the "half-breed" was preserved, and is now in the possession of the Provincial Library of Manitoba.

Interesting as that number is, it is scarcely more so than that of a few weeks later—March 4th—which contained Riel's own account of the Scott tragedy, but, like its predecessor, this too was immediately suppressed, an eminent ecclesiastic deeming it expedient that it should not be published. The whole impression was accordingly destroyed, and the next edition which appeared was uniform with the last, except that new matter filled the space occupied by the account of Scott's death. But how strange the irony of fate. In the possession of the Provincial Librarian there is a copy of the suppressed edition, whilst the authorized edition is no where to be had.

The New Nation lasted about eight months, terminating with the arrival of Sir Garnet Wolseley.

Leaving Winnipeg, which during the next three decades was both the birthplace and graveyard of several notable journalistic ventures, we proceed along the line of the survey made by the Mackenzie Government for the Canadian Pacific Railway, to Battleford, which, in 1874, had been proclaimed capital of the Northwest Territories. Here, in 1878, Mr. P. G. Laurie established the *Saskatchewan Herald*.

Mr. Laurie was one of the most interesting newspaper men whom Western Canada, at least, has ever known. Far-seeing, optimistic, poetical but extremely practical, he wielded a pen of great power, and impressed his personality upon all who knew him. Far out on the prairie plains, without any of his loved profession near with whom he might neighbour, or be at rivalry, he bravely set his little press to work. There was no Portage la Prairie or Brandon then, and no mention had ever been made of Calgary or Regina.

The *Herald*—Vol. 1, No. 1, dated 25th August, 1878—was a bi-weekly, fourteen inches by ten in size, and costing two dollars a year. In the first issue there is a poem by the editor, which he has named "The Herald's Song." One verse:

"And perchance in the long, long future,
Ere the star of my life goes down,
I shall know this land shines the brightest
Of the gems in the British crown."

It reads pathetically enough now, for Mr. Laurie passed to his reward just three years ago, on the eve of the long-delayed realisation of his bright dreams, and when, after more than a quarter of a century of waiting, the sound of the railway train was, for the first time, approaching the ancient capital.

The eighth volume of the *Herald* is of special historic value. It gives the editor's first hand account of the events of the second Riel rebellion,

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especially as they happened in the neighbourhood of Battleford, which was one of the storm centres and the scene of Poundmaker's depredations. During the struggle Mr. Laurie ran his paper as regularly as possible, and at the same time served on the Home Guards.

The genesis of the Edmonton *Bulletin* is of unusual interest. The construction of the telegraph line along the Mackenzie survey had not quite reached Edmonton when, in 1878, the Government was defeated, and instantly the constructors ceased work. Mr. Alex. Taylor, now Postmaster of Edmonton, was operator at Hay Lakes, the last established office, and, going out into the woods, he found the coil of wire where it had been dropped by the workmen, and threw it into Hay Lake for his base circuit. Soon after, paying a visit to Edmonton, he was requested to complete the line, and a subscription of one hundred and eight-seven dollars was made to assist. With the line completed, the young city was athirst for news, and Mr. Taylor made arrangements with an operator in Winnipeg for a weekly budget, of which he himself undertook to make five copies: one for the Bishop of St. Albert, one for the chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, a third for the commandant of the Mounted Police at Fort Saskatchewan and another for the public, to be posted as a bulletin on the door of the Hudson's Bay store. This arrangement was satisfactory until the spring of 1880, when the general election was held in England and Mr. Gladstone was returned to power. The Winnipeg operator was enthusiastic. A detailed report, full of Welsh names, difficult to spell and hard to copy, was the result. Mr. Taylor was overcome.

Just at this opportune moment Mr. Frank Oliver—now the Minister of the Interior—dropped into the office. He had seen service on *The Globe* and the Manitoba *Free Press*. Taylor, from the midst of his copy, sighed for the establishment of a paper and declared that he had seen a press advertised in Philadelphia for four dollars. Oliver liked the idea, and twenty-one dollars was got together to pay the duty and freight. Being in Winnipeg, Oliver secured the press, and Mr. Luxton, then of the *Free Press*, presented the type. Oliver returned triumphant. But when they were about to issue they discovered that large type for the head title had been overlooked. Taylor was equal to the occasion, however, and cut the word *Bulletin* out of a chip of birch, and this heading the paper carried until, after several issues, a new one in type was donated by Mr. Laurie of the Saskatchewan *Herald*.

The first issued appeared on December 5th, 1880, and the size of its pages was six and a half inches by five. It ran for eighteen consecutive weeks during the winter and was then discontinued, as its editors found more profitable employment. The seventy-two pages of the first volume form a dainty booklet when bound, but few complete copies are now extant. In its second year the *Bulletin* was slightly enlarged, but was still smaller than the first volume of even the *Herald*.

Of the three journals with which we have principally dealt, the *Nor' Wester* is long since defunct; the *Herald* is still published and, though increased in size and circulation, is still a weekly, and since its founder's death possesses only the embers of its former fire; the third, the *Bulletin*, is now a vigorous daily, and, since Edmonton has become the capital of Alberta, it too has grown in importance and is now one of the influential magazines of the West.

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The Modern Acadia

By NEWTON MACTAVISH

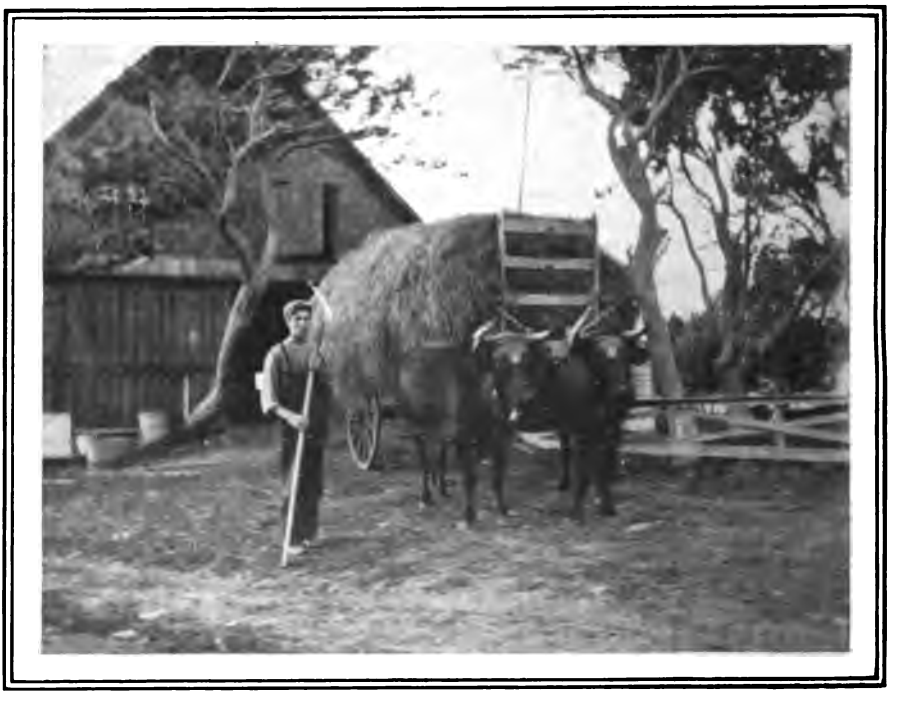
FOLLOWING the sinuosities of the eastern shore of St. Mary's Bay, Nova Scotia, from Belliveau's Cove almost down to Yarmouth, the main highway curves in and out through *The Modern Acadia,* and from its elevations the wayfarer frequently observes scenes of transcending pastoral beauty. It was on this attractive shore that an asylum was first found, one hundred and fifty years ago, by many of the Acadians who had the temerity, following their expulsion, to return to British territory, and it is there that their descendants now live in all the rustic simplicity and primitive comforts of a contented, unambitious people. A stranger in this land, one who has some appreciation of the spirit of the environment, passes along with the uncanny sensation that he is likely to encounter a will o' the wisp Evangeline, or about to discern in some comely maiden of the wayside the form and features of Longfellow's angelic heroine. That, however, is but the extravagance of fancy, for in reality the place affords in most of its outward aspects little that has a marked resemblance to the place, as Longfellow describes it, where the Acadians had their first settlement, on the shore of the Basin of Minas. But an occasional well-sweep or the yard arms of a fishing sloop looming up against the sapphiric sky adds to the attractiveness of a scene already uncommonly picturesque, while the presence at the roadside of a cleric in monkish garb, a yoke of oxen in working gear, a group of beshawled matrons gossiping towards the church at vesper bells, or in the meadows the glint of swinging scythes, gives assurance that here at least there has not been a wide departure from the ways of the forefathers.

This remnant of Acadia begins a few miles south of Digby, and along the highway to within a short distance of Yarmouth the houses are dis-

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tributed closely enough to give the appearance of a continuous village. St. Mary's Bay lies on one side and the back country on the other side. Across the Bay, which is perhaps a mile wide, there is a narrow strip of land, sometimes called Digby Neck, dividing St. Mary's Bay from the Bay of Fundy. To look across the bay, across the neck and beyond, to where the sun is setting at the far horizon, affords at times an entrancing spectacle, a diffusion of purples and yellows and grays that is not often excelled in extravagance of pictorial beauty or atmospheric quality. The houses are surrounded by old-fashioned gardens, and an idea of the age of the settlement may be formed by an inspection of the apple orchards, where the trees stand invariably gnarled and twisted with age. Few new trees are to be seen, and because of that the impression is received that the people are not throbbing with enterprise.

While close proximity to English settlements has caused in some measure the adoption of modern ideas in such things as house-building, road-making and personal adornment, there is still a clinging to those primitive methods of husbandry that possess more of the charm of quaintness than of the force of utility. It is not an uncommon thing to see a whole family, consisting of father, mother and several children, all out making hay with one rack and one yoke of oxen. To a person accustomed to more progressive ways, a spectacle of that kind, with strong bodies bending over scythes on the long, flat stretches out towards the shore, arouses feelings akin to amazement. And yet it is a charming spectacle. Hay is the staple *par excellence* of this community, and indeed without hay the people would be in a sorry plight. Fish provide food, and are as well a merchantable commodity; but the sea seems to depend much on the farm and the farm



FARM SCENE AT POINTE L'ÉGLISE

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likewise on the sea, with the result that the return from either source is by no means overwhelming. Appreciation of tourist travel is awakening, and already the shrewd housewife sets a bucket of clams on the front gatepost, in the hope that some one in passing will stop and offer her ten cents for it.

She is a simple, confiding person, this descendant of the early Acadians, and if opportunity occurs she will say that with them there is everything but money. Money rarely passes through their hands, and that is one reason why a small sum looms big in their sight.

Ten cents for a bucketful of clams! And if the seller should receive five cents extra for a paper bag to carry them in she will be quite beside herself with gratitude and self-congratulation. She would sell also a large, pink-lined shell, with the roar of the sea ever-present inside, and she would not insist on a hard bargain. When she saw us stop with our cameras in front of her abode, she immediately came out with a toy windmill of crude workmanship, which she posed on the post opposite the clams. Then she went inside and placed in the window a glass bottle that contained some object that surely could not have been forced through the neck. Having satisfied herself with this ornamentation, she came out again on the chance that we might wish to buy the clams. We did wish to buy, and with that the good woman unfolded a tale of domestic life that presented certain attractive phases, but which to her meant nothing more than a series of commonplaces, a never-changing monotony, a sure and unrelenting oblivion.

"I came here," she said, using a little English and more French, "and married this man, whose first wife died and left him with six little child-



AN OLD HOUSE IN *The Modern Acadia*

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OLD APPLE TREES IN *The Modern Acadia*

ren. Now we have three more. And I work, work, work, in the field, in the house, at the hay, at the churn—all day long. I don't often see any money. Only the rich have horses here. We have none. It must be so nice to live in the city. I have a sister. She went to the States. She has a lovely position there and makes lots of money—six dollars a week. Sometimes she sends a little over to us."

She had no old dishes to sell, and it is safe to say that if she had had any the sight of money would have brought them forth. But across the way, at the rich man's house, one might find something of the early potters' wares that the inquisitive collectors had not discovered. An inconsequent jug was all the rich man's house could boast of, and even the rich man was not unwilling to part from it on consideration of a small payment. How curious was this primitive idea of the constitution of wealth! The place gave no evidence of affluence, and indeed nothing could be seen there but those things that are usually regarded as the bare necessities of life. All of the houses that we visited showed a lack of interior decoration, but there were on the other hand some home-like comforts that were becoming and in good form. Scarcely one of the habitations of the first settlers remains, but there are the old apple trees, gnarled and twisted, making known that they have seen more than one generation. The houses now are mostly built of wood, and in appearance they are much the same as the frame houses of other rural parts of Canada, except the typical farm house of the Province of Quebec. One of the houses interested us exceedingly, because just under the front gable,

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A MODERN ACADIAN HOUSE, WITH A CLOCK IN FRONT GABLE

in place of a window, an old-fashioned clock told off the hours to the passers-by. The photograph of which a reproduction is presented herewith shows the house and the clock.

The person wishing to visit this modern Acadia should leave the Dominion Atlantic Railway at Weymouth, which is situated a few miles below Digby, on the way from Halifax to Yarmouth. Weymouth is in itself a singularly inviting hamlet, having all the allurements of a tidal stream and that remoteness from the common, congested channels that gives flavour and piquancy to its whole bearing. There a conveyance can be procured, something rather different from the ox-cart that is a usual adornment of the winding village street. Going southward the road runs almost parallel with the shore line, and in its ramblings passes an occasional saw-mill and crosses an occasional stream. Advice is given to drive on to Pointe L'Eglise, which is the centre of the whole community, the spot towards which all eyes turn. If the visitor should attempt to converse in French with any one whom he might casually meet on the road he would find that certain forms of expression are used there that are not countenanced in the academies and that are not heard even among the *habitants* of the Province of Quebec. They mix the tenses and numbers of verbs with rare unconcern, and instead of saying *j'ai* for I have, they use the plural form *j'avons*. Therefore, a sentence such as *j'en ai un peu* (I have a little) is rendered *j'en avons un peu*.

All eyes turn towards the church, for the church is the centre of the social and religious life of the parish.

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In the same grounds with the church are the presbytery, where the priests reside, a convent and the College of St. Anne. The structures themselves are not so imposing as those of most Roman Catholic parishes of equal importance with that of Pointe L'Eglise but they are large and well built, and for the people they are a source of pride and satisfaction. The church contains a huge rug that is peculiarly interesting. It was made by hand by the women of the congregation, and is really a superb sample of native handicraft. The pile is about an inch thick, and it is safe to say that no other church in Canada contains a more excellent floor covering. The design embraces the *fleur de lys* and heart, and forms a very pleasing device.

The college usually accommodates about a hundred pupils. There are various grades, from the primary classes to the classics, and preparation is made there also for those who purpose to enter the priesthood. The discipline is very rigid, and the pupils are trained in obedience and humbleness with the same seriousness as they are schooled in grammar or arithmetic. The result is very marked in the bearing and behaviour of the pupils. There is not at this college any appearance of the rant and bombast that is so apparent in most of the Protestant colleges of the West, and the doffed hat in passing either an elder or a stranger, and the general polite demeanour, speak much for the effectiveness of the system. The pupils are not even allowed to sleep unattended in the dormitories. Individual beds are supplied, row upon row across the room, while at one end, apart from the others, sleeps a priest whose duty it is to keep order.

But the church is above all other



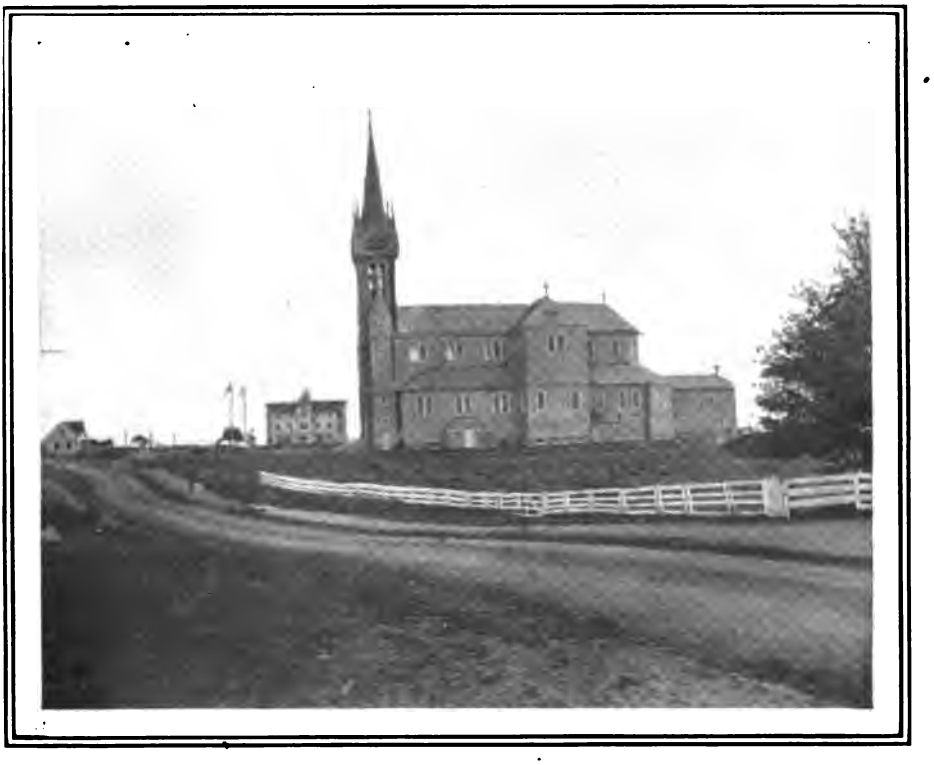
"AN OCCASIONAL WELL-SWEEP"

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things the *piéce de résistance*. It stands at the head of everything, having first place in the minds of the priests and first place in the hearts of the people. Little heed is given to what goes on outside the parish, and Halifax and St. John are far-away ports. Even with the priests, Montreal and Quebec, which are regarded as the great fountains of Roman Catholicism in the Dominion, are in the dim, uncertain distance, and for any of them to visit either place would be the event of more than one lifetime.

The name of one man is stamped indelibly upon this serene community—the *Abbé* Sigogne. It was the *Abbé* Sigogne who ministered to their spiritual and bodily welfare at a time when the people were in sore need of a comforter and a guide, and his influence is still felt throughout the whole of Clare county. In all the history of Acadia or of the Acadians his figure is perhaps the most noble and the most picturesque. This faithful servant of God, in the writings that he has left, gives some idea of the condition in which he found the returned Acadians in 1799. "In their forlorn condition," he writes, "as I found them, they were like sheep left to themselves, without law, almost without religion, victims of any schemer who took notice of them rather for the sake of their money than for their real interest. As for the rest of their English neighbours, they paid no attention to them. They were ignorant in the extreme, a great object of commiseration, especially for one who, like me, took the office as their pastor."

Although it is sixty years since *Père* Sigogne passed away, the upcoming generations are taught to revere his name, and there is as well a



THE CHURCH AT POINTE L'EGLISE

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fitting outward monument to his memory. The College, in front of which the reverend father's ashes rest, is, next to the church, the most important institution within the eye and compass of the people who support it. To appreciate the character of the *Abbé* Sigogne one must imagine him, alone at night in an open boat, pulling against wave and tide, out from the unsheltered, wind-swept point, in order to carry comfort and atonement to some soul in distress; standing as interpreter between his people and the Government; acting as priest, governor, notary and physician; or boiling eggs over his own fire and handing them out to the little children, who ran to him as if to a father.

So we find the Acadians of Pointe L'Eglise to-day — a peaceful, contented and, in a measure, prosperous people. They have but little concern about the outside world, for, as yet, the outside world has shown but little concern in them. They attend strictly to their religious duties, and pursue their common aims with fortitude and sincerity. To them the memory of *Père* Sigogne is a guide and an inspiration, while the big church spire, standing high and imposing above the skyline, is as well their "Craig Ellachie."

Sanctification by Pain

By

CHARLES LELAND ARMSTRONG

What though among the Phillistines, in bondage,
I tarry and toil on;
What though the clouds of doubt and ill enshroud me
And hope seem gone?
I know, as the long days and nights drag by,
So I but play my part,
I'll 'suage this passing pain and feel thy lips again,
Dear heart, dear heart.

What though inglorious 'scape be offered me,
My misery to end;
What though my heart grow faint and weak within me,
Sans pity and *sans* friend?
I fight through doubt and dark and pain that 'fold me;
So, tempered by the smart,
And, sanctified by pain, I'll clasp thee close again,
Dear heart, dear heart!

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April

By S. A. WHITE

The gray hawk wheels in sunny sheen;
The new sap throbs through trunk and bough;
Earth wears a diadem of green
Upon her brow.

The quick blood fills each swelling vein,
Yearning to rush with wind and brook;
It knows the sign of pool-started plain
And building rook.

What of the past?—its woes are naught;
The future days?—dear filmy dreams,
The sunlight's mesh of yellow caught
By running streams.

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In Robin Time

By ETHEL G. CODY STODDARD

IN a sheltered place among the branches of a large Canadian maple tree, a pair of young robins had begun house building. It was their first home, and they were somewhat new to the proceedings. But deep in their warm breasts lay the full knowledge of just how to do everything in the way of home-making, even to interior decoration. Remembrances of last year's care-free days tantalised them during this building time. Mr. Robin was frequently tempted to take a day off, and do nothing but dip and fly, and stretch worms, and be supremely happy. Mrs. Robin also had her temptations, but she firmly decided in her small mind that she would try to do her duty, be it ever so difficult; and to see that her handsome spouse did the same. Therefore when a flightly look came into his bright eyes, she promptly gave him work to do that demanded his undivided attention.

The baby-leaves in this maple tree watched with interest the building of the robin's nest. Those close by told all that occurred to those who were farther away, and they in turn did the same. Thus it was passed throughout all the tree, even to the giddy babies on the topmost branches who seemed to love nothing better than to frolic all day long with the wind.

Excitement prevailed when the first blue egg was discovered in the nest. Mr. Robin, as well as the nearby baby-leaves, cocked his head on one side to view the new wonder. But the whole tree rustled with gossip, when three balls of sky lay within the warm hollow. Mrs. Robin pruned her feathers and gazed proudly at them, while it became evident that henceforth honours would be divided between her mate and the blue eggs.

After this the nest was kept constantly covered and warm. It became an open secret with the baby-leaves that while Mr. Robin appeared to be quite willing to do his share, he was more awkward than his wife in fitting himself to the roundness of the nest. Sometimes, too, he grew uneasy when she remained away longer than he evidently considered to be absolutely necessary.

"Poor dear, no doubt his long legs do get tired," said some of the more sympathetic baby-leaves.

"But what about Mrs. Robin, doesn't she get tired too?" asked one leaf larger than the others, as she carefully picked out the points on her skirt.

No reply being ready for this remark, the other baby-leaves pretended not to hear her, and caught bits of stray sunshine, with which they adorned themselves becomingly.

During these trying days Mr. Robin did his utmost to enable the time to pass more pleasantly for his wife. As handsome a bird as ever stepped out of blue egg-shell, he loved his faithful mate with every atom in his red drop of a heart—even better

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than he loved himself. Perched in a nearby tree (usually on the topmost branch, which he could easily swing) he sang out the day and welcomed the night with his clear warble. His "swe-e-e-t, chire-e chire-e" floated along through the air, and seemed to outdo the neighbour robins, who were also trying to sweeten the atmosphere. Then, at the first wane of the afterglow, he would ruffle every feather, flip his saucy tail, and with a wide detour, finally nestle among the baby-leaves near the little home. And, when night settled down over the land, all was quiet in the big maple tree.

The baby-leaves long remembered one evening in particular. It had rained a soft warm wetness all afternoon. Just before sunset Mr. Robin sought his high perch and commenced his carol. The rain ceased suddenly, and the clouds disappeared as if brushed aside by an unseen hand. The sun, half-dipped in the west, threw a parting kiss straight up to the robin, while its rays did not reach anything below him. There he sat, a round red ball of sweet music, lit up by the golden light. The baby-leaves near him caught bits of light on their wet lashes and made a sparkling ring. In the home tree, the baby-leaves rustled with delight at this sight, and even Mrs. Robin seemed not unappreciative of the pretty scene.

One day, through some miscalculation on the part of the young couple, both were away from the nest at the same time. Immediately three scrappy and inquisitive sparrows arrived on the scene, and proceeded to investigate the nest. The two boldest balanced themselves impertinently on the edge and looked down at the eggs, with anything but peace and goodwill in their beady eyes.

"Let's pick the shells," said one.

"A good idea," said another, as he twisted his head to see if anyone was coming.

"That will settle their housekeeping, and we can have the pick of their building material," chattered the third.

The baby-leaves cried out in dismay at this, and a distinct flutter of anxiety spread throughout the tree. It even reached the airy babies far above, who stopped splashing in the sunshine, in order to hear what the trouble was about.

The west wind then came to the rescue with a swift gust, knowing that desperate measures were needed to keep the robin's house safe from the daring marauders. Grasping a graceful branch of baby-leaves, it swept them directly across the nest, thereby giving the sparrows such a scare that they hardly waited to fly away, but practically fell out of the tree.

"That was splendid," sang the baby-leaves in chorus, and they bobbed in the wind through sheer delight.

Finally the announcement was sent out that a family had arrived at the robin house. The blue balls were gone—but where?

After this event day-dreams had no place in Father Robin's life. Stern duty and three wide mouths held his entire attention. He and Mother Robin were busy securing tid-bits from dawn till dusk of every day.

The baby-leaves peeped and gossiped over the squirming contents of the nest; this indeed was a queer new family.

"What ugly little things," they said to the north wind, "we don't like them, we wish they would move away."

"Ah, but wait," replied the wind, "they'll not always look like that, they'll soon grow, and from somewhere will procure fine clothes, and become more handsome every day."

"Oh, how odd. Why, we've always been lovely, even from the first day we came," sang a band of baby-leaves on a sunny branch, as they teetered in the wind. "We are beauties and will never be ugly."

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"Think so?" questioned the wind. "Wait, my dears, I've seen many like you before. All life is much the same. Some there are who obtain a good start; others have a poor show, and, in making the best of it, come out ahead. The robins will fly to other sunny climes when summer is over. But you my little green fellows (and he ticked their toes), your day is in the present, with a bit of the future to come. Wait till my friend Autumn arrives for his regular visit — just wait."

"He must be nice if he is a friend of yours," flattered the baby-leaves.

"He's a fine fellow, sure enough, my little ones. You'll all love him—for awhile. He'll bring gorgeous new dresses and suits for every one of you. Then, when you least expect it, his oldest son, one of the Frost boys, will come along and nip your cheeks and curl up all your pretty skirts. Then, ah then—! But I must hurry on," and he tried to escape.

"What then?" called the baby-leaves, very much frightened, but anxious to know more. "Do tell us," and they wound their stems around him.

"Well, my pretty ones, your beauty of which you are now so proud will surely fade, and you'll be as ugly as—the baby robins. Make the best of what you now have little ones; drink in the sunshine and shake off the dust. In your own small field of life, do all you can to make the world bright. And remember, that in the doing of anything, whether great or small, it is for you to do your best. I'll help you all I can," and he blew away.

"We don't believe a word he says," sang out some saucy topmost leaves. "The south wind never tells things like that, she only speaks of warmth and love, and we'd rather believe her."

One cloudy, dreary day the east wind blew strong and cold and chilled the rain which fell ceaselessly from dawn. Father Robin hurried away early in search of the usual breakfast. Time passed and he did not return. Mother Robin grew uneasy and her bright eyes became strained with eager gaze. The east wind mentioned "cats" as he growled by. At this the baby-leaves shuddered, then drew their skirts tighter about them and huddled close together. "Surely," they whispered, "such a thing could never have happened."

Mother Robin at last grew desperate, much as she dreaded to leave her little ones to the mercy of the weather, yet—they must be fed. After first tucking them in as well as she could, she flew away. The baby-leaves tried to give as much shelter to the nest as possible, but the east wind was too strong; it swung them hither and thither. Indeed, some very weak leaf-babies were torn from their mother branch, and compelled to go whirling before the wind, till at last, wet and weary, they cried out their small hearts far from home.

"Have pity!" cried the leaves on the tree to the east wind.

"Pity," he growled. "No one has pity for me; I'm driven on and on whether I want to or not. Now it's my turn," and he lashed them harder than ever.

"But spare the baby-robins," they wailed as they dripped dolefully.

"Can't," muttered the wind.

The baby-robbins soon missed the warm breast of their mother; and as the first sharp cold raindrops fell on their almost naked little bodies, they squirmed with the hurt of it, and huddled closer together.

Back and ever out and back flew Mother Robin, panting with anxiety and a nameless fear which tugged at her heart. Why didn't her mate return—he who was so faithful and willing? She endeavoured to warm the little ones. They shivered and made queer noises; but the wind and rain undid her work during her short absences. Her heart ached for them,

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but she was doing her best—even a human could not do more.

Shortly before noon she flew in a new direction. On she went till she reached several outlying city back yards. In one she espied a cat under a shed; he eyed her with greedy yellow orbs, and she tried the next yard, when — horrors! What was that? Could it be? Yes, a few red feathers lay scattered on the ground. A faintness came over her, and her limbs seemed unable to hold up her round body. This must surely be the reason why "he" had not returned home. And the babies! She would now have to work harder than ever to keep their hungry little bodies nourished. And how very tired she was! Wearily she flew to a nearby tree, and huddled on a branch among some baby-leaves; but they were not her home friends and did not understand. For a long time she crouched there, her body looking like a wet ball on the limb. Dimly she realised how weary and sick at heart she felt, and how cold the wind was, while the rain cut like a knife.

The babies! She stirred feebly at the thought of them, and with an effort she started for home, after first capturing a lively worm; but even its weight seemed to impede her tired flight. Home seemed very far away. Why had she come such a distance? Then across her tiny brain flashed the vision of those few red feathers. Ah, she knew now—it was to discover the reason "why." At length, when her usually strong wings felt as if they could not carry her much farther, she saw the baby-leaves. They were all drooping and looked tired, while they shivered dismally with the cold. Putting forth an extra effort, she hurried on, and almost blindly found the edge of the nest.

But what had happened? There was no movement in the tiny bodies. The three mouths which always opened so wide at her approach were quiet and still. Placing the worm over a twig, she softly touched each small form with a gentle beak. Gradually she realised that the bitter wind and keen rain had torn the life out of her babies. And her mate! Her handsome, sweet-voiced, faithful mate! She clutched the nest's edge, and dropped her head. Her limbs trembled beneath her, and her wings drooped, while her little heart beat almost to suffocation.

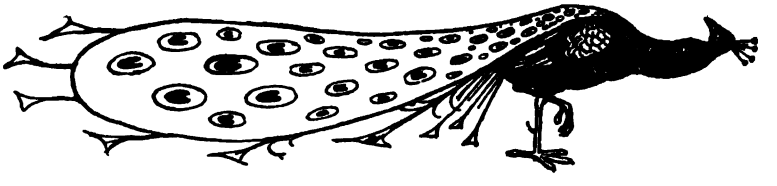
Was this life? This what all her hard work, weary waiting and busy days had meant? To end like this?

The wind and rain beat on as before, but what did she care whether she was tired and wet? It didn't matter—now.

The east wind, half ashamed, blew sulkily. As an extra blast came by, a few of the sorrowing baby-leaves, who had watched the baby-robins' lives go out, tore themselves from their branches and fluttered softly down into the nest, completely covering the tiny cold forms within.

Startled, Mother Robin gazed at what they had done; then she gently tucked the leaves in around the edges. This done, she shook herself free of the wet drops, stretched her wings, and flew away—up under the church tower, where at least there was shelter.

The baby-leaves mourned sadly among themselves, and thought of what the north wind had said.



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Current Events

By
F. A. ACLAND

DESPITE the expressions of good-will interchanged so lately between the British Sovereign and the German Emperor, and the lessening of hostile newspaper talk, the silent duel between the two nations continues. The naval appropriations of Germany, based on estimates prepared while the Emperor was visiting England and expressing the utmost friendliness towards its institutions and its people, are on a scale vaster than any nation has ever before attempted, and too obviously contemplate the increase of the German navy to a point where it will be second only, and not a bad second, to that of Britain. It remains to be seen how Great Britain will officially view this frank challenge of her position as the first of sea powers, the maintenance of which has been avowedly supposed to depend on the possession by the British navy of a strength equal to that of the two greatest navies controlled by other nations, friendly or unfriendly. The outbreak of sharp criticism consequent on the letter-writing indiscretion of the impulsive Emperor, raging at the moment of writing, will, it is hoped, have assumed a milder aspect before the words are printed.

* * *

The immediate effect on England has been to cause an increase in the naval appropriations instead of the decrease so strenuously striven for by the present Liberal Government, and the estimates for the coming year, recently presented to Parliament, call for the enormous expenditure of $160,000,000, which, however, is still considerably below that of Germany. But Mr. Haldane, War Secretary in the Imperial Government, and by no means a disciple of the *laissez-faire* or passive policy in matters imperial, has stated plainly his doubt whether Great Britain will be able much longer to bear the terrible financial strain which the maintenance of her relative naval superiority will necessitate, especially if American competition be added to that of Germany.

* * *

Without venturing here to discuss the vexed question how far the maintenance of the two-power standard in



"EXPRESS" SPEED

MR. C. ARTHUR PEARSON (new Managing Director of *The Times*—"I'll make him hum!" —*Punch*

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the past has contributed to the immunity from foreign foes which every part of the Empire has enjoyed for almost a century, it is obvious that the failure to maintain that standard would mean the disappearance of what British statesmen of both parties have long accepted as a vital and essential element of Imperial defence. The situation is full of suggestiveness for Canadians, and must hasten the moment when the Dominion takes a definite position in this all-important matter. Putting aside the larger Imperial question as to whether Canada has any real interest in the maintenance of the integrity as a whole, though we may have little doubt in our minds on this point, Canadians may well ponder seriously the more selfish thought whether it will be safe much longer to trust the defence of their shores to the forty millions of English, Irish and Scottish people of the United Kingdom.

* * *



A NEW PLAYTHING FOR THE CZAREVITCH
Port Arthur and the quarreling generals
—*Wahre Jacob* (Stuttgart)

Undoubtedly there is in Canada a growing sense of irritation and resentment at the unsatisfactory position of the Imperial defence problem at the present time. If we are doing our duty in the matter British statesmen should cease to hint or openly urge that we should do more. An attempt should be made to define the position of Canada and Australia in this matter as clearly as are those of the relative parts of the United Kingdom itself. If we are doing less than our duty, as perhaps the majority of us feel, some well-organised effort should be made to give expression to the sentiment and to devise a plan for levelling up. The people should prompt the Government in such a matter, and the subject should be kept scrupulously out of politics and away from partyism. Does not the situation afford an opportunity for the exercise of the great latent force which has already been found to exist in the splendid chain of Canadian clubs that crosses the continent? What subject could more properly and more profitably be made the theme of consideration by the fine groups of progressive Canadians who compose these clubs than that of Imperial defence and the precise part Canada should play therein?

* * *

The resignation of Dr. Jameson in Cape Colony by Mr. Merriman, supported almost solely by the Dutch element of the colony, leaves three of the four self-governing provinces of South Africa under Dutch control. It is a remarkable outcome of the great war; yet if Imperialism proves sufficiently elastic to bear the strain for a time we need not fear the ultimate issue. The British flag flies at Cape Town, Bloemfontein and Pretoria, and, after all, the new Premier of Cape Colony is not Dutch but English, and the fact will doubtless modify in some degree at least the racial antagonism that yet retards the advancement of South Africa. In the meantime it must be remembered that Natal and Rhodesia are distinctively British; while there is a British majority in the Transvaal, in spite of

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THE REAL GUARANTIES OF PEACE
—*Fischietto* (Turin)

the Boer administration. Barely half a century, moreover, has elapsed since the British began to settle in South Africa, while the Dutch have been colonising there for over three centuries. In a few years the tide of immigration from the British Isles, now flowing so plentifully to Canada, and which in the past has fertilised and strengthened the American nationality, will flow to South Africa also, and the British race will gradually come to outnumber and outweigh the Dutch. The South African race of the future will be none the worse for the Dutch elements in its makeup. One may legitimately sympathise a little with those of the English-speaking race who find themselves for the time subordinated in a measure to the rival race, but if these are true to their traditions, it is a situation that will stimulate them to finer efforts and more strenuous achievements.

* * *

The outcry on the part of the tiny minority of educated or partly educated people of India for a free representative government finds an apt commentary in the tragedy at Lisbon, and the attempted assassination of the Shah in Persia. Portugal and Persia are forcible demonstrations of John Morley's formula that a system of government applicable to a particular people or race can not be imposed on the universe. Portugal was nominally free, Carlos a constitutional monarch only too anxious to govern on the methods pursued with striking success by Queen Victoria and King Edward, and with good results by their predecessors since James II. Suffrage was practically universal, and the people might have what government they would—in theory. But the nation was degenerate and illiterate. The Parliamentary system has no cure for a canker at the heart. Under a limited monarchy and a representative Parliament, Portugal has been the milk cow of a few thousand greedy politicians. In Persia, too, with a Parliament newly modelled after that of Westminster, constitutional government has proved a farce; a race that has been enslaved for three thousand years cannot leap suddenly to the responsibilities and privileges of free men.

* * *

France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, all are Latin nations, and all, like the hybrid Latin-Indian peoples of South America, are alike finding it difficult, whether under the form of republic or monarchy, to work out smoothly the plan of free government patterned in England during a thousand years. In every instance politics in these countries have been in the main deserted by the intellect and worthy of the community. Organised and progressive nations may be trusted to find some way, though not always the happiest of ways, out of the tangle, but in the case of the races which have fallen into a decline or have never reached a state of vigour, Parliamentary government, it is to be feared, can never be made an effective instrument to promote the welfare of

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the people. Nothing is finer in English politics at the present time than the stand Mr. Morley is taking against the thoughtless agitation for rash and premature changes in India.

* * *

One of the most interesting chapters in Dr. Parkin's life of Sir John Macdonald in the "Makers of Canada" series, is that devoted to the making of the Washington treaty of 1872. It was the first occasion on which Canada had been directly represented in the making of a treaty, and the responsibility fell on Sir John Macdonald, then Premier of the Dominion. Sir John seems to have been genuinely reluctant to accept the responsibility, yet obviously if Canada of its own will remained unrepresented on the treaty commission it could not consistently complain of what might be the outcome. As we know, the outcome was by no means satisfactory, at least, looking at the matter superficially. British and Canadian questions had been thrown together into the crucible, and, in the instrument into which they were transformed, some Canadian matters escaped attention altogether, notably that of compensation by the United States to Canada for the damage done by the Fenian raid. Sir John appears to have fought vigorously for the special interest of Canada, but yielded with good grace to the inevitable.

* * *

The speech in which Sir John Macdonald unfolded in Parliament the treaty effected as a result of these negotiations is one that shows the Canadiau statesman at his best, and which may be read with advantage by those who to-day are ready on the smallest provocation to denounce Great Britain for its alleged successsive surrenders of Canadian rights, as for instance, was done by the gentleman who, on the floor of Parliament the other day condemned Great Britain for having by the treaty of 1783 with the United States deprived Canada of territory which now includes half a dozen American States and fifteen or eighteen millions of people—with a little more imagination he might have blamed England for the loss of Calais, or even the whole of France. Sir John showed how great was the sacrifice that England had herself made in the interests of peace, and how this sacrifice had been made mainly for the sake of Canada, for how, he asked, could the United States attack Great Britain save in Canada? Canada, therefore, Sir John justly argued, should be prepared also to sacrifice something for the same cause. The arguments advanced by Sir John were on the lines of the loftiest statesmanship, and his concluding remarks were a fine panegyric on the virtues of conciliation and arbitration and a prediction that the



MR. BRYAN FEELS REASONABLY CERTAIN THAT HE WILL BE HER CHOICE

—Berryman in the Washington *Star*

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A NEW MAN IN OFFICE

Premier Haszard of Prince Edward Island

peaceful settlement of these differences had established a great moral principal among the Anglo-Saxon family which would spread itself over the civilised world. So far as the Anglo-Saxon family is concerned, Sir John's optimism has been justified by the course of events, and it is perhaps too soon to look for larger results. The part played by Canada in the making of the Washington treaty is one of which we may well be proud, instead of regarding it with regret or humiliation, and Sir John Macdonald was the man who personated Canada on that occasion. The volume produced by Dr. Parkin on Sir John Macdonald is, needless to say, an excellent piece of literary work, and is the more interesting because of its being a careful estimate of a famous Canadian by a Canadian who is himself a distinguished figure in many parts of the Empire, particularly in connection with Rhodes scholarships.

* * *

Four recent by-elections in England seem to suggest that the political tide has begun to turn in that country, and as we know, once the tide has turned it frequently runs very fast and very high indeed. Nothing is more conducive to sound and stable government in Great Britain than that admirable swing of the pendulum which unsystematically but periodically passes the sceptre of power from one to the other of the great parties, so that neither party need look to spend more than a few years in opposition. Bye-elections are an uncertain index, yet it must mean something when four important centres so largely modify when they do not actually reverse the verdict of two years ago.

* * *

Of the cartoons of the month reproduced in this department, one, taken from the Italian *Fischietto* gives a continental impression of the friction between Japan and the United States, correct doubtless, so far as its representation of Japan's lack of money is concerned, but hardly so in its view that the United States is restrained by a sense of military inferiority from pushing its differences with Japan; at least we may be sure such a feeling does not exist among the people of the United States. The cartoon from the German paper *Wahre Jacob* shows the aftermath of the Russo-Japanese war, the most conspicuous feature of which is the passing of the death sentence on General Stoessel, discussed above. Punch's cartoon refers to the Pearson bid for the control of the London *Times*, which now appears not after all to have been accomplished. Finally, the cartoonist of the Washington *Star* endeavours to reflect the popular sentiment within the Democratic party concerning Mr. Bryan as a coming Presidential candidate.

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LEAFLESS APRIL.

Leafless April, chased by light,
Chased by dark and full of laughter,
Stays a moment in her flight
Where the warmest breezes waft her,
By the meadow brook to lean
Or where winter rye is growing,
Showing in a lovelier green
Where her wayward steps are going.

Blithesome April, brown and warm,
Showing slimness through her tatters,
Chased by sun or chased by storm—
Not a whit to her it matters.
Swiftly through the violet bed
Down to where the stream is flooding,
Light she flits—and round her head
See the orchard branches budding!

—*Ethelwyn Wetherald.*

* * *

THE ANTI-TUBERCULOSIS CONVENTION.

THE Ontario provincial convention to discuss prevention and cure of the White Plague was held last month in the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, and showed the increasing interest taken in the fight against this national foe. His Excellency the Governor-General, whose interest in all matters for the improvement of the community is a shining example to Canadian citizens, came from Ottawa to address the gathering, and Sir William Mortimer Clarke, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, also showed an active interest in the proceedings.

Mrs. P. D. Crerar, of Hamilton, was the only woman speaker on the occasion of the opening meeting, but the feminine half of humanity is always so ably and convincingly represented when the head of the Hamilton Daughters of the Empire delivers an address that woman's place in this work was fully defined. Mention has been repeatedly made in this department of the extent of tuberculosis ravages in this country, but this time it is desirable to dwell on the hopeful side of the modern fight. In the past, our indifference to its awful extent resembled rather the fatalism of the Orient than the bright determination of a young country to be as healthy and wholesome as is possible to germ-surrounded humanity.

Mrs. Crerar's hopeful, stimulating views are based on substantial facts —the modern miracles wrought by sunlight, pure air and proper nourishment. The Mountain Sanatorium at Hamilton has already done a cheer-

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ing work in proving how many incipient cases are cured by the latest scientific treatment. The experiments in the Adirondacks have resulted so happily as to demonstrate to a continent how mistaken and even cruel was the old policy which regarded a struggle against the White Plague as a useless "flying in the face of Providence." The details of this sanatorium crusade must be woman's charge. Furnishing, equipment, ascertaining those in need of prompt treatment are matters which appeal directly to woman's housewifely instincts and ability. At Hamilton, feminine taste in colour, cleanliness and comfort is generally evident, and throughout Canada the burden of arrangement and equipment will naturally be taken by our women. But the banishment of this dreaded plague is worth any effort and is as fine a form as patriotism can take.

An article in the *Home Journal* on "Brehmer Rest" at Ste. Agathe, Quebec, shows how the Montreal women are aiding in the suppression of tuberculosis. The closing words of the writer, Elizabeth Griswold Wyacott, are worthy of national consideration. "The economic point of view would take us far on another road for that would touch the inhumanely small wages paid and the long hours, combined with unhygienic environment, that help to create the need for such institutions, but while these conditions remain let us cheerfully make our patriotism ring true and save those whom we can to their homes and to our country by giving assistance when it will yield the best results."

* * *

THE OLD-TIME DANCES.

THE northern part of America has been described as "a continent in a hurry." Compared with the stage-coach days of our forefathers, our ways do not seem either graceful or possessed of repose. We eat, walk, buy, sell and die in a rush which would have shocked our ancestors. Yet, in our hurly-burly world, there is an occasional revival of the customs of the past which indicates a desire to abandon the ways of haste. It is said that the dainty, poetic dances of long ago are to be the vogue once more, and the less graceful cotillion and german are to be voted rompish and outworn. The pavane and the saraband and the chaconne are now being taught in fashionable London, with an improvement in walk and manner as a consequence. Much more stately and delicate than the modern waltz or *deuxtemps* are these dances of the day-before-yesterday. Even the most puritanic denouncer of the dance could find nothing to condemn in the picturesqueness of minuet or sarabande. It is to be hoped that the revival will spread to Canadian cities and towns, where social life would take on new charm with the return of those rhythmic old movements.

* * *

FEMINISED EDUCATION.

THE President of Clark University, Dr. G. Stanley Hall, has written a forcible article, *The Feminisation of Boys,* which has appeared in various United States publications. The educational problems of the great Republic are similar to our own, and Dr. Hall's views on the "problem of the American boy" deserve respectful consideration. The writer is of the opinion that boys beyond the kindergarten age have received too much coddling and are in danger of suffering seriously from the lack of stimulating masculine influence.

In an age when corporal punishment is regarded with extreme disfavour such sentiments as the following will arouse much discussion:

"Very often a good sound flogging is the only medicine that will cure an unruly 'only son,' and it needs a man to do the job. They do these things better in England. There boys and girls are rattaned up to the teens by

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teachers of both sexes, and for boys especially Dr. Spankster's tonic often works wondrous changes for the better. A good hiding, if well deserved, often wakes a boy up morally and even intellectually."

This sounds like harsh doctrine. Probably if such treatment had been the youthful portion of Mr. Harry Thaw, the continent of North America would have been spared two disgusting trials. Dr. Hall is of the opinion that we have too many women school teachers. Doubtless we have, but the question is purely economic. The salaries paid to men teachers are not such as to induce men of ambition to enter the profession. Most women teachers would prefer to have classes of girls; but trustees are yet too penurious to provide a more expensive system than co-education. Girls have a much more satisfactory life in private colleges than in co-educational universities, and it is rather tiresome to have so many educational authorities on the continent talking and writing as if girls were really anxious to attend co-educational institutions and as if women instructors enjoy teaching boys. Dr. Hall may have overstated his case, but the article shows very decidedly which way the educational wind is blowing.

* * *

THE WINNIPEG W. C. C.

WINNIPEG and Montreal have the proud distinction of possessing the only women's Canadian Clubs in the Dominion. The capital of Manitoba, according to numerous prophecies, will be the largest city of Canada before the middle of the present century. Certainly the way in which it has rushed from a muddy village to a handsome Western City, throbbing with the vitality of a new province, with illimitable future prosperity, is a record of which all Canada may be proud, for every province of the country had a hand in the making of Winnipeg. Mrs. Sanford Evans, the president of the new club, has a host of friends in Toronto, the home of her girlhood. As Miss Irene Gurney she was known as an extremely talented musician and, unlike too many of her sisters, since her marriage, her devotion to music has been undiminished. Mrs. Evans is a most hearty believer in the great things possible for Central Canada and in the part women may play in developing a strong and sane national spirit. The Winnipeg Women's Canadian Club bids fair to be one of the best-managed organisations in that city.



MRS. W. SANFORD EVANS,
President, the Winnipeg Women's Canadian Club

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The Deadly Hat Pin.

"THE city of Moscow," says the *Argonaut,* "is after all a civilised city, seeing that the men of that ancient metropolis are suffering just as much as their brothers elsewhere from the deadly hat pin of fashion. A student in a Moscow street car stooped to pick up a lady's reticule, and the lady stooping at the same time, as will sometimes happen, there was a collision and the lady triumphantly bore away the student's eye upon her hat pin. Of course she restored it to him and subsequently extenuated her offence by the plea that the eye must have been already loose, but a succession of such incidents has produced a painful impression, especially upon the sufferers, and now the newspapers are making an appeal to women to discard the panoply of war and to arrest the attention of the sterner sex in some less strenuous way."

* * *

The Cult of the Mammoth.

A DAINTY bit of a woman, five feet and a fraction, recently surveyed the Spring designs in alarm and exclaimed:

"What do you suppose I shall look like in a gown splashed with immense sunflowers and chrysanthemums and a hat trimmed with huge morning glories? There doesn't seem to be anything that a small woman can wear."

"Don't say a word," retorted the fat person, gazing forlornly at a "draped" skirt, "if the polonaise with a fullness over the hips is about to come in, this is where I beg leave to die. Really, there isn't anything fit for a woman to wear, unless she weighs about a hundred and ten pounds and is nearly six feet tall."

* * *

The Halifax Exhibition.

THE Local Council of Women in Halifax has recently taken active measures to make the Nova Scotia Provincial Exhibition a success, in so far as the Department of Women's Work is concerned. Letters have been sent throughout the province, calling attention to the prize list and urging all public-spirited women to assist in making the Domestic Department of the Exhibition as extensive as any other feature. The Exhibition will be held from September 2nd to 10th, and the early preparations of the Halifax Local Council are highly commendable. A successful provincial exhibition is a matter for long and earnest consideration and the Halifax authorities have shown good judgment in enlisting the co-operation of the Local Council of Women.

* * *

The Healthy Heroine.

MR. WILLIAM DE MORGAN has written another book—*Somehow Good*—which is a great deal more than its title, although not quite so delightful as *Joseph Vance.* The heroine, *Sally,* has already been called charming by nearly every reviewer. She is, indeed, a breezy, wholesome sort of young woman with a decided talent for swimming and a store of slang which would make a newsboy envious. Even in the solemn moment when she promises to become the bride of a timid, little doctor who is henpecked by his mother, *Sally* resorts to such an exclamation as: "What a rum start it all is—the whole turnout!" The writer insists too frequently that *Sally* is charming, instead of allowing her attractions to enslave the reader. But how very different she is from the old-fashioned heroines who fainted and wept without the slightest provocation! *Sally* is, no doubt, thoroughly modern and admirably athletic; but some readers will be so perverse as to turn with a kind of homesick longing to the dainty witchery of the *Lady Baltimore* girl, to say nothing of the coquetry of *Beatrix.*

Jean Graham.

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The O. S. A. Annual Exhibition

THE thirty-sixth annual exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists revealed nothing of a startling nature, and yet there was evidence of genuine improvement, particularly in the work of the younger artists. On the whole the exhibition was better than what had been seen in the same gallery within recent years, notwithstanding the fact that a number of the most prominent contributors had withdrawn—and some others of our leading artists were not represented at all. But most of those who had withdrawn, or who did not send in any pictures, had not in recent years offered anything of much importance, reserving for the Royal Canadian Academy the work upon which they had to any extent exerted themselves. The formation of the Canadian Art Club removed such usual contributors as Homer Watson, Curtis Williamson, Edmund Morris and W. E. Atkinson, while St. Thomas Smith, Laura Muntz and Florence Carlyle did not send in anything. One would almost think that the absence of the work of these painters, all of whom are important Canadian artists, would have told severely on the exhibition, but their withdrawal had been gradual,



"SUMMER LANDSCAPE," BY GEORGE CHAVIGNAUD

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"BOY AND DOG," BY F. S. HAINES
Bought for Ontario Government

some being missed last year and more this year, while meantime there had been a saving grace in the form of new blood. Younger artists had been coming in to take the places of those who had been leaving, so that the exhibition on the whole was decidedly creditable. Of course, there was a good representation of the work of veterans, such as G. A. Reid, R. F. Gagen, J. W. L. Forster, E. Wyly Grier, F. McG. Knowles, George Chavignaud, C. M. Manly, O. P. Staples, and the president, F. M. Bell-Smith. Among the contributions by the gentler sex, the names of well-known artists such as Miss Tully, Miss Wrinch, Miss Hillyard and Miss Haggarty were noted. A picture that was discussed by artists a good deal, although it would not appeal to the average person, was an oil painting of two school girls by Miss Henrietta Shore.

Mr. Reid sent in a number of canvasses, but perhaps the most pleasing was the one called "Nasturtiums." One of the best things that Mr. Gagen has shown was a water-colour entitled "A Soft Day in the Grampians." It was a nice composition and full of colour. Mr. Knowles had a pleasing effect in oils called "In Time of Peace," showing a tug and scow at Quebec, with a man-of-war looming up big in the background. Mr. Manly's best piece was a fairly large canvas entitled "Evening on the Conestogo." It was the nicest thing that he had done for some time. The glow of the setting sun, in particular, was happily reproduced. It had been expected that Mr. Challener's removal to the quiet environment of his new home at Conestogo would have resulted in something important from his brush, but all that he was able to send was a very small oil called "The Old Pioneer." It was nevertheless a dainty bit of work.

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"AUTUMN ON THE PRAIRIES," BY C. W. JEFFERYS
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"A SOFT DAY IN THE GRAMPIANS," BY ROBERT F. GAGEN, A.R.C.A.



"EVENING ON THE CONESTOGO," BY C. M. MANLY, A.R.C.A.

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